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K Poems 11607 h.5.

P O E M S

James Rodney

WRITTEN at different Times

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By a GENTLEMAN who resided many Years abroad in
the Two last Reigns with a Publick Character.

By James? Manning Esqr



L O N D O N:

Printed by JOHN WATTS. MDCCLII.

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Written at different Times

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

By a Gentleman who resided many Years abroad in
the Two last Reigns, and a Publick Character.



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Printed by John Watts, M.D.C.C.LXXII.



P R E F A C E.



S most of the following Poems have been formerly printed in separate Pieces, and are now scarce to be met with, the Author to comply with some of his Friends has been prevail'd on to collect them, with some others never before made publick, and to suffer them to be printed together in one Volume. This is what the Publisher has Orders to say with regard to this new Edition; and further, that the Author hopes he may find some Indulgence from a candid Reader for employing his time in such Trifles, as some may think them, when he is told that nothing but an involuntary Leisure has caus'd him to turn his Thoughts that way, which, tho' it may be censur'd by some, will he flatters himself be excus'd, if not approv'd, by others, especially if the Performance, such as it is, should be found not altogether destitute of Merit in its kind.

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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ELEGY *written in* September 1706.



T last the cruel fair One has reveal'd
A Myſ'try I could wiſh were ſtill conceal'd.
Too well, alas! I ſee by her Diſdain
My Vows were uſeleſs, as my Hopes were vain
Fool that I was to think in her to find
What Nature ſcarce allows to Womankind.
Th' ungrateful Sex is ev'ry where the ſame,
And Change the chief Ingredient in their Frame.
Like *Turks* in battle they no Quarter give,
But ev'n the conquer'd are deny'd to live.
With them they glory in the cruel Trade,
And ſlay the Captives which their Eyes have made.

When firſt I ſaw *Lifetta's* heav'nly Face,
With every Charm ſurrounded, every Grace,

B

Whoſe

2 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Whose open Look was then unmix'd with Scorn,
 Gay as the Light, and blushing as the Morn,
 Where so much Sweetness join'd with so much Youth
 Could promise nought but Innocence and Truth,
 No wonder if by such rare Beauty fir'd,
 My Reason at the lovely Sight retir'd:
 Mankind with me had found Resistance vain,
 And been expos'd like me to her Disdain.
 But oh! that I had been that fatal Hour
 Ty'd to an Oar, or Slave to lawless Pow'r,
 In Desarts lost, or shipwreckt on the Main,
 None, none of these approach a Lover's Pain.
 Slaves are redeem'd, tyrannick Pow'r suppress'd,
 The wandering Wretch has Intervals of Rest,
 And they who in a Wreck despairing stand
 Oft 'scape the dreadful Storm, and gain the Land.
 But he, whom Love has to his Empire bow'd,
 Amidst his Pangs is no Relief allow'd,
 Has no returns of Ease to sooth his Pain:
 Not Hellebore can cure his tortur'd Brain,
 In wild Extremes he sighs and raves by turns,
 And in pathetic Strains his luckless Planet mourns.

These few unpolish'd Lines may serve to tell
 What Pains the Wretch endures that loves too well,
 Make others cautious how they trust the Fair,
 And teach them to avoid the tempting Snare.
 But if thus warn'd, by flatt'ring Fancy sway'd,
 They needs will prove the Caprice of the Maid,

Too

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

3

Too late they'll find their warm Pursuit is vain,
When rackt by Jealousy and her Disdain,
They feel, like me, variety of Pain.

}

After HORACE, Ode 10. Lib. 4. written
in October 1706.

L I S E T T A, why so wondrous coy,
When Youth invites to Pleasure?
Think you that Love's a lasting Joy,
That one may taste at leisure?

Consider better, I advise,
The Question I am stating,
That Beauty fades, Occasion flies,
While you're the Point debating.

Tho' now insensible as fair,
And all my Vows disdaining;
You take delight in my Despair,
And mock my fond complaining.

When Age shall seize you yet a Maid,
And all those lovely Treffes,
Where *Cupid* sits in Ambuscade,
And scatters thousand Graces;

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Shall fall defenceless from your Head,
 And Love his Camp remove;
 Those sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead,
 Which now so fatal prove.

When that Vermilion on your Face,
 That does the Rose outvie,
 To deadly Paleness shall give place
 And lose its crimson Dye.

Then, mark me, as the faithful Glass
 The dismal Change betrays,
 You'll cry, how mad was I to pass
 So ill my youthful Days!

But oh! too late my Fault I own,
 For can Youth past renew?
 For ever destin'd to bemoan
 The Joys I never knew.

*Upon INDIAN JASMIN, translated from Sir Henry
 Newton's Latin Verses to Signior Filicaia of Florence,
 who sent him his Poem on that Subject.*

BLEST *India*, delightful Soil,
 On which the Sun first deigns to smile;
 Blest in thy *Jasmin*, where we find
 The Lily with the Rose is join'd;

Whose

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

5

Whose lovely Colour, fragrant Smell,
 Those of all other Plants excel.
 Which seen, with Admiration dumb
 We straight all Eyes and Nose become.
 A stately Palace as it meet
 To be the Prince of Flow'rs' retreat,
 Its Master's Glory and Delight,
 Contains this rare, this wondrous Sight.
 Transplanted to this charming Place,
 It seems to gain new Life and Grace,
 As 'twou'd its native Land disown,
 And *Cosmos* strive to please alone.
 But oh! how short a Date has Heav'n
 To all that's fair and beauteous given!
 Here Flow'rs unheeded by the Muse,
 Their Colours and their Odours lose;
 Almost as soon as born decay,
 And fall to hungry Time a Prey.
 But thou, blest Plant, shalt never fade,
 By deathless Verse immortal made!
 Not *India* now, or *Tuscan* Ground,
 But the whole Globe's thy Country found.
 Thy matchless Scent, enchanting white,
 Th' eternal Joys of Smell and Sight!
 Henceforth secure from Fate's Alarms,
 Shall know no end of all their Charms.
 The transient Life which *Phœbus* gave,
 The Poet rescues from the Grave.

Translation

*Translation of Signior Filicaia's Answer to Sir Henry
Newton, upon the same Subject. Both done in 1706.*

SOON as the Jasmin drew her vital Breath,
And saw that she was doom'd to sudden Death;
O Nature, wherefore didst thou make me fair,
She cry'd, Since Beauty is not worth thy Care?
Is Loveliness a Crime? O hard Decree!
But think not unreveng'd my Death to see,
To *Newton's* Muse my just Appeal I send;
Thus spite of thee my Life shall never end.

On Queen ANNE's Birth-day, the 6th of February.

Written abroad in 1706.

AUSPICIOUS Day! to which we owe
What Man could wish, on Heav'n bestow!
On whose appearance Fate decreed,
The World should raise its drooping Head;
When *Louis* by long Conquests vain,
Nor Oaths nor Treaties could restrain,
And nought but universal Rule
Could satiate his ambitious Soul:
When *Spain* to grov'ling Slavery broke
Should suppliant crouch beneath his Yoke!
'Twas then the Nations round should form
Leagues to avert th' impending Storm.

With

With thee the vast Epoch begun,
Which Time has to Perfection run.
For lo! from thee a Queen springs forth
Not yielding to *Eliza's* worth;
Boast of her Sex, her Isle's Delight,
The Rule and Patroness of Right,
The World's true Balance and Support,
And gasping Liberty's Resort.

A Queen thus finish'd for a Throne,
Whom Nations court and wish their own;
A Queen by Birth and Merit great,
The Care and Instrument of Fate,
No sooner takes the purple Gown,
But *William's* just Designs to crown,
Resolves the Hero's Steps to tread,
And vye with the unequall'd dead.

'Tis done, the mighty *William's* Name
Was scarce attended with such Fame.
It's true the well-laid Scheme he wrought,
Bent to the War his inmost Thought;
But ere he could in Arms appear,
Death stopt the Warrior's bold Career,
Plung'd deep in Grief the *British* Isle,
And left to *Anne* th' heroic Toil.

Anne took th' Occasion, mark'd by Fate,
She knew her Cause was Just and Great,
Confirm'd his Measures, void of Fear,
And gave a generous loose to War.

Her

8 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Her glorious Triumphs on the Main,
 And matchless Victories on the Plain,
 To which th' Imperial Eagle owes
 His Thunder wrested from his Foes;
 And *Spain* her ancient Rights restor'd,
 With *Charles*, once own'd her lawful Lord,
 'Till call'd a nobler Crown to wear,
 He quitted what he scorn'd to share:
 Their Barrier to the *Dutch* regain'd,
Italia in her Bounds maintain'd,
Britannia first of Nations own'd,
Europa's self, who long had groan'd
 To see her World so near enslav'd,
 By *Britain's* conqu'ring Army sav'd,
 Let some sublimer Muse rehearse,
 In solemn Numbers, lofty Verse.

For me, whose unperforming Skill
 Is ill proportion'd to my Will,
 Wisely I wave so bold a Flight,
 And 'stead of *Pindus's* dangerous height,
 To *Alpin* Mountains I retire,
 Whose Snows soon quench the Muse's Fire,
 To Business now my Thoughts I bend,
 And safe to humbler Strains descend.



*Ad Pontificem, clero Hispanico Regis Caroli partibus fa-
venti Anathema minitantem. Authore Domino Abra-
hamo Stanyan Reginae M. B. ad Helvetiae Pagos Evan-
gelicos Ableg. extraord. 1706.*

*Noscitur ex Aquilâ quis dira tonitrua torquet,
Tu crepitum tantum, fulmina Caesar habes.
Ut Tonitru nubes quassat, tum fundit in imbre,
Cum tonat Austriacus, te modò flere decet.
Salmonei sortis memor esto, fulmine ficto
Qui ludens vero concidit igne Jovis.*

Translated thus by the Author of this Collection:

WHENCE Thunder comes is by the Eagle shewn,
Thine's but the Clap, the Bolt's by Caesar
thrown.

As after rattling Peals fierce Showers ensue,
When th' *Austrian* Thunder rolls, thy Tears are due.
Salmoneus' Fate beware, who when he tried
To act *Jove's* Part, by real Thunder died.

Le tout de bon, c'est ma Devise.

From a Lady to her Lover.

COULD Damon see the Springs that move
Nice *Annabella's* Heart,
He'd find she's not averse to Love,
When Honour guides the Dart.

C

But

10 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But so tenacious is her Pride,
Such Caution guards her Breast,
That Time and Trial must decide
Who there shall be the Guest.

When sleeping or awake, you say,
You burn with equal Fire;
And tho' with other Flames you play,
You feed but one Desire.

Perhaps to *Chloe* thus you write,
And dream of forty more,
While in your waking Fits you flight
Whom sleeping you adore.

But whether 'tis you dream or wake,
Mean civil Things or tender,
When *Annabella's* All's at stake,
The Priest alone can bend her.

EPITAPH for *Mrs. M. H.* who died the 10th
of November, 1740.

HERE *Patty* lies, whose greatest Sin
Was a too frequent use of Gin;
Which as an Anodyne she sought
To stifle Care, and banish Thought.

'Till

'Till eighty she its Virtues try'd,
 And when her Stock was out she dy'd.
 What Wealth she had, if Folks should ask,
 She left behind an empty Cask.
 Thus tho' her Conduct some upbraid,
 Her Scores at last were even made;
 And without feeling Want or Weather,
 She finish'd Life and Gin together.

Another upon a favourite DOG.

HERE *Flora* lies, alas! from sight remov'd,
 Never was Dog so plain, so much belov'd.
 An Emblem this that 'tis not outward Grace,
 A symmetry of Parts, or beauteous Face,
 Breeds Love, but something not to be defin'd,
 Some hidden Charm that captivates the Mind.
 This made the Whelp, whose Epitaph you read,
 Alive so fondled, so lamented dead.



'Till eighty the is Virtues try'd,
And when her Stock was out the dy'd.
What Wealth she had, if Hell should ask,
She left behind an empty Cask.
Thus the poor Condukt some upbraid,
Her Scores at last were ever paid;
And without feeling Want or Weather,
She finish'd Life and Gin together.

Another upon a favourite Dog.

HERE Paws lies, alas! from sight remov'd,
Never was Dog so plain, so much belov'd.
An Englishman this that is not outward Grace,
A symmetry of Parts, or beauteous face,
Heeds Love, but something not to be deny'd,
Some hidden Charm that captivates the blind;
This made the Whelp, whose Bingham you read,
Alive to fondness, to haunted dead.





THE
BRITISH HERO:
OR, THE
VISION.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of *John* late Duke of
Marlborough, Prince of the *Roman* Empire, &c.

*He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.*

Hamlet.





THE
BRITISH HERO:
OF THE
VIRGIN

Sacred to the immortal Memory of John late Duke of
Marborough, Prince of the Roman Empire, &c.

He was a Hero, and his name is all in all,
I at my feet lay down his name again.
Humbly





Here taught us to be bold and successful in the Pursuit and
Recovery of the just Rights and Liberties of Mankind,
what should hinder those who have any Talents for
Writing from attempting something in His
PRAISE, to whom we owe such great and invaluable

A NY Attempt to revive the Memory of the greatest
Captain that ever *Britain* produced, can surely
need no Apology with *Britons*. Else might the
Author of the subsequent Pages be induc'd to
tell the Reader in his Excuse, that he thought he could
not employ some of the many tedious Hours of an in-
voluntary Leisure more agreeably to himself, nor perhaps
more usefully, in some Respects, than by calling to mind
some of the most memorable Actions of a War, whose
Conclusion, if the same wise and steady Counsels, that
carried it on so triumphantly for many Years, had been
pursued to the End without variation, must in all pro-
bability have proved as beneficial to all *Europe*, as our late
incomparable Hero's ten Campaigns were glorious to
Britain, and the Cause of Liberty.

He might urge that he had observed with Surprise that
nothing of any Consequence, at least in the poetical way,
has been attempted since his Decease in Commemoration
of so avowed a Benefactor to his Country, but that he is
willing to hope this Silence proceeds only from a Con-
sciousness

P R E F A C E.

sciousness of utter Incapacity to perform any thing adequate to so vast a Subject. Yet might he not still ask, since our Hero taught us to be bold and successful in the Pursuit and Recovery of the just Rights and Liberties of Mankind, what should hinder those, who have any Talents for Writing, from attempting at least something in His Praise, to whom we owe such great and invaluable Blessings?

If none but an *Apelles* must paint an *Alexander*, or but a *Phidias* carve a *Jove*, where are such divine Artists to be found in this Age, or what must become of an *Eugene* or a *Marlborough* some Generations hence, when Tradition will be grown weak, and the strongest Colours as well as Marble itself, faded and decayed, through the Injuries of Neglect and Time? Must the Third *William*, our late great Deliverer, and Founder of our present happy Establishment, which has been so wonderfully brought about by Providence, be no otherwise transmitted to Posterity than by such perishable Arts, or by the uncertain, transitory Reports of Fathers to their Children? Nay, must his late and present Majesty, to whom all *Europe* is so vastly indebted for the universal Peace it has so long enjoyed, as well as their three Kingdoms in particular for their wise, steady, and merciful Government, be subject and confined to so limited a Period? God forbid! History and Poetry, if done by faithful and masterly Hands, will supply the Defects of Art, and redress the Ravages of Time, and *Alexander* and *Julius Cæsar*, the brightest Names of Antiquity, are still preserved to us by the generous

P R E F A C E.

nerous Labours of *Arrian*, *Quintus Curtius*, and *Lucan*, when we have nothing remaining of the Painter or the Statuary.

He makes no Doubt too but *Britain* affords at present Men of as bright and as transcendent Faculties as either the Historians, or the Poet before-mentioned, and equally capable of transmitting so great a Name, as that of *Marlborough*, to succeeding Ages, but whether Indolence or Prejudice has relaxed or kept under the active Spirit within them, it is but too apparent that they have not exerted it hitherto in so noble an Undertaking.

As for his Part, though he is far from claiming the Privilege of an *Adept* in the Poetical Chymistry, and therefore pretends to no Gift or Inspiration from the *Muses*, yet he has adventured from the strong Impulse of a just Admiration for the Memory of our *British* Hero, to try a first, though dangerous Experiment, and if the Projection should not answer, as it frequently happens among his visionary Brethren, he shall at least enjoy the Satisfaction of having published his Acknowledgments, as a Member of that Community, which our renowned Captain's heroick Actions not only preserved, but rendered Glorious during his Management, and of having embarked in a Cause, worthy of the Spirit and Freedom of an *Englishman*.

He must own nevertheless that he is but too conscious to himself of having little more to boast of in the following

D

P R E F A C E.

lowing Performance, than the Merit of having sketched out some few of the many surprising Exploits of our Hero in the last War, and interlaced them with such other Matters, Reflexions, and Characters, as either enter into the Design, or naturally result from the Premises, and seem adapted to the Piece he intended. He confesses too that when he first committed his Thoughts to writing, it was meant for his own Amusement, and if afterwards he consented to let them see the Light, he desires it may be understood to have been done, not through any Conceit he entertained of his Work, (whose Imperfections he is himself the first to acknowledge) but purely to animate and excite by his Example some more elevated Genius to finish what he has scarce begun, or rather to erect a Monument of his own to the Memory of so great a Man upon a more solid Foundation. Then indeed he should think he might have some Reason to boast of having contributed at least to some noble Production upon one of the noblest Subjects, that ever was treated by the Hand of a Master.

As to the use of the Stanza, which he has followed in the succeeding Poem, he judges there needs little to be said in its justification, and the rather because it has been practised, not only by some of our most celebrated Writers at home, as the immortal *Spenser* among others, but by those too of the most undisputed Reputation abroad, as *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, and *Camoens*, whose Works, though not of the modern Class, are not sure the less worthy

P R E F A C E.

worthy of the high estimation they are in. But as there is some Variation among those, who have used it, in the Number of Verses contained in every Stanza, as well as in the alternate Rhimes and Couplets at the end of each, he conceives that the Choice of either is arbitrary, as it best suits with the Writer's Ear or Fancy, since there seems to have been no fix'd Rules or Bounds prescribed for this sort of Numbers; with this Exception only, that each Stanza should be alike uniform to the end, unless varied perhaps now and then in the last line, as it appears in the beginning.

And now some may possibly ask, and not unadvisedly or unkindly, *Cui bono*, or what Advantage after all doth this Author propose to himself by producing a thing of this Nature, especially if it be true, as it is given out, that he is one who has for many Years bent his Thoughts and Studies quite another way, and from whom consequently might be expected something of a more suitable tendency, and more within his Province, if he could not abstain from Writing? The Answer is, None: That great Leisure has revived an old Inclination, or Folly, if you please; and it is hardly a Question whether the wisest of us all is not carried out of his Sphere, at some unguarded, unbusied Hour, by some prevailing Passion, or *Foible*, as Mankind is constituted. So no Encouragement to Vice or Dishonour intermingle with his Amusements, but on the contrary the most exalted Valour and Virtue be the Subject of them, and these not quite destitute of Skill and Agreeableness in their kind, the most

P R E F A C E.

rigid and supercilious Cenſor cannot ſay they are utterly inexcusable. Beſides, as Failings and Follies are in ſome degree univerſal among Men, all that can be ſaid upon this Article is, That as they who commit the feweſt Faults are certainly the wiſeſt, ſo the ſhorteſt Follies are undoubtedly the beſt. This Obſervation may well put him in mind of concluding this Preamble. Let it be only remembred, that the indulgent, humane, and compaſſionate Answer, which was given in Scripture to thoſe who accuſed the Woman taken in Adultery, will be always worthy of Remark and Imitation.





THE
BRITISH HERO:

WHAT *Europe* owes to *Marlborough's* martial
Flame,
His matchless Victories, and immortal Name,
First of the sacred Maids is thine to tell:
How *Albion*, led by him, the Times reviv'd,
When her third *Edward*, and fifth *Henry* liv'd,
And oh! by what Reverse her Glory fell.

Say, Goddess, whence th' amazing Turn proceeds,
And how to so much Light such Gloom succeeds,
As hides the former Blaze, and shocks the Sight:
" What but a rooted Hate of *Britain's* Cause,
" And Party-Schemes, destructive of her Laws,
" Could work a Change, like that of Day to Night?

" And yet amidst this Dusk that wraps the Skies,
" In gross, thick Shades, a Gleam salutes my Eyes
" Auspicious, glad Prefage of coming Day:
" Thus when a Cloud conceals the Sun from Sight,
" Athwart he darts a feeble Point of Light,
" And gives th' Expectance of a brighter Ray.

Here

Here paus'd the Muse, unwilling to retrace
 A Scene, where *Albion*, stunn'd with her Disgrace,
 Foregoes her Conquests, and forgets her Fame:
 To wave the Task awhile, she wings her Flight
 Where thousand Charms attract the ravish'd Sight,
 And form a Palace worthy of its Name.

Triumphant *ANNA* bad the Structure rise
 For him who rais'd her Glory to the Skies,
 Was it a Gift, or Debt to Valour due?
 Where modern Hands so well our Eyes beguile,
 We fancy 'tis throughout some *Roman* Pile,
 Or that the *British Jones* the Model drew.

Hail *Blenheim*! once fair *Rosamond's* Retreat
 From Courts, where Beauty walks with slipp'ry Feet,
 Too oft th' unhappy Cause of mortal Strife:
 And ah! what Mischief tell-tale Annals trace
 From thence, when panting with a King's Embrace,
 The Mistress sunk a Victim to the Wife!

Where the fam'd Bow'r to Sight impervious grew,
 Delightful Gardens rise, and court the View,
 Such as with *Bridgeman's* proudest Plans may vie:
 Where Nature blended with such Art is found,
 The Muse transported thinks 'tis Fairy Ground,
 Or that another *Stow* deludes her Eye.

Thy

Thy Park how spacious, where the fallow Race
As if in hallow'd Bounds securely graze,
Nor dread the Huntsman's Cry, or Buckhound's Smell!
How sweetly mix thy Lawns, Woods, Waters, Glades,
Thy rural Prospects, and thy vernal Shades,
Where Quires of warbling Philomelas dwell!

Tho' such the outward View, what Art can trace
Th' unnumber'd Charms that fill the inward Space,
Where Painting seems to breathe, and Sculpture move!
Where Forms, scarce mute, from Looms the Eye deceive,
Such as *Minerva* deign'd herself to weave,
When bold *Arachne* with the Goddess strove!

Nor means the Muse each Emblem to unfold,
The Task would endless prove, should all be told,
A Heap so vast what Volumes would contain?
Unbounded like the humorous Bee, she roves,
That skims through flow'ry Meads, and scented Groves,
And culls, as Fancy leads, nor culls in vain.

Beside, to trace the whole more Flegm requires
Than suits the Warmth of quick Pierian Fires.
Whose Heat relaxes in a labour'd Strain:
What they omit, strict History may supply,
Or *Blenheim's* Pillar, tow'ring to the Sky,
In Prose, not unall'y'd to Verse, explain.

If

24 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

If thou, the Mother of the Hero's Race,
On whose fresh Autumn with Delight we gaze,
Indulge her Flight, aloft the Muse shall soar:
And should the eldest of the Warrior's Line,
In whom the Virtues and the Graces join.
Accept her Zeal, what asks the Goddess more?

Then stately *Montague* shall deign to hear,
And each fair Daughter lend a willing Ear,
With good *Newcastle*, ample Theme for Praise:
Parental Love shall charming *Bedford* bring
The Voice to favour that attempts to sing
Of *Marlborough's* Triumphs in alternate Lays.

Each *Spenser* then shall grace the Muse's Flame,
The fourfold Offspring of a matchless Dame,
Whose Form wasauteous, as her Soul refin'd:
Britannia wept her Loss, and still would moan,
Did not her Sons in sweet *Diana* own
A Frame as lovely with as bright a Mind.

And lo! *Maria's* self, in whom we trace
Her Father's Mildness, with her Mother's Grace,
Hastes to the shining Board her Seat to claim:
Hail, Heav'n's late Gift! if ought the Muse presage,
Thy growing Charms shall warm the coming Age,
And every Virtue guard thy envied Fame.

Now

Now many a Clime, and many a Danger past,
The long expected Heir appears at last
To close the Scene, but ah how short awhile!
By Nature curious, and with Talents fraught,
He travels longer than at first he thought,
To deck with foreign Lights his native Isle.

The *Gauls* he visits, gay amidst their Chains,
Nor shuns the rougher *Swiss*, where Freedom reigns,
Or *Latium's* subtler Sons in Wiles profound:
Impartial he their Strength and Weakness tells,
On wide *Germania's* jarring Councils dwells,
And *Belgia's* little State with Union crown'd.

Here *Cupid* stops his Course, and with a Dart
So pointed wounds his long-resisting Heart,
That *Hymen* lights him to his Nuptial Bed:
Where Love, by Merit rais'd, the Contract seals,
Joys ever new the constant Couple feels,
If there be Bliss on Earth, 'tis so to wed.

Britain, that mis'd thee long, well hop'd to see
Thy matchless Sires, great Youth, reviv'd in thee,
Godolphin's Wisdom join'd to *Churchill's* Flame:
Sprung from such Loins, couldst thou have fail'd to prove,
Like them, the darling Object of her Love,
And share with them in their immortal Fame?

With

E

But

26 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But ah, how soon thou dost our Hopes deceive!
Like some untimely Birth thy Loss we grieve,
Doom'd only to be seen, and snatch'd from hence:
Where's Friendship now, and soft Compassion fled,
Th' untainted Honour of the Marriage-Bed,
The Soul of Musick, and of Arts the Fence?

Vain Fence, alas! low lies the high-born Youth,
The Spring of Bounty, and the Shield of Truth,
The last, ah grief! of great *Godolphin's* Line:
Who now shall Merit in distress defend,
Or Worth neglected, tho' approv'd, befriend?
A Task so rare, lamented Shade, was thine.

Now, heav'nly Guest, thou shun'st thy Friend's Embrace,
Nor deign'st, as heretofore, his Board to grace,
No more thy flowing Wit his Wonder claims:
Yet shall the Muse thou honour'd'st when alive,
Attempt at least to make thy Fame survive,
And to her *Blandford's* Praise devote her Flames.

But soft, fond Maid, here cease your plaintive Stile,
And with sublimer Strains your Grief beguile,
'Tis just the Offspring to the Parent yield:
The Hero shall your sinking Spirits raise,
And sudden change your Cypress into Bays,
With which so oft you crown'd him in the Field.

With

With *Shellenberg* begins th' adventurous Song,
 Since War's first Fruits to *Shellenberg* belong,
 Where Lines impervious hide th' embattel'd Foe:
 But what avails the Covert, or the Mound,
 The pointed Canon, or the Trench profound,
 When *Marlborough* bids go on, and *Britons* strike the
 Blow?

Hail glorious Sequel of a bold Design,
 In which deep Thought and steady Courage join,
 Thou Source of mighty Victories, yet to come!
 Reviv'd by thee desponding Nations raise
 Their drooping Heads, and chaunt to Heav'n thy Praise,
Gaul from thy Period dates her coming Doom.

Thou, *Hochstet*, follow'ft close, whose louder Fame
 Bears to remotest Ages *Churchill's* Name,
 Which soars at once to Heights, scarce reach'd before:
 Here join'd with *Gaul* the tough *Bavarian* tries
 To turn the Scale, till thrice repuls'd he flies,
 Dragg'd by the former's Fate, to *Belgia's* distant Shore.

Henceforth, auspicious Day, on thy return
 What Pyramids shall rise, what Incense burn!
 What Peals from brazen Tubes thy Glory spread!
 Who saw'ft the routed *Gauls* or bite the Field,
 Or struck with mortal Terror tamely yield,
 With boasting *Tallard* Captive at their Head.

What Verse, immortal *Addison*, could trace
 Like thine, th' impetuous Ardours of the Chase,
 When his unnumber'd Foes the Hero press'd?
 How seiz'd with wild Amaze, and panick Dread,
 When to the *Danube's* Arm for help they fled,
 Th' inhospitable Flood o'erwhelm'd each sinking Guest!

From this decisive, providential Stroke,
Europa fears no more the threaten'd Yoke,
 By just Reprisals now she spurns her Foes:
Britannia's valiant Sons, inur'd to Arms,
 Th' enormous Pow'r of *Gaul* no more alarms,
 Henceforth she tumbles faster than she rose.

Behold where th' *Austrian* Eagle soars amain,
 She who erewhile lay panting on the Plain,
 Pierc'd by the *Celtick* Cock, now cleaves the Skies:
 Tow'ring the mounts, and mends her steady Flight,
 Till by Degrees she gains her native Height,
 Refumes the Thunder, and to Vengeance flies.

Here view *Eugenius*, *Savoy's* Boast, whose Name
 Still echoes through the hundred Mouths of *Fame*,
 Unquestion'd Hero, Calm, Intrepid, Wise:
 Quick to contrive, in Execution bold,
 He seizes *Villeroy* in his strongest Hold,
 And scarce *Cremona* fails to be his Prize.

In

In fam'd *Hungaria's* Plains his Course began,
 Where his first Arms bespoke the future Man,
 Thro' Floods of *Turkish* Gore, there taught to wade:
 Thrice did old *Ister's* conscious Banks survey
 The fearless Victor trampling on his Prey,
 Ere yet he crown'd his Labours at *Belgrade*.

Germania's Bounds secur'd, he quits the Chase
 Of impious *Mabomet's* deluded Race,
 To free th' *Ausonian* States, by *Gauls* oppress'd:
 O'er steep, impervious Heights unseen he springs,
 Saves gasping *Turin*, seat of kindred Kings,
 And clears *Insubria* round of every hostile Guest

Amilcar's valiant Son, of *Rome* the dread,
 At *Cannæ's* fatal Rout, less Terror spread,
 Though *Rome* expiring at his Mercy lay:
 Sated with Slaughter, and oppress'd with Spoils,
 The *Carthaginian* ceas'd his martial Toils,
 And lost the Fruits of that decisive Day.

Not so *Eugenius* quits the *Lombard* Plains,
 Again the tow'ring, Snow-clad Alps he gains,
 Down to the *Rhine's* last Surge pursues the Foe:
 Eager to end his Work, so well begun,
 Like mighty *Julius*, deems that nothing's done,
 While ought in *Europe's* Cause remains to do.

Nor

Nor less, brave *Amadeus*, is thy Claim,
 Who spread'st throughout the War thy glorious Name,
 For which successive Crowns thy Temples grace:
 To Kingdoms rais'd, O Victor, hadst thou known
 Or how to keep, or to resign thy Throne,
 Would Heart-consuming Grief anticipate thy Days?

See *Marlborough* there, in War of equal Name,
 His Skill proportion'd, to his martial Flame,
 Of Soul unmov'd in Conquest or Distress:
 Through all the countless Toils of ten Campaigns
 Nor Force, nor Fraud, his steady Course restrains,
 Whom greater boasts old *Rome*, or older *Greece*?

What Hand, like his, could quell th' unbounded Pride
 Of tow'ring *Gaul*, that *Europe's* self defy'd,
 Or frighted *Austria's* tottering Throne sustain?
 Not *Edward's* Son, or *Henry* so renown'd
 In *British* Rolls, with more Success were crown'd,
 On *Agincourt's*, or *Cressy's* fatal Plain.

Even *William's* self, the *Perseus* chose by Fate
 To rescue fair *Britannia's* sinking State,
 Ne'er soar'd to such a Pitch, tho' high he flew:
Nassau, 'tis true, the glorious Chase begun,
 But *Marlborough* finish'd what he left undone,
 One rous'd the Lion, which the other threw.

When

When Chiefs, like these, concert some bold Design,
 As when at fam'd *Malplaquet* once they join,
 Where Woods, in Ambush form'd, withhold their Prey:
 Tho' thousand Deaths th' impervious Fence surround,
 Through thousand Deaths they climb th' aspiring Mound,
 And like a rushing Storm they force their way.

Here *Villars* stands, disdaining to retreat,
Gaul's sole remaining Chief unconquer'd yet,
 In Words triumphant, e'er in Action bold:
 Tho' the high Barrier and deep Trench are join'd,
 And thick embattel'd Squadrons move behind,
 Scar'd with his Wound the *Gascon* quits his Hold.

Not so the Youth of Godlike *Nassau's* Race,
 When mortal Fears his flying Bands disgrace,
 In utmost Peril leaves the dreadful Fray:
 His Standard fix'd in Earth, to me, he cries,
 Your once lov'd Leader on your Aid relies,
 Reviving at his Voice, they turn and win the Day.

But ah, brave Prince, how short's thy Valour's Date,
 How soon alas! the World laments thy Fate,
 Thou rising Hero, *Friseland's* Joy and Boast!
 Tho' snatch'd by *Neptune's* mad, relentless Rage,
 Which Pray'rs nor Tears of Nations could assuage,
 Thou liv'st in *Story*, tho' in *Maesland* lost.

Con-

Confounded at Events so strange, so new,
 Nor able to account from whence they grew,
 Thus to a trusty Dame the Monarch said:
 What, are we then become the daily Sport
 Of changeful Fortune, late her fav'rite Court,
 And counting on her wonted Smiles, betray'd?

Are all our boasted Arts and Numbers vain,
 By which so oft we triumph'd on the Plain,
 And mock'd a Foe our Int'rest was to shun?
 Whom to amuse with Skill, not join in Fight,
 At Distance brave, and threaten out of Sight,
 Was long the measur'd Course our Armies run?

A Foe, that like a knotted, well-lopt Oak,
 Receives new Life from each repeated Stroke,
 The very Ax that wounds fresh Strength supplies:
 Of *Hydra* scarce such Prodigies are told,
 Not the fam'd Serpent's Teeth produc'd of old
 A growth so quick, or of so vast a Size.

Their vaunted *Orange* at *Senef* gave way,
 And *Conde* shar'd at least the doubtful Day;
 At *Steenkirk*, *Landen* too, their Hero fled:
 Yet when repuls'd by our superior Fire,
 With so assur'd an Air his Troops retire,
 As if the Vanquish'd had in Battle sped.

Long

Long like a Comet's Blaze, that threats fell Woe
 To Nations, or their Chiefs that rule below,
 With Glare amazing I the World affright:
 Till Fortune, jealous of my dreadful Name,
 In one short Hour destroys a Life of Fame,
 And *Blenheim's* Sun supplants the Meteor's Light.

And now when strict Confession, many a Tear,
 A Midnight's Mass, and Penance most severe,
 And every counted Bead, its Succour joins:
 Bold *Marlborough*, like some planetary Hour
 That strikes unlook'd for, with resistless Pow'r,
 And Rage impetuous, storms my boasted Lines.

His hardy *Britons*, by their Leader fir'd,
 As if with more than mortal Force inspir'd,
 The vast, impenetrable Fence surmount:
 In vain *Alegre's* doughty self I chose
 Their wild, romantick Fury to oppose,
 Himself made Captive, swells the black Account.

Nor stops the fierce, unfated Warrior there,
 But sworn at once to finish my Despair,
 Swift, as the Bird of *Jove*, he wings his way:
 In proud *Ramilia's* Plain, O hated Name!
 A second *Hochstet* crowns the Victor's Fame,
 And *Gaul* receives her Doom on that important Day.

34 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Rift with the pond'rous Stroke, a well-link'd Chain
Of Forts, which Armies might assault in vain,
Unguarded now their useleſs Strength betrays:
Whole Provinces the driving Tempeſt ſhare,
While *Gaul* itſelf lies open to the War,
And dreads at home the Flame, ſhe meant abroad to
raife.

As an old Lion, worn with Age and Toil,
Of Teeth and Claws bereft in many a Broil,
Still when attack'd th' unequal Combat tries:
He foams with Rage, unus'd to be control'd,
To find his wonted Arms forego their Hold,
And mad with Anguiſh, through the Deſerts flies.

So I, though bent with Years, and ſunk with Woes,
At *Oudenard* preſ'd Diſdain to ſhun my Foes,
My Strength exhausted I again retire:
Here young *Augustus*, *Albion's* Hope, diſplays
His native Worth, and reaps unborrow'd Praise,
While my own Race, at diſtance view the Fire.

What Numbers can the Fate of *Liſſe* rehearſe,
Whoſe Siege to tell might aſk a *Boileau's* Verſe,
Where *Gaul's* collected Force her Bulwark ſhields:
Tho' ſpringing Mines, and Flames unceaſing join
With Floods let looſe, to thwart the raſh Deſign,
Tho' *Vendome's* ſelf approach, my darling Fortreſs yields.

A Foe so daring, and an Act so bold,
What Age to come will credit, when 'tis told
By what *Herculean* Toils the Fort was won :
How *Temple*, *British* Chief, whom ev'ry Grace
Adorn'd, the Boast, and Pillar of his Race,
Oft mounting to th' Attack a thousand Dangers run.

The conscious *Scheld* to aftertimes shall tell
How *Brussels* was reliev'd, and *Tournay* fell,
At *Winnendal* how shameful my Defeat :
Where galant *Web*, to *Gaul's* eternal Stain,
When proud *La Motte* despis'd his little Train,
With scarce a Handful did an Army beat.

Where's now of universal Sway thy Plan,
Deluded Monarch, once th' immortal Man,
Whom nought but *Europe's* Empire would content ?
Caught in the fatal Snare, for others laid,
Thou by thy own Devices art betray'd,
Thy Foes exulting at the just Event.

So *Agrigentum's* fraudulent Tyrant far'd,
He, who with Flames unseen by Art prepar'd
A brasen Bull, in which his Foes he pent :
Till rous'd to Vengeance at the Wrongs they bore,
Mankind uniting made the Monster roar
In the same Fires which he for others meant.

To me each Scoffer now the Frog applies,
 Who envying once the Heifer's bulky Size,
 Swell'd hourly, till he burst his puny Frame:
 Thus had not curs'd Ambition fir'd my Breast,
 Nor Dreams of boundless Rule disturb'd my Rest,
 I still might be a King in more than Name.

The Statesman now, with many a Secret fraught,
 Henceforward sets his *Machiavel* at nought,
 Where each Success on Force or Fraud depends:
 The Warrior too, whom stable Maxims sway'd
 Before, renounces his uncertain Trade,
 And cries, 'tis Chance, not Art, the Sword befriends.

The Levee-Dangler, of *Camelion* Race,
 Who liv'd on th' airy Prospect of a Place,
 To starving Patience, worst of Ills, is left:
 No more to Circles with erected Mien
 He hastes, erewhile so pressing to be seen,
 But lags behind, of Hope itself bereft.

The buskin'd Troop in Operas wont to raise
 From strain'd, romantick Flights, my high-flown Praise,
 Or soften rugged Truths with soothing Sound:
 No more the Scene with graceful Measures tread,
 Enchanting Musick hangs her drooping Head,
 And mimic Action shuns th' abandon'd Ground.

The cautious Stranger, who with vast Surprise
Feeds on my painted Roofs his ravish'd Eyes,
Where *Jove* triumphant, in my Form is plac'd:
Bursts out, indignant, when the borrow'd Sire
Of Men and Gods assumes the Thund'rer's Fire,
And swoln with Anger, lays whole Nations waste.

No more aloft the *Pageant* Hero springs,
He cries, nor tramples on the Necks of Kings,
His latter Fate, *Le Brun*, thy Plan defames:
Unless some juster Hand, thy *Jove* deface,
And draw mad *Phaeton* in th' *Olympian's* Place,
Th' aspiring Fool, that set the World in Flames.

How am I faln indeed, like that rash Boy,
Whose burning Thirst of Rule was all his Joy,
Like him, from Glory's Summit headlong thrown!
Still more unhappy, as no Friend appears
To share my Suff'rings, or beguile my Fears,
But Friends abandon whom their Stars disown.

When young, to what amazing Height I rose,
Boast of my Race, and Terror of my Foes,
By every Muse uplifted to the Sky:
Despreaux then sung, the *Flaccus* of his Age,
Corneille rais'd Admiration in each Page,
And soft *Racine* drew Tears from ev'ry Eye.

In Age how shifts the Scene! my Court thin spread
With pale, dumb Shades, as if *Cartbusians* bred,
The gloomy Cloister's fullen Aspect bears:
My Councils, mute with Grief, no Help afford,
My Soldiers sheath an unavailing Sword,
And every Face a moving Sorrow wears.

Had *Buffy* liv'd, whose bold, satirick Flame
Dar'd to his Cost, my looser Hours proclaim,
When Love and War alternate shar'd my Throne:
He, whose repenting Muse, in Sorrow drown'd,
Firm to the last my just Resentment found,
To sooth my Anguish, would have check'd his own.

Yet thou art silent, whose Advice ne'er fail'd
To bring sweet Comfort, when ill Stars prevail'd,
Whose Arts were wont to prop and deck my Throne:
More than its Partner thou, my bosom Friend,
Able alike to charm, and to defend,
By wond'rous Gifts of Mind, excell'd by none.

Speak, if as heretofore I always found
Thou hast a Balsam still for ev'ry Wound,
Ah, quickly to my tortur'd Soul give Ease:
If haply there be cure for Ills, like mine,
What Mouth for Council is so skill'd as thine,
Which when it lifts, breathes War, or dictates Peace?

Too

Too late I see to what surprizing Height
Th' intrepid Hero wings his daring Flight,
Whom Justice governs, and whom Wisdom guides:
Earth's Bounds alone his Progress shall control,
Nor Toils nor Dangers shake th' undaunted Soul,
Where Thirst of Freedom and of Fame resides.

He said: the gifted Matron thus return'd.
How I your Fortune's strange Reverse have mourn'd,
These Streams still flowing from my Eyes, confess:
But tho' vain Grief may suit our tender Frame,
In your superior Sex it turns to shame,
Man sinks to Woman, in so soft a Dress.

Then rouse, nor let it through the World be spread,
That once unmanly Tears a Monarch shed,
What Arms have lost, by Art we may retrieve:
And tho' the Lion's Claws be par'd and torn,
The Semblance of the Fox, if timely worn,
Tho' stale the Slight, may yet the Foe deceive.

Hear then, if Souls in Bliss can ought foresee,
How vast a Change th' unerring Fates decree,
To me 'tis given their inmost Folds to trace:
Your gen'rous Confidence, and matchless Flame
For one, whose Story must debase your Fame,
Inforce the grateful Sense your Bounties raise.

From

From my Example learn the Turns of Fate,
 Which doom'd me once an abject Cripple's Mate,
 In whose facetious Muse was all our Store :
 Thus low at first, to such a Height I grew,
 No Comet e'er such Admiration drew,
 Nor could your once swift Conquests challenge more.

Scarce unpossess'd of Royalty I shine,
 And all its Honours by your Grace are mine,
 No Boons you grant but what my Hand bestows :
 In this exalted State Self-love alone
 Would prompt my Courage to support your Throne,
 Hear then with Wonder what the Fates disclose.

The Saint, whose hallow'd Shrine and mystick Fire
 Suppress the raging Flames of loose Desire,
 And form of wordly Nymphs a heav'nly Train :
 As in the dead of Night I wakeful lay,
 Shot thro' my Curtains, like a solar Ray,
 And thus pronounc'd a more than mortal Strain.

Thou, who presid'st o'er all my sacred Rites,
 In whom thy Saint confides, thy King delights,
 Whom wondring Nations almost Queen behold :
 Attend, nor is for nought this Vision sent,
 Know 'tis a Sign the Pow'rs above relent,
 And *Gaul's* Deliv'rance by my Mouth unfold.

The Time's at hand, when her insulting Foe
Shall cease to conquer, and his Spoils forego,
The trembling Prey within his Gripe release:
Discord and Faction shall his Laurels tear,
And fierce *Britannia*, Mistress of the War,
Shall to the vanquish'd yield, and sue for Peace.

O unexampled Turn of winding Fate,
Unheard of Fortune of a falling State,
The Dream of Fools, and Fable of the Wise!
Tho' *Gaul* wax faint with many a bleeding Wound,
Tho' *Albion's* Triumphs to the Stars resound,
The Dying conquers, and the Victor flies.

One more Campaign had *Gaul's* last Frontier broke,
And stately *Paris* felt the *British* Yoke,
Arras, or *Cambray* won, the Labour ends:
At such a *Crisis* to disarm the Foe,
And turn upon himself the threatned Blow,
For the whole War's Mistakes makes large amends.

Now what avail his vast, united Pow'rs,
And ten Years Triumphs, since the Prize is ours?
Vain Conquests raise but ill the Conqu'ror's Fame:
Exhausted Treasures, and fell Party-rage,
Which Time can scarce repair, or Laws assuage,
Are all the Trophies his own Annals claim.

42 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

With *Temple* first begins this turn of State,
 What Tongue can *Temple's* solid Worth relate,
 The Camp's Example, and the Court's Delight?
 Firm to his Cause, in Senate or in Field
 He to his Country's Foes disdains to yield,
 And like the Sun he sets to rise more bright.

To *Townshend* soon the whirling Change proceeds,
 Who the same Path with equal Glory treads,
 Scorning for private Ends, a publick Place:
 In early Youth for Skill and Caution fam'd,
 He to the *Belgian* Embassy was nam'd,
 Where his own Barrier-Treaty speaks his Praise.

A Day shall come, when Worth, like his, shall blaze
 Anew, and shine with more distinguish'd Rays,
 Unshaken Truth again his Breast inspire:
 Till worn with Toil, at his own Suit displac'd,
 His Zeal unlesse'd, and his Name unrais'd,
 Wisely he shall from Courts again retire.

Somers, superior Genius, next withdraws,
 An abler Lawyer never pleaded Cause,
 Did ever Chancellor more grace his Trust?
 What Subject e'er was fitter to preside
 In Councils, or the Helm of State to guide,
 True to his Prince, and to the Publick just?

Whene'er

Whene'er he spoke what Energy was found
In ev'ry Word, what Musick in the Sound,
The Senate's Oracle, and Council's Guide?
Such his unquestion'd Worth, his Skill so rare,
To feeble Crowns was trusted to his care,
And future Monarchs on his Zeal rely'd.

The great *Godolphin* follows, whom to name
Alone implies the most exalted Fame,
Consummate Statesman, steady, faithful, wise:
While he directed, scarce a Day pass'd o'er,
But Peals of joyful Canon shook the Shore,
And *Albion's* Triumphs reach'd the vaulted Skies.

What Fleets, what Armies were by him sustain'd,
What Towns abroad, what Laws at home were gain'd,
To what a wondrous height did *Anna* rise?
Tho' Guardian of the publick Wealth he stood
For nine whole Years, unblemish'd, unpursu'd,
With empty Hands and upright Heart he dies.

I see the Man, who twice five Years maintain'd
His Country's Cause, and many a Battle gain'd,
To blind, domestick Rage, a Victim fall:
In height of Conquest stript of his Command,
The willing Exile quits his native Land,
Till Time and Fate the injur'd Chief recall.

Abroad victorious, and ador'd at home,
The Scourge of *Carthage*, and the Shield of *Rome*,
Thus Godlike *Scipio* fell, by Fraud oppress'd :
Accus'd like him, undaunted, and sedate,
Like him too, *Marlb'rough* bears his adverse Fate,
Nor hides the least *Resentment* in his *Breast*.

Erect he stands amidst his clamorous Foes,
And scorns th' unseemly *Dirt* their *Malice* throws,
Then to their noisy *Taunts* he thus replies :
" Should *Albion* once again my *Aid* demand,
" She ne'er shall want a faithful *Patriot's* *Hand*,
" That loves his *Country*, but her *Foes* defies.

Then round th' *Assembly* with his wonted *Mien*,
A conscious *Merit* in each *Motion* seen,
He throws a parting *Look* with matchless *Grace* :
Now turning where his *Friends* in *Grief* appear,
The *Hero* melts to see them touch'd so near,
And gushing *Tears* bedew his manly *Face*.

What *Scene* was e'er so moving to the view ?
Ev'n *Envy's* self, that ne'er *Compassion* knew
Before, laments the *Man* whom most she dreads :
Withdrawn, he leaves his better part behind,
His deathless *Fame*, to no *Retreat* confin'd,
Supplies his *Absence*, and his *Laurels* shades.

Yet

Yet see those *Britons*, who in many a Fight
Had stood the brunt of *Gaul's*, superior Might,
Foremost in Dangers, and to Victory bred:
Soon as new Plans their darling Chief disgrace,
How do they hail the Man that fills his Place,
By open Threats, or secret Wiles misled!

No more with Hopes of wonted Battles fir'd,
Their Spirits flag, as if with Conquest tir'd,
And prove an easy Prey to Party-Broils:
Tho' startled at the War's inverted Scheme,
They move reluctant with the changing Stream,
And quit the brave Companions of their Toils.

Thus headlong Faction in a destin'd Hour
Dissolves the Bands of strong, confed'rate Pow'r,
That *Gaul* subsists to Discord's Flame we owe:
In this one Act her single Force unties
A Knot, which else all human Strength defies;
The Vanquish'd triumphs now without a Blow.

Gaul, like the Palm, by dint of Pressure spreads,
No more her Lilies bend to Earth their Heads,
But rise aloft, and shade the Climes around:
In Arts unconquer'd she the Secret knows
To stop the rapid Progress of her Foes,
And reach again the Skies, tho' levell'd with the Ground.

Mens Passions, mounting quick, as soon subside,
 Like Seas revuls'd with each alternate Tide,
 Now ebb, now flow, increase and sink by Turns:
 Thus many a Lover, rais'd to sudden Flame,
 Warmly at first pursues the fancy'd Dame,
 Then lightly quits the Fair, for whom erewhile he burns.

So when two rival Kings with equal Force
 Contend for Conquest at th' *Iberian* Course,
 Hard proves the Tug, ere one his Claim foregoes:
 But when the long-contested Prize is won,
 The Victor grieves that e'er the Race was run,
 And flights the Palm, for which the Strife arose.

Fairest of Isles, for Liberty renown'd,
 But changeful as the Waves that gird thee round,
 Whom Deeps unfathom'd from the World divide:
 What Frensy prompts thee to transfer thy Trust
 From him whose Valour laid thy Foes in Dust,
 To one devoted to the vanquish'd Side?

And thou, succeeding Chief, whose ancient Flame
 In *Albion's* Cause adorns thy noble Name,
 What sudden Cloud o'ercasts thy brighter Days?
 In *Landen's* hapless Field thy Courage shines,
 The Patriot there with the young Hero joins,
 And *Nigo's* Trophies since increase thy Praise.

Thus

Thus glorious hadst thou fix'd thy Period here,
 Nor fought new Triumphs in a borrow'd Sphere,
 Wouldst thou in foreign Climes an Exile stray?
 But when a long Disgust with Party joins,
 And change of Hands gives rise to new Designs,
 Ambition bids go on, and Vengeance leads the way.

For ten successive Years, a royal Dame
 On great *Eliza's* Model builds her Fame,
 Boast of her Sex, and Wonder of her Time:
 Could she unshifting to the end pursue
 The steady measures whence her Glory grew,
 Beyond *Eliza's* height would *Anna* climb.

While *Marlb'rough* o'er her conqu'ring Arms presides.
 And wise *Godolphin* all her Councils guides,
 No Queen in Story was like *Anna* bright:
 Those Suns once set, an universal Gloom
 O'er spreads the Globe, as if 'twere Nature's Doom,
 And all her former Day is chang'd to Night.

With loud Pretence, but with unequal Force
 New Racers undertake the dang'rous Course,
 Who measure for a time the bounded Space:
 Till spent with Toil, and conscious of the Speed
 Of rival Coursers, whose Approach they dread,
 They leave the beaten Track, and lead a Wild-Goose
 Chase.

Say

48 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Say you, whose Arts could wiser Heads control,
What Bait allures you to o'erlook the Goal,
When all to nothing for the Prize you run:
Had you but once the circling Ground survey'd,
And call'd your boasted Cunning to your Aid,
Yourself had born the Palm, which others won.

What Craft or Skill could such a Scheme contrive?
What Zeal of Party make a Project thrive,
Where private Pique sways more than publick Praise?
Say why, when Fate propitious to your Vows
A lucky Peace on your own Terms allows,
Your Country's Friends you drop, her Foes to save.

Again, who knows not that the loosest Times
Of old, tho' winking at domestick Crimes,
The common Rights of Nations still maintain'd?
That those, how great foe'er, who dar'd defy
The publick Faith, that universal Tie,
Were strictly censur'd, tho' a *Nero* reign'd?

Yet when the Helm you guide, less Vigour's seen,
Witness the mangled Agent of your Queen,
Whom hireling *Gauls* on *Alpin* Heights surprize.
Tho' trusting to his sacred Charge he bleed,
And Laws of God and Man for Vengeance plead,
Th' Assassins 'scape, and the Remembrance dies.

If

If such Rewards on publick Service wait,
Thrice happy they, who in a private State
Far from a thankless Court's Allurements dwell:
Where Independence reigns, and Virtue smiles,
And well-plac'd Love Life's tedious Hours beguiles,
There breathes Content, tho' in an humble Cell.

But see, their new-rai'd Structure to maintain,
How the rash Builders all their Sinews strain
Immortal *William's* Fabrick to o'erthrow:
Thy Genius, *Albion*, thwarts the mad Design,
The half-bred Workmen fear to spring the Mine,
Tho' four long Winters had prepar'd the Blow.

'Tis now too late, their chymick Hopes are past,
Th' unblest Projection mocks their Toils at last,
In vain they'd cover what begins to glare:
But lucky Jars among themselves prevent
Its further Growth, some push, and some repent,
And all their fine-spun Schemes are built in Air.

By Feuds like these, *Gaul* rears again her Head,
She who erewhile so low, appear'd as dead,
Revives at once with Aspect undismay'd:
Routs her unguarded Foes, at *Denain* caught,
Wins back by Art, what they by Valour got,
And triumphs in her turn by *Albion's* Aid.

H

Surprising

Surprising Change! now *Spain* returns apace
 To her old Yoke, and crouching sues for Grace,
 Not so her bravest Sons for Mercy plead:
 Their Terms rejected, and their Rights deny'd,
 Undaunted they the last Extremes abide,
 And loss of Freedom more than Tortures dread.

Blush, *Albion*, who not only saw'st their Woes
 Unmov'd, but didst assist their mortal Foes,
 And yet not Thou, but They who rul'd thy State:
 Say, what Excuse could thy Conductors frame
 For leaving those, who their known Laws reclaim,
 And letting brutal Force decide their Fate?

Base, and unworthy of the *British* Name,
 Who dar'd the sacred, publick Faith disclaim,
 Can rash Engagements be for Crimes a Plea?
 Your injur'd Country the foul Act detests,
 Such rank Injustice stains not *British* Breasts,
 Such as past Times ne'er view'd, nor shall the future see.

Brave *Catalans*, seduc'd by Freedom's Charms,
 In Treaties faithful, and renown'd in Arms,
 How undeserv'd and dreadful is your Lot!
 The noble Stand you made in *Europe's* Cause,
 For trampled Rights, and for expiring Laws,
 For which, hard Fate! you sunk, shall never be forgot.

Now

Now shall the blended Crowns, tho' Clouds arise
That blacken for a time their kindred Skies,
Henceforth unite, while Blood and Int'rest hold:
How do the vast, contiguous Empires reach
From *Britain's* Channel down to *Calpe's* Beach,
Where great *Alcides* fix'd his Bounds of old.

What hinders then, but the late darling Scheme,
Tho' failing in your Days, no sick Man's Dream,
Some luckier Juncture may in time renew?
If *Gaul* alone could *Europe's* Pow'rs abide,
And stem for half an Age so strong a Tide,
With *Spain* to friend, how boundless is her View!

One Bar still lies across, for lo! the time
Draws nigh that shall protect a neighb'ring Clime,
Sophia's Son to *Anna's* Throne succeeds:
War threats again, but all Efforts are vain,
Pacifick George begins a *Halcyon* Reign,
And *Europe* long enjoys the Rest she needs.

From *Anne's* Demise a noted Æra springs,
That gives to *Britain* a new Race of Kings,
Celestial Aid, for her Deliv'rance sent:
Her late despairing Sons now cease to mourn,
Their Fears are vanish'd, and their Joys return
With *George*, and Fortune crowns the great Event.

What Nation in effect, or Age e'er view'd
 A Prince by Nature more inclin'd to good,
 Humane, beneficent, wise, steady, mild?
 Thro' his whole Reign what Instance can be shewn
 Where Justice fail'd, or Mercy shun'd the Throne,
 When Guilt repented, or Occasion smil'd?

Restor'd to his Command now *Marlb'rough* waves
 Again the Truncheon, and his Country saves
 Once more, tho' absent he directs the Fight:
 The *Clans* subdu'd, their Leaders scow'r away,
 For ever doom'd in foreign Lands to stray
 With him, who hopes to gain a Crown by Flight.

Who but a Party can their Fortune grieve,
 What Mortal can excuse, or Prince forgive
 Whom wisest Laws, nor sacred'st Oaths could bind?
 Whom fraught with Treason, impotent, and vain,
 No Favour could oblige, nor Loss restrain,
 Ere *Preston* harbour'd whom Rebellion join'd?

Forth issuing from the North the frantick Crew
 In sporting Semblance the Mock-chase pursue,
 With serious Aim three Kingdoms to inflave:
 But when a martial Force their Banners spread,
 With gallant *Wills* advancing at their Head,
 Seis'd with a sudden Fright they Mercy crave.

That

That Fire extinguish'd, tho' new Heats arise,
 Check'd in its Birth the bubling Ferment dies,
 In vain the miter'd Agent fans the Flame:
 Tho' Spider-like the treach'rous Loom he spread,
 So thin's the Texture, and so fine the Thread,
 That the least Touch diffolves the well-spun Frame.

Thou bold Fomenter of thy Country's Broils,
 Tho' bitter be the Fruit of all thy Toils,
 To die in Exile is thy gentler Fate:
 How should Example or Religion thrive,
 When Priests, that should be Guides, like *Jebu* drive,
 Resolv'd to govern, or o'erturn the State?

Now Jars abroad, and home-bred Quarrels cease,
 And *Gaul* exhausted seeks a lasting Peace,
 Deep-rooted Hate to fœderal Friendship yields:
 The wise Example gains the Nations round,
 Peace, and her thriving Arts maintain their Ground,
 While *George's* steady Hand the Scepter wields.

But ah! what Rose with Thorns uncircled grows,
 Or where abides the Bliss, unmix'd with Woes?
 How transient too the first, while these remain!
 Amidst her short-liv'd Joys *Britannia* weeps,
 Robb'd of her darling Sons no Bounds she keeps,
 Like *Hecuba* she howls, distracted with her Pain.

Thou,

Thou, *Halifax*, leadst up this Dance of Death,
Now mute, yet how sonorous once thy Breath,
When strong Persuasion dwelt upon thy Tongue!
Oft has thy piercing Speech in *Britain's* Cause
Struck noisy Faction dumb, and forc'd Applause,
While listning Senates on each Accent hung.

Nor was within those Walls thy Worth confin'd;
The Gifts that flow'd from thy capacious Mind,
In three successive Reigns recorded stand:
To Honours rais'd, and fraught with Learning's Stores,
Thee ev'ry Science, ev'ry Muse adores,
Fed or encourag'd by thy bounteous Hand.

Not all the Blessings, of which Courtiers dream,
The highest Stations, and a King's Esteem,
Could save thee, *Stanhope*, from an early Fate:
Tho' strictest Honour, Learning, Friendship, Fame
In War and Peace, conspire to raise thy Name,
Such Aids avail not to prolong thy Date.

Yet still thy Mem'ry's to thy Country dear,
Thy Virtues live in ev'ry Bosom there;
Transcendent Worth, like thine, thy Name shall save:
Th' untainted Statesman, and th' unchanging Friend,
So rare in Nature, not with Nature end,
But rescu'd by the Muse surmount the Grave.

See *Churchill* too, whose bold, successful Flame
Made Armies, wont to conquer, dread his Name,
Falls of himself to Time a destin'd Prey:
Cease, *Albion*, then to mourn, since *Ammon's* Son,
Cæsar, and *Nassau* the same Course have run,
And yet their Fame still lives, unconscious of Decay.

Tho' small on Earth the Spot, which now contains
The once victorious *Marlb'rough's* last Remains,
His nobler Part to upper Skies withdraws:
There rais'd on Thrones his old try'd Friends he meets,
The great *Godolphin*, *Somers*, *Stanhope* greets,
His Fellow-Champions in their Country's Cause.

Then mounting thro' the vast Expanse of Light,
Swift, as a Falcon shoots, he wings his Flight,
To reach the Sphere, which ancient Patriots grace:
Timoleon, *Scipio*, *Cato* there he joins,
Himself, like *Phæbus*, in the Center shines,
And every Orb resounds with his superior Praise.

Still, mighty Spirit, tho' remov'd by Fate,
Thy ruling Influence guards thy native State
From home-bred Faction, and the foreign Foe:
Secur'd by thee, th' illustrious *Brunswick* Line
On *Albion's* Throne shall unmolested shine,
While Liberty and Virtue breathe below.

The

The Toils of Empire but increase their Care
 Of *Albion's* Safety, whether Peace or War
 Turn out at last, in *Europe's* Balance weigh'd:
 Th' unbiaf'd Mind, which sound Reflexion guides,
 Smiles at the Lot, which Art or Chance decides,
 While *Brunswick* reigns, and *Britain* lends her Aid.

If War but threat, a hundred Vessels spread
 Their swelling Sheets o'er Ocean's fomy Bed,
 And scour the southern Seas, and northern Coast:
 The *Swede* protected saves a shatter'd Throne;
 Th' invading *Russ* now trembles for his own,
 And scarce the *Spaniard* of his Mines can boast.

What tho' *Gibraltar*, *Europe's* utmost Bound,
 For its known Strength and spacious Port renown'd,
 From jealous Foes, a double Siege sustain:
 In vain, tho' unprovok'd, they rashly wage
 Insulting War, to sooth a Woman's Rage,
 Still shall the *British* Fort control the midland Main.

Tho' late forgetful of his past Alarms,
Charles wisely now respects *Britannia's* Arms,
 Those Arms to which his rescu'd Crowns he owes:
 Those Arms, by which *Sicilia's* fruitful Isle
 Renouncing *Victor*, swells th' imperial Stile,
 And gives new Umbrage to aspiring Foes.

George

George now he owns for *Europe's* Safety nurs'd,
 The second, brave, and steady, like the first,
 As strict Assertor of his People's Right:
 And yet so mild, all gentle Arts he tries
 To close a Breach, whence fierce Contentions rise,
 Ere arming slow he meditate the Fight.

See now th' Effect of knowing to forbear,
Spain drops at once the long-impending War,
 Old Leagues revive, and strong Resentments cease:
 A turn so quick amazes Friends and Foes,
 The well-concerted Act who dares oppose?
Charles weighs the great Event, then signs the Peace.

The Sanction settled now full Vigour gains,
 And screens from future Wars the *German* Plains,
 While *Austrian* Rights to female Heirs descend:
 Young *Carlos* enters on mature Debate
 Fair *Parma's* Dutchy, and the *Tuscan* State;
 Thus long Disputes in lasting Union end.

Hail, happy Period! now each Panick's o'er,
 And Fleets and Armies fright the World no more,
 What Tongue can all the Charms of Peace relate?
 Thy Work, good *Harrington*, be thine the Praise,
 For this the Royal Voice thy Name shall raise,
 And trust with thee the Secrets of the State.

Britannia, hail! whom, free from War's Alarms,
Augustus rules, and *Carolina* charms,
Alike deserving of thy People's Trust:
Which of thy best-lov'd Kings, by *Rapin* shewn
In strong resembling Lights, e'er grac'd the Throne,
Like him, whose least Desert is to be just?

To Empire call'd, he makes the Laws he found,
And long-establish'd Rights, his utmost Bound,
Squares by this golden Rule his regal Sway:
Thus equal to his Trust, thus truly great,
He reigns th' indulgent Father of his State
O'er Subjects striving who shall best obey.

His matchless Consort, by strict Conscience led,
Prefers her *Brunswick's* to th' Imperial Bed,
Who doubts the Match was pre-ordain'd above?
Great Patroness of Arts, of sweetest Frame,
What distant Region has not heard thy Fame,
Thy rare Endowments, and connubial Love?

To shew 'tis less to reign, than to be wise,
And that deep Science is the nobler Prize,
An humble, silent *Grot's* her lov'd Retreat:
Escap'd from Grandeur, and divorc'd from Care,
She hastes to visit Guests she harbours there,
Whose marble Busts adorn the sylvan Seat.

And

And now revolving what their Works contain,
 Earth, Seas, and Heav'ns she measures o'er again,
 Descries new Lights, which ancient Plans control:
 She fathoms ev'ry Depth they try'd before,
 Extracts from each rich Mine the solid Ore,
 Which answ'ring to the Touch transports her ravish'd
 Soul.

Th' unalter'd Laws of Nature here she sees,
 And how each moral Duty springs from these,
 Whence, and how varied, Good and Evil grow:
 Unwearied in her Search she finds at last
 That Happiness in strictest Truth is plac'd,
 The sacred Source, whence endless Blessings flow.

Hence too she learns the most successful way
 To govern Realms is by a gentle Sway,
 Vice to discourage, and Desert to raise:
 No wonder then, when glad *Germania* shares
 Her Lord's lov'd Presence, and paternal Cares,
 She rules at home with universal Praise.

So when the Sun, whose golden Beams produce
 On Earth whatever is to Life of use,
 To bless the nether Regions takes his Flight:
 Resplendent *Luna* mounts the upper Skies,
 His radiant Seat till his Return supplies,
 And cheers th' Horizon with her silver Light.

60 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Inchanting *Richmond*! of whose awful Cell
Apollo's chosen Sons such Wonders tell,
 Without all fimple, but within divine:
 Tho' wasting Time thy lofty Heights shall raze,
 And hide in Ruins thy delightful Face,
 Not the *Cumæan* Cave more lasting proves than thine.

From so august a Stock a sevenfold Race
 Springs forth adorn'd with ev'ry princely Grace,
 Rejoice each *Briton* at a Sight so rare:
 Their eldest *Frederick* in Succession first,
 For Worth and Honour shews a noble Thirst,
 And strives to merit Crowns he late shall wear.

When his great Parents left their native Soil
 To bless and to protect the *British* Isle,
 How was this Pledge ador'd they left behind!
 To *Albion* call'd, with what a winning Grace,
 His Father's Image stamp'd upon his Face,
 He captivated soon each Subject's Mind!

Sweet-natur'd, lib'ral, courteous, and sincere,
 No wonder if the *Wallian* Prince appear
 The Hope of Kingdoms and of Courts the Pride:
 At his throng'd Circle, Joy dilates each Breast,
 To see him treat each Subject as a Guest,
 And throw engaging Smiles on ev'ry side.

Next

Next *William* shoots in a well-season'd bloom,
 A sure preface of golden Fruits to come,
 Such as by *Pointz* ingrafted ripen fast:
 Best Nature in the lovely Youth is found,
 His Genius sprightly, and his Judgment sound,
 And Learning spreads by his Example grac'd.

Of Port majestick, but of Aspect sweet,
 Then *Anna* comes, with ev'ry Charm replete,
 Imperial *Juno* moves with such an Air:
Amelia next appears to gild the Scene,
 In brightness vying with the *Cyprian* Queen,
 When *Jove* pronounc'd her fairest of the Fair.

Now *Caroline* succeeds, by all allow'd
 Mild, gracious, prudent, eager to do good,
 Another *Pallas* in her Form descends:
Mary, *Louisa* follow, sweetest Pair,
 If in their Morning Dawn they rise so fair,
 What dazzling Light their Noon-tide Fires attends!

These precious Gifts, from whence her Saf'ty grows,
 To thee, heroic *William*, *Britain* owes,
 To thee, her great Deliv'rer, when oppress'd:
 Such Blessings to secure, the Royal Pair
 Commits them, *Walpole*, to thy watchful Care,
 Thou first of Statesmen, and of Friends the best.

Thy

Thy firm Attachment to thy Country's Cause
 In Times of Trial, claims her just Applause,
 Nor less in happier Days resounds thy Fame :
 Tho' grac'd by two successive Kings thou soar
 To Heights no Commoner e'er reach'd before,
 What Voice but Envy's can thy Conduct blame?

And if sour Spleen, or headstrong Party tries
 To stain that Worth thy very Rivals prize,
 How doth thy *Tullian* Tongue their Wiles confound!
 And tho' in twice five Years one Point they gain
 Beyond their Hopes, they lance their Darts in vain,
 Short is their Triumph, whilst thou keep'st thy Ground.

Whither, mistaken *Britons*, would you tend?
 And whence proceed your Clamours without end?
 What frightful wild *Chimeras* haunt your Doors?
 Truth's ever calm, and like deep Rivers glides
 Serenely smooth, unruffled by the Tides,
 While Falshood, like a shallow Torrent, roars.

Be this your Touchstone, and 'twill soon disclose
 Who are your real Friends, and who your Foes,
 Which Party to embrace, and which to shun:
 Dispel vain Fears, and tho' to Change too prone,
 You'll find no Nation happy like your own,
 You ne'er can be but by yourselves undone.

A Peace with such Allies, observ'd with Care,
 Shall more avail than all the Views of War,
 Make *Gaul* reflourish, tho' reduc'd so low :
 Disputes in Church and State ferment in vain,
 The stubborn Senate drags an Exile's Chain,
 And dext'rous *Fleury* wards th' unguarded Blow.

But should War's Arts o'er those of Peace prevail
 At last, what Chance can save us, if we fail ?
 What Pow'r like *Anna* once, will *Gaul* befriend ?
 Can the most heated *Roman* Faith presume
 Upon a second Miracle to come,
 Or that another War would like the former end ?

Nor think, tho' *Marlb'rough*, late of *Gaul* the dread,
 Be number'd now among the peaceful Dead,
 That Hope revives, or Danger threats no more :
 Still many a *British* Chief, of deathless Name,
 Still *Cobham*, *Wade*, *Argyle* maintain their Fame,
 And under *martial* *George* would conquer as before.

Here clos'd the circled Form, confest to Sight,
 Then darted upwards in a Stream of Light,
 As when some Meteor shoots along the Skies :
 Then rouse, my Prince, and bid farewell to Care,
 With costly Off'rings to the Shrine repair,
 Where the Protector-Saint in balmy Odour lies.

T H E

A Peace with such Allies, obsequious with Care,
 Shall more prevail than all the Views of War;
 Make Good resolutions, tho' reduced to low;
 Dispute in Speech, and State ferment in vain;
 The stubborn Senate drag an Healer's Chair,
 And dexterous Navy waits the ungranted blow.

But should Wars And o'er the side of Peace prevail
 At last, what Chance can we as it we fall?
 What Power like that which once will God behold?
 Can the weak hearted Fleet and Land combine
 Upon a second Armistice to come,
 Or that good War would be the better end?

Now think, the Miser's worst fate of God the dread,
 Be numbered now among the peaceful Dead,
 That those revives, or Danger threats no more;
 Still many a British Child, of desolate Name,
 Still Curses War, why he remains in their Name,
 And under martial Glory would conduct as before.

Here stand the clefted Rocks, conch'd to sight,
 Then dash'd upwards in a stream of Light,
 As when some Meteor shoots along the Skies;
 Then round, my Prince, and bid farewell to Cares,
 With costly Offings to the Shrine repair,
 Where our Princes' Saint in holy Order lies.



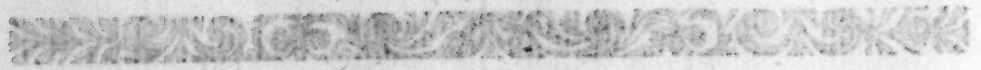
THE
MUSE *an* ADVOCATE
FOR
INJUR'D MERIT.

In an Epistle to the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

*Urit enim Fulgore suo, qui prægravat Artes
Infra se positas. Extinctus amabitur idem.*





ST ROBERT WALPOLE
THE

MUSE AN ADVOCATE

FRANCIS comes a. Walpole, that a soul, the

Idios. FOR

What doest thou say, my friend, to the

WINDWARD MERIT

Should feel to the shock, the the same

In an Epistle to the Right Honourable

That they, who, in the name of the King

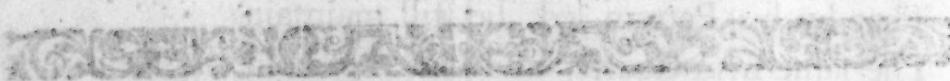
ST ROBERT WALPOLE

Will with his grace, his grace, his grace

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To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.

WHENCE comes it, *Walpole*, that a Soul, like
thine,

Where deepest Arts with native Candour join,
Whose Praise, long echo'd thro' the *British* Plains,
Struck Envy dumb, in two successive Reigns,
Should feel so rude a Shock, tho' still the same,
That they, who once extoll'd, now wrong thy Fame?
If thou hast well discharg'd the Statesman's Trust,
Whence springs such Rancour, when Applause is just?

Proceeds it hence, that by thy watchful Care
Our happy Isle is undisturb'd by War?
That second *George*, for *Britain's* Welfare nurs't,
Pursues the wholsom Maxims of the first?
That by his Pattern led, he still maintains
The same firm Course, and bids thee hold the Reins?
That matchless *Caroline*, whom Nations bless,
And all the Royal Race, thy Worth confess?
That all thy Toils tend only to sustain
Thy Country's Freedom, and thy Master's Reign,

68 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Th' establish'd, wise Succession to defend,
 On which alone our Laws and Lives depend?
 That *Fleury's* Pupil, tho' of *Bourbon* Race,
 Felt no Ambition but the Stag to chase,
 Till prompted by a sudden Thirst of Fame,
 He chang'd Saint *Hubert's* for a martial Flame?
 That *Philip's* Queen, inflexible ere while,
 Her *Carlos* settled, now befriends our Isle?
 That *Charles* avows again the Debt he owes,
 And courts the Nation, whence his Safety rose?
 That *Belgia's* sevenfold State on ours relies,
 While each, to other true, the World defies?
 That young *Nassau*, with Royal *Anna* grac'd,
 Helps to support the Fabrick *William* rais'd?
 That peaceful Schemes with *Dane* and *Swede* prevail,
 Who hold with steady Hands the northern Scale?
 That *British* Trade in *Russian* Ports revives,
 And, far as spreads the lazy *Baltick*, thrives?
 That *Poland*, firm to her elective Laws,
 Tho' now divided, fights for Freedom's Cause?
 Imports it ought to us, if in the Fray,
Lexinski or *Augustus* win the Day?
 If War still ravage *Persia's* fruitful Plains,
 Or in the Wilds of scorching *Africk* reigns?
 Concerns it *Christian* States, if by the Sword
 Or *Mahomet*, or *Hali* be ador'd?
 If faithless *Turks*, as faithless Foes o'erthrow,
 Or *Kouli* rally to revenge the Blow?
 What boots it us, so *Britain's* Peace remain,
 Who rules at *Stamboul*, or at *Ispahan*?

But

But since fell War, by strong Conventions ty'd,
 Breaks off its Chains, on which Mankind rely'd,
 Increasing, like a Flood, its boundless Sway,
 While no Impediments obstruct its way:
 Tho' Discord's Rage thy gentle Soul alarms,
 Methinks I hear thee call our Youth to Arms,
 Excite them to assert their wonted Flame,
 The common Safety, and the *British* Name.
 Thus fir'd, methinks I see them soon repair
 Th' inglorious Breaches of the former War,
 Efface their injur'd Isle's lamented Stains,
 And emulate great *Marlbrough's* ten Campaigns;
 Till a safe Peace, implor'd, not forc'd, ensue,
 To *British* Valour, and thy Counsels due:
 A Peace not patch'd, or by Collusion made,
 Like *Utrecht's* on a sandy Bottom laid;
 Not weakly fashion'd, as before, in haste,
 But founded on a Rock, and sure to last.
 Say, Statesman, would not this complete thy Fame,
 And make succeeding Ages bless thy Name?

Dipt in the Stream of such a wholsom Spring,
 What Poisons could the Shafts of Malice bring?
 Would settled Peace, whence all our Blessings flow,
 Would Plenty's copious Horn denounce our Woe?
 If these are Ills, not groundless is the blame
 With which thy Rivals strive to load thy Name,
 But if true Benefits, what just Renown
 For the World's Welfare would thy Labours crown?

Not

70 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Not inauspicious may this Omen prove
 To reconcile to thee the Publick Love!
 But here *Apollo* pulls the Muse's Ear,
 And wisely checks her in her full Career.
 If Peace or War shall prove the Nation's Fate,
 He cries, sagacious Councils shall debate.
 To Kings and Senates State-Affairs belong;
 Thus warn'd, the pliant Dame pursues her Song.
 Oh! could Ambition stop, or Envy sleep,
 What Crops might *Britain* from thy Labours reap?
 Tho' forty Winters charg'd, her fruitful Soil,
 Eas'd of its Load, would crown the Farmer's Toil.
 This was thy gen'rous Plan, but why it fail'd
 Let Frenzy answer, which o'er Sense prevail'd.
 Not but the thing was rightly understood,
 But Faction envy'd thee so great a Good.
 The Praise, resulting from the proud Design,
 Her jealous Sons foresaw would all be thine.
 Hence vile Insult, hence wicked Slander springs,
 Profane are mix'd with the most sacred things,
 And Libels spare nor Ministers, nor Kings. }
 Hence their Mock-burnings, o'er the Nation spread,
 And what was meant for Sport becomes our Dread.
 Tumult and Uproar for Rejoicing stand,
 And Party-Madness taints th' unguarded Land.
 These are the Men, whose all-sufficient Pride,
 Like *Phaeton's*, fires the World they could not guide.
 With loosen'd Reins their headlong Course they steer,
 And to advance too slow, is all they fear.

They

They drive impetuous thro' the Flames they raise,
 As whilom wont in *Anne's* declining Days,
 When rash, incautious Haste, without disguise,
 Dissolv'd the Films that clos'd the Nations Eyes.

So fares it with them now; restor'd to Sight,
 Their Bands revolt, and hail the new-born Light.
 Undaunted *Caleb* then, inflam'd with Ire,
 And arm'd with Vengeance, to his Train sets Fire.
Corruption, Parallels, and No Excise
 Go off like *Squibs*, and with a Bounce surprise.
 A *standing Army*, like a Larum-Bell,
 Rings in our Ears a never-ceasing Knell:
 Tho' insufficient to repel a Foe,
 Or what's still worse, Ourselves, bodes certain Woe.
 Designs unthought-of, *Place* and *Pension-Rolls*,
 In thund'ring Journals echo to the *Poles*.
 The rankest Falshoods are as Truths proclaim'd,
 And they, who merit most, the most are blam'd.
 He feigns Mock-Dangers to alarm the State,
 While those he forges real ones create.
 Nor doubts he once, that, could his Arts defeat
 The Minister, himself would mount his Seat.
 Blind, not to see that He, of all Mankind,
 Who builds vain Schemes, would least Indulgence find!
 So *Korah* strove good *Moses* to disgrace,
 With fond presumpt'ous Hope to fill his Place.
 So crafty *Cromwel* did his Creatures fool,
 His Cry was Freedom, but his Drift was Rule.

Thus

72 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

'Thus *Catiline*, his Country to inflave,
 Gave out, he arm'd, its Liberties to save.
 But watchful *Tully* soon unmask'd his Aim,
 Our *British Tully*, Thou hast done the same;
 In Strains divine, like his, strong, moving, clear,
 Unveil'd the double Face our Patriots wear.

Go on, nor dread what disappointed Rage
 Can act, the transient Scene of every Age.
 Fear not the False, th' Ungrateful, and the Vain,
 Whose rule is to deceive in ev'ry Reign.
 Mislead they may the Weak, but sure they'll find
 Their Arts too gross for a discerning Mind.
 Such are thy Foes, whose Aims so well we trace,
 Their very Opposition speaks thy Praise.
 Have they yet found, in all thy course of Pow'r,
 One Law infring'd in the least guarded Hour;
 One Shadow of a Crime, one Right oppress'd,
 Revenge, or Malice lurking in thy Breast?
 By Nature mild, obliging, frank, humane,
 Whose just Pretension hast thou heard in vain?
 To whom, amidst thy Cares, refus'd Access,
 Or when not aided Merit in Distress?
 Has not thy well-form'd Soul, to Honour true,
 Perform'd each Duty, which from Friendship grew?
 Oft rais'd the Grace beyond the Suitor's Thought,
 And done th' unhop'd-for Favour, ere 'twas sought;
 With thy old Friends thy well-earn'd Honours shar'd,
 And ev'n thy proud, ungrateful Rivals spar'd?

Then

Then whence these Broils, unjustify'd by Sense?
 Why rules Diffension, void of all Pretence?
 Are these, ye Patriots, your boasted Arts
 To raise our Passions, and engage our Hearts?
 Can wholsom Doctrines issue from a School,
 Where zeal for Truth denotes a stupid Fool?
 Where sense of Gratitude becomes a Jest,
 And breach of Friendship is a Rule profess'd?
 Where no one Question rises in debate,
 But who shall govern, or embroil, the State?
 And where for private Aims the vulgar Throng
 Must artfully be taught that right is wrong?
 O Proof undoubted of degen'rate Days,
 When Truth shall meet Reproach, and Falshood Praise!
 Would Envy speak what she conceals in vain,
 She'd own, 'tis for his Worth she hates the Man.
 Rare Merit but provokes and sharpens Spite,
 Which snarls the more, the more its Object's bright.
 Since then to blacken Worth is Envy's boast,
 The most unstain'd are those she slanders most.

Then fear not thou, tho' Libels vent their Rage,
 And foul-mouth'd Clamor roar in ev'ry Page.
 Be it thy Task an equal Course to run,
 And end thy Labours as thou hast begun.
 Impartial Justice to thy best maintain,
 Nor let good Laws in force subsist in vain.
 Reform th' unbounded Licence of the Times,
 Was Freedom meant to be a Cloke for Crimes?

74 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Shall bare-fac'd Riot o'er the Land increase,
 And factious Feuds expose the publick Peace;
 Abandon'd Wretches on thy Person tread,
 And near the sacred Senate lift their Head?
 Could Insolence, if unsupported, go
 Lengths, that had almost plung'd the Realm in Woe?
 Say, State-Physician, has thy dext'rous Skill
 No *Nostrum* found for this enormous Ill,
 Which, as the Bark subdues a Fever's Force,
 May stop this dang'rous Torrent's wilder Course?
 Would strict coercive Rules be misapply'd,
 Where milder Methods have in vain been try'd?
 Thou know'st that *Neptune*, when the Storm increas'd,
 Shook but his Trident, and its Fury ceas'd.
 Seek and encourage Worth, tho' Numbers frown,
 Successful Merit best will speak thy own.
 But, above all, with double Warmth defend
 The zealous, fast, invariable Friend,
 Who fix'd to Reason, whence his Conduct springs,
 Unites his Country's Int'rest with his King's:
 Unlike those *Sophists*, whose affected Wit
 Would, what is simple, into Sections split:
 Whose Wiles exhausted, by a last Effort
 Seek to disjoin the Country from the Court.
 Of Arts be still the Patron, nor refuse
 The genuine Labours of the Heav'n-born Muse,
 Who spurning Earth's low Mansion, upwards springs,
 Tow'rs like the Lark, and as divinely sings.
 'Tis hers alone immortal Fame to give,
 And make thee, *Walpole*, after Death to live.

Let

Let Science in each Branch thy Smiles obtain,
 'Twill profit and adorn our Monarch's Reign:
 To thee too useful in the various ways
 Which Nature treads, and Policy displays.
 Dead Scenes without it were the Courts of Kings,
 And crouded Levees flat unmeaning things.
 Disdain the venal, flight the wav'ring Mind,
 That varies, like the Fane, with ev'ry Wind.
 Check the too forward, rouse th' unactive Spleen;
 Both err, unconscious of the golden Mean.
 Who lags thro' Sloth, or who at random flies,
 Alike is distanc'd, and foregoes the Prize.
 Such only, who within the bounded Space,
 Know when to slacken, or to mend their Pace,
 Deserve to share the Honours of the Race.
 Who fail in these Pursuits, or who excel,
 Thou, the best Judge of Merit, best can tell.

Thus fenc'd, what Force can shake thy rooted Pow'r,
 Which, like the Palm, oppress'd but spreads the more?
 Detraction, weary'd out, shall drop her Sting,
 And soaring Faction flag th' expanded Wing.
 Wild Leagues, which but to name our Spirits chill,
 Shall burst, as Poisons mix'd each other kill.
 Or, should new Aids a while their Bands sustain,
 Wrap'd in thy Virtue, what can give thee Pain?
 Unshaken Virtue, constant in her Course,
 Shall rise superior still to Fraud or Force.
 Like a tough Oak, deep-rooted in the Ground,
 She stands unmov'd, tho' Whirlwinds sweep around.

76 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Oft has th' unspotted Maid, 'tis true, complain'd
Of gross Neglect, while Vice and Folly reign'd.
Rome's Founder, *Bacchus*, and the *Twins* of old,
Of whom such Wonders, while they liv'd, are told,
Rough Men to polish who the Secret found,
Taught them for Food to plant and till the Ground,
Compos'd fierce Wars, commercial Cities rais'd,
And for a thousand useful Arts were prais'd:
Did not these Gods, says *Horace*, once so fam'd
On Earth, lament their noblest Deeds were blam'd?
How far'd it with *Alcmena's* Son by *Jove*,
Who in the World's Defence with Monsters strove?
Could he, whose Arm th' enormous *Hydra* slew,
Th' invenom'd Rage of envious Tongues subdue?
But Time, an upright Judge, has done him right,
And plac'd his Actions in the fairest Light.
Superior Merit, tho' by all avow'd,
If once it thwart our Aims, is disallow'd.
But when the Good we slighted, Fate withdraws,
The vilest Slander turns to just Applause.
So the bright Sun's full Splendor racks our Eyes,
But when once set, his golden Beams we prize.
Thus Fortitude's best Proof is to endure
What Heroes suffer'd, and what Time shall cure.

If from the old to modern Times we come,
What Climate is not restless Envy's Home?
Where Discontent, from Disappointment bred,
Resides, th' intriguing Hag still thrusts her Head;

Fomenting

Fomenting Jars to disunite the Great,
And plotting Schemes to clog the Wheels of State.
But in *Britannia* 'tis the Harpy sheds
Her vilest Filth, which like Infection spreads.
Here wise *Godolphin* was attack'd like thee,
Yet who e'er grac'd his Station more than he?
Not *Aristides*, tho' furnam'd the *Just*,
Discharg'd with cleaner Hands his publick Trust.
And yet the *Briton*, like the *Greek*, became
At last the Victim of his spotless Fame.
Ev'n *Marlb'rough's* self, the *Scipio* of his Age,
Was seen to stand the brunt of factious Rage.
Like the brave *Roman's*, was our Hero's Lot,
Whose envy'd Glory was his only Blot.
With Men, like these, who grudges to be blam'd?
'Tis Honour's Triumph to be so defam'd.
Yet if a friendly With may close this Page,
And to our Minds recall a wiser Age,
May'st thou, still sitting at the Helm of State,
Meet rather with a *Burleigh's* juster Fate,
Who in his Course sometimes, like *Sol*, o'ercaſt,
Shot double Luſtre, when the Clouds were paſt.
May *George*, *Eliza* like, thy Foes diſarm,
And ſhield his faithful Miniſter from Harm,
Whoſe ſole Demerit from his Duty ſprings
To ſerve with ſteady Zeal the beſt of Kings.



For many years he has been the
And every Sunday he goes to the
But in the morning he goes to the
The first thing he does is to
There is a great deal of
Yet who can say he is not
For he is the
Thinking of the
And yet the
At last the
It is a
Was born in
Like the
Whole day's
When the
The
Yet it is
And to our
Meet the
Me: rather
Who in his
Shut the
May the
And the
Whole the
To live with



O F
BUSINESS *and* RETIREMENT.

Address'd to the

BRITISH ATTICUS.

——— *Me sylva, cavusque*
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur arvo.

Hor.



THE BRITISH ATTORNEY

BUSINESS AND RETIREMENT

Address to the

BRITISH ATTORNEY

The Editor, London

THE BRITISH ATTORNEY



OF
BUSINESSES
AND
RETIREMENT.

IS there a Man, whose Genius and whose Fate
Conspir'd to make him tread the Maze of State,
Whose early Skill in foreign Labours try'd
Prepar'd his way the Helm at home to guide,
Collecting what he glean'd abroad with Toil,
To cultivate and deck his native Soil;
But then whose wary, self-denying Mind,
What with Applause he held, with Joy resign'd?
If such a one there be, with Honour fraught,
Whose Word or Action ne'er bely'd his Thought,
Who shuns in Courts and Senates Party-Strife,
Whose Rancour poisons all the Sweets of Life,
Who taught by wise Experience seldom errs,
To him the Muse her plain Demand refers.
Was he not wrapt in Bliss, unknown before,
Such as a drowning Wretch, who grasps the Shore,
Or feels a Slave, deliver'd from his Oar,

M

}
When

82 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

When tir'd with Wand'ring, and perplex'd with Doubt,
He found some friendly Clue to help him out?
Could daring *Theseus*, who with Love to aid,
Pierc'd thro' the winding Labyrinth's pathless Shade,
Exult more justly, when to prove his Flame
He slew the Monster that withheld the Dame?
Say thou, who know'st, conceives he less Delight,
Who cur'd of Hopes and Fears, which Courts excite,
With timely Caution makes a safe Retreat,
And to be wise renounces to be great?

Contentment is the end which all pursue
In each respective State, but ah how few
Attain by Practice in a Life of Toil
To know the real Diamond from the Foil?
To Palaces and Camps what Crowds resort,
As if there only Fortune kept her Court,
Where ent'ring Slaves to Chance, or *Dupes* to Fame,
For one that thrives a thousand lose their Aim,
Still pressing, still repuls'd, their Fate is such,
From Merit found too little, or too much.
Where few, like *Stanhope*, with a steady flight
Reach Fortune's Summit, and maintain their Height,
In Freedom's Cause a thousand Deaths defy,
And living without Guilt, unenvy'd die:
Whose lost, still wept, successive Reigns can tell
None but a *Walpole* could repair so well.
Whether from foreign Wars secure he guide
The Helm, or make domestick Broils subside,

Or,

Or, torn by Faction, Liberty sustain,
 The Strength and Ornament of *George's* Reign,
 He, like the *Sun*, a lasting Light displays,
 While most, like *Meteors*, shoot but transient Rays.
 Gaily at first all State-Advent'ers sail
 On a smooth Sea, and with a gentle Gale;
 But ah how soon the treach'rous Billows swell,
 And gath'ring Clouds the coming Storm foretel!
 Now mounting, now descending Surges show
 The dang'rous Heights above, and Depths below.

Suppose th' inveigling Goddess should a while
 Upon some great deserving Fav'rite smile,
 Heap vast Success and Honours on his Head,
 And pair the living with the brightest dead:
 Admit, *Godolphin*-like, he should possess
 The Art to make Mankind his Counsels bless,
 To guide with matchless Skill the Helm of State,
 And *Britain's* Safety from his Labours date;
 Or *Marlb'rough's* Pattern should his Breast inflame
 To raise by Valour an immortal Name,
 Like him the rugged Mount of Fame to climb,
 And prove the great *Gonsalvo* of his time;
 Successful Warrior, whether Siege he lay
 To *Lisle* or *Tournay*, that obstruct his way,
 Or as on *Hochstet's* or *Ramilia's* Field,
 He force the routed *Gauls* to die or yield,
 Pursuing still new Conquests, till he soar
 To Heights no *Briton* ever reach'd before.

84 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

Amidst such Triumphs, Story weeps to tell
 How such a Statesman, such a Hero fell.
 Could Actions crown'd with universal Praise
 Exempt the godlike Authors from Disgrace?
 Abroad victorious, could they ward the Blows
 Push'd by the Malice of domestick Foes?
 Beside, to form such Men, almost divine,
 Exalted Nature must with Fortune join.
 Heroes, like Comets, seldom seen, amaze,
 And, rare alike, an equal Wonder raise.
 Hence in weak Minds both great Events presage,
 Since one of each scarce happens in an Age.

Now grant the Courtier's, or the Soldier's Aim
 Should stoop beneath the highest Rank of Fame,
 Fix'd to a Point they may with Reason hope,
 Whose single Prospect is their utmost Scope,
 How oft, ev'n then, is their Pretension cross'd,
 The Place long promis'd, or Commission, lost?
 Hence 'tis they learn amidst their vain Efforts,
 That hoodwink'd Chance alone presides at Courts,
 Whose arbitrary Will, and lawless Sway,
 All feel alike, and all alike obey:
 Where Wheels unseen decide each Suitor's Fate,
 Mov'd or impell'd by secret Springs of State,
 Some Party-Cause perhaps, or Strain of Pow'r,
 A Bargain, Whisper, or unlucky Hour;
 Where Claims from Services or Suff'rings past,
 Tho' own'd, neglected, or by Time effac'd,

If Friends be wanting, are but feeble Pleas,
 Who ever rose at Court from Steps, like these?
 Thus when they come to balance their Account,
 They find their Labour lost the just Amount.

He, whom Ambition prompts to raise his Name,
 Must in the Senate strive to purchase Fame.
 To Party unattach'd, by none control'd,
 He's heard, if his Harangue be short and bold.
 By frequent Sallies he Attention gains,
 And, firm to truth, his Character maintains,
 Speaks what he thinks, prepar'd, *Almanzor*-like,
 When Honour summons, Friends and Foes to strike,
 Avows no side as yet, but in Debate
 Seems only zealous to support the State;
 Yet, cautious in his Speech, his Words he weighs,
 No gross Ideas to the Mind conveys,
 But what he means without Offence displays.
 Thus form'd, he's soon distinguish'd from the Throng,
 And *Hear him* is the Cry of ev'ry Tongue.
 Of diff'rent Bands a while he stands the Test,
 By *Tories* courted, and by *Whigs* caress'd,
 Till now by Fortune tempted, or by Fame,
 He wears a Courtier's, or a Patriot's Name.

But as it oft befalls in Church and State,
 That they who rise in Honours sink in Weight,
 Whether it be that the once sated Mind,
 Like a gorg'd Body, to its Ease resign'd,

Takes

86 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Takes frequent Naps, and wakes but to maintain
The *Staff* or *Mitre*, that was earn'd with Pain;
Or circumscrib'd to Bounds their Talents flow,
Like Streams pent in, that can no farther go:
So, and not seldom, fares it with the Man,
Who his first Heat with sprightly Vigour ran.
The Prize obtain'd, which spur'd him to the Course,
The half-bred Jockey slacks his wonted Force,
Rides careless, if not hindmost of the Chase,
And loiters unconcern'd who wins the Race.

Say thou, who oft hast plow'd the Seas of State,
And know'st the Quicksands that surround the Great,
Who in the foremost Stations hast been found
Steady, and firm, tho' plac'd on flipp'ry Ground,
Abroad whose Labours, and at home whose Flame
In Freedom's Cause, concur to raise thy Name:
Whence for precarious Favours springs such Strife,
As if Court-Service were to last for Life?
Can Place and Pow'r, so subject both to fail,
The racking Pains to gain them countervail?
Which, when obtain'd, what Arts can long secure,
Whose feeble Tenures but at Will endure?
Beside, when favour'd with the Post we sought,
Find we in Fact what we embrac'd in Thought?
In full Possession who regards the Prize,
So much ador'd before, with equal Eyes?
One *Plum* acquir'd, is *Vultur* satisfy'd,
Unless he die possess'd of two beside?

Tho'

Tho' worth a Million, *South-Sea* Books can tell,
While one was richer *Burnet* scorn'd to sell.
Like wretched Misers thus, amidst our Store,
Anxious we labour on, and grasp at more.
Results it hence, that Man's Desires, immense,
And unconfin'd, disdain the Checks of Sense?
That craving all (tho' that for which he strives,
Like a fair Tulip, scarce its Birth survives)
Fond of the past, the present Good he flights,
And nothing but untasted Fruit delights,
As if Possession only serv'd to cloy,
On what's to come he founds his solid Joy?
Say, is not this Ambition's general Train,
For one that's easy, thousands are in pain?

Should any *Sceptick* doubt so plain a Truth,
Wilful in Age, and prepossess'd in Youth,
A lively Sample of the deepest Dye
May serve to fix the Proof beyond Reply.
Time was there liv'd, as Anecdotes unfold,
A Saint by Name, but made of earthly Mould,
Of ancient Stock, that prop'd the good old Cause,
And spurn'd for Conscience sake th' establish'd Laws.
No Cost was spar'd to make young *Calvin* trace
The genuine Steps of his reforming Race.
His forward Parts he travell'd to improve,
But restive to the Rein, and prone to Love,
He scorn'd, like other Cubs, to be deny'd
To range at large, and soon dismiss'd his Guide.

88 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Freed from his Chain, as Youth is wont to do,
 He gam'd, he wench'd, and on his Banker drew.
 But in amends, his pregnant Wit was such,
 He learn'd to jabber *French, Italian, Dutch.*
 The first, as most in vogue, he lisp'd the best;
 But when *Corinna's* Charms inflam'd his Breast,
 In soft *Italian* Strains he made his moan;
 And when the transitory Feat was done,
 He left the Drab in rough *Teutonic* Tone.
 His Taste was so refin'd, so new, so free,
 That had he liv'd this polish'd Age to see,
 In modern Guise he doubtless had been met
 With tuck'd-up Hair, conceal'd like one in Debt;
 Unarm'd, but with a Club, as if his Doom
 Compell'd the Lord to personate his Groom:
 Or if he deign'd to dress, he had been seen
 In quaint *Toupé*, with pert, exotick Mien,
 All powder'd to the Rump, with aukward Air,
 And strangled in a *Bourse*, and *Solitaire*.
 Tho' void of Arts like these, yet all agree
 He danc'd, he sung, talk'd loud, and who but he.
 So keen at Sports, that he no Game forbore,
 But, like a hungry Hawk, would stoop or soar.
 Distinction laid aside, by turns he play'd
 With high and low, the Dutchess and her Maid:
 Oft brag'd of Favours, which he ne'er receiv'd,
 And when he vaunted most, was least believ'd.
 But this we gather that the surest Bait
 To catch the Gudgeon, was the *Tête à Tête*.

To what Excess of Wantonness he rose
 We judge, not lightly, from the Desk he chose,
 For 'tis averr'd at least by tell-tale Fame,
 He'd write sometimes on what's too coarse to name.
 In short, he so behav'd, that his Renown
 Fill'd ev'ry Drawing-Room in ev'ry Town.

Now to the Senate call'd, new Fame he seeks,
 And hardly is he sworn before he speaks.
 Full of himself, and watchful of his Time,
 Whereof to lose a Day he deems a Crime;
 Truth, Honour Justice, Morals laid aside,
 He starves his Principles to feed his Pride.
 Now shifting Hands, and mounting in a trice
 To Trust and Greatness, deaf to all Advice,
 Like the vain Wretch, who fir'd *Diana's* Dome
 To prove the branded Theme of Times to come,
 Impatient to be known, and void of Shame,
 He seeks by Crimes to build an impious Name,
 Destroys the publick Faith by dint of Pow'r,
 And gives up ten Years Trophies in an Hour,
 Asks Peace and Mercy of a vanquish'd Foe,
 And meditates a last, decisive Blow.
 Grown giddy with his Height, wild Schemes he draws,
 To quash, or to elude the settled Laws,
 Unhinge the fix'd Succession to the Throne,
 And, whom his Country had abjur'd, to own,
 But ere Projection rose, th' Alembick broke,
 And all his chymick Gold dissolv'd in Smoke.

Stun'd with th' unlook'd-for Blow, the Jugler fled,
 Enhancing thus his Guilt to save his Head.
 See now the Fugitive affect to grieve
 For Faults he owns, the surer to deceive,
 And though with Malice and Revenge he burn,
 Betray new Trusts, to merit his Return.
 In such an humble Guise the Suppliant sues,
 With such repeated Tears his Lines bedews,
 Such Anguish wrings his well-diffembled Face,
 The seeming Penitent's restor'd to Grace.
 Yet scarce had royal Mercy time to move
 An injur'd State his Pardon to approve,
 But, safe from Dangers past, again he tries
 By the same Arts, which sunk him once, to rise,
 Plots, writes, cabals afresh, himself conceal'd,
 And breathes Defiance on a Paper-Field.

Yet this new *Proteus*, whom no Chains could hold,
 Assuming now the Patriot, firm, and bold,
 And now the Guide of Faction, often seen
 A stale, trite Author with presumptuous Mien,
 Soaring by fits to Freedom's noble Height;
 Then sinking to the lowest Depths of Spite,
 Repeating, like a Watch, the same dull Round,
 That strikes each Hour the old, unvaried Sound,
 Still dwelling on the same ungrateful Theme,
 Some unlike Parallel, or raving Dream,
 Or some injurious Libel, meant to sting
 By false Suggestions Minister and King,

Cloth'd

Cloth'd in all Shapes by turns, was seiz'd at last
 In his true Form, and laid for ever fast.
 Thus *H*--- sped, fly *Roffen* too was caught
 In the same Snare, which he for others wrought.
 So when of old against all-pow'rful *Jove*
 A wicked, headstrong Race for Empire strove,
 Th' enormous Outrage made the *Thund'rer* rise
 To crush those *Titans*, that would scale the Skies.

If the foregoing Draught may serve to show
 What fatal Ills from mad Ambition grow,
 See now if happier proves the Lot of those,
 Who, sway'd by nobler Motives, shun Repose.
 The following Sketch, oppos'd in such a Light,
 Tho' Skill be wanting, may attract the Sight.
 The subject of the Piece from Sires of Worth
 Deriv'd his Line, and *Norfolk* gave him Birth.
 Bred from his Youth in all the learned Arts,
 Beyond his Years he soon improv'd his Parts.
 With Nature's rarest Gifts the Boy began,
 And useful Studies perfected the Man.
 Of Wit so sprightly, yet without Offence,
 He charm'd all Tastes, but most the Man of Sense.
 In Converse chearful, and of Soul sincere,
 He grew to all, whom he frequented, dear.
 But still his Labours strictly were apply'd
 To make his Country's Good his constant Guide,
 Her solid Int'rests warmly to pursue,
 And to that noble Point confine his View.

From such Beginnings was it hard to guess
His future Fortune, Conduct, and Success?

Call'd to the Nation's Council, soon he came
To vie with any old, or modern Name.
Demosthenes's Fire, and *Tully's* Flegm
He mix'd with Art in each important Theme.
The Force of *Somers*, *Cowper's* melting Strain
Flow'd from his Tongue, and charm'd the World again.
But chiefly 'twas when Pow'r the Laws defac'd,
And Freedom suffer'd, he himself surpass'd.
Endow'd with Talents of such ample Size,
Well might a Man so rare deserve to rise,
Find with successive Monarchs equal Grace,
Preserve their Favour, and maintain his Place.
But still what Days of Toil, and Nights of Care,
What Anguish must the Helm-Director bear,
Abroad, designing States to watch, and view
With *Argus's* hundred Eyes, and those too few,
At home, like *Atlas*, Kingdoms to sustain,
Where endless Feuds and Party-madness reign:
'Twixt jarring Pow'rs a well-pois'd Scale to form,
Or to divert with Skill each threatening Storm,
To stem the Tide of Faction, and to guard
His Country's Peace, the Statesman's best Reward?
Admit him now found equal to his Trust,
Wise, vigilant, unstain'd, expert, and just,
Can all this fence of Merit shield his Name
From inbred Malice, and from outward Blame?

Can Pow'r and Place, surrounded still with Foes,
 Compensate for the loss of sweet Repose?
 Was ever Minister so blest to find
 Greatness without Anxiety of Mind?
 Condemns not Party-hate the worst and best,
 Till both, pursu'd alike, are dispossess?
 Are Envy's Rancour, and the Rage of Spite
 Become less Mortal, than the Viper's Bite?
 Thus whether Fraud or Worth our Fortunes raise,
 Deceiv'd, we miss the Game we had in Chase.

Of Life's less dazzling Stations should we speak,
 Find we in them the Happiness we seek,
 Whether to pierce the *Law's* impervious Maze
 We pass through trackless Wilds our youthful Days,
 Like the old *Jews*, who forty Years pursu'd
 A fruitless Search, ere *Canaan's* Land they view'd?
 Or whether *Physick's* Depths we choose to sound,
 And sift her Stores above or under Ground,
 To watch the beating Pulse, and thence conclude
 The Cause that hurries or congeals the Blood,
 The latent Pow'rs of Herbs and Min'rals trace,
 Whose Aids repeated oft Distempers chase?
 Suppose, for instance, lucky Chance or Skill,
 Or both, should find a Wonder-working Pill,
 Like *Misfaubin's*, or *Ward's*, allow'd to cure
 The foulest Taints, and more than *Mercury* sure,
 Whose well-prov'd Virtues, suff'ring no Dispute,
 Expel the rankest Venom, Branch and Root.

Admit

94 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Admit the noble *Nostrum's* wide-stretch'd Fame
Should put the Faculty itself to shame,
That ev'ry pert Licentiate of the Trade
Alarm'd, th' unlicens'd Med'cine should invade,
That 'spite of Parties banded to deny
What Fact demonstrates to th' impartial Eye,
The deep, unfathom'd Secret still prevails,
And more than ten are cur'd for one that fails:
Thus blest, is he content who owns the Pill,
Tho' Throngs of Patients his Apartments fill?
Not so. The Quack a Doctor would be deem'd,
Admir'd like *Hollings*, or like *Mead* esteem'd,
To rival *Hulse* he racks his heated Brains,
And to be less than *Broxborn* he disdains.
So fares it with our Lawyer, tho' his Fees
Beyond computing ev'ry Year increase,
With *York* or *Talbot* he would soar to Fame,
What's Wealth, he cries, without a deathless Name?

If to the Rev'rend Class we turn our Thought,
Is Self-possession more the Clergy's Lot?
Yet who'd suspect, tho' no Content were found
In Soils profane, 'twould fail in hallow'd Ground?
'Tis own'd the wholsom Doctrine well they teach,
But do their Lives support the Truths they preach?
Has Pride or Gall no Portion in their Frame,
Has earthly Dross no Share in heav'nly Flame?
Do Guides, that should direct us, never stray,
Nor quit the narrow for the broader Way,

To pious uses what's superfluous give,
And do they all, like *Secker*, preach and live?
If oft unguarded, and to Failings prone,
To ours quicksighted, do they see their own?
Is Self-denial by these Saints profest,
Have Rank and Pow'r no hold within their Breast?
Is Christ's celestial Kingdom all they mind,
And are the World's gay Trappings left behind?
Do all deserve alike the Posts they seek,
And doth their Merit rise from being meek?
Would most that ask, unmindful of their Ease,
Like *Wake* or *Hoadly*, dignify their Sees?
With *Hare's* or *Sherlock's* Gifts, do Numbers shine,
With Zeal, like theirs, and Eloquence divine?
In worth, like *Rundle's*, is no Colour found
For Church-dominion to maintain its Ground?
Are Works of Charity their sole Pursuit,
And do they covet nought but Gospel-Fruit?
Is Piety in all their Conduct seen,
Humble without, are they within serene?
If so, how comes it, when some miter'd Head,
Or Dean at least, lies gasping in his Bed,
No Stone's unturn'd, no Art left unemploy'd,
To grasp the fair Succession, ere 'tis void?
Whence is it that the B--- in Points of State
Firm to a Man, decides the warm debate,
If hopes of quick T-----n were not giv'n
On surer Terms than *Asgyl* promis'd Heav'n?

Who

Who deals in Trade, is he more happy found,
 O'er the wide World to doubtful Traffick bound,
 Who to increase his Stock neglects his Health,
 And reconciles Extremes to purchase Wealth,
 Sails to the *North*, where Agues freeze the Blood,
 Or Southward risks a Fever's boiling Flood?
 Nor Flux, nor Plague, nor Calenture he fears,
 To *Indus*' Banks, or th' *Amazons* he steers,
 And having measur'd half the Globe in view,
 Speeds home with Spoils of *China* or *Peru*;
 But ah how soon his Mountain-hopes subside,
 When toss'd and bandied on the foaming Tide
 By whirling Winds, he hears the Sailors roar
 "All Hands aloft, we bulge upon the Shore!"
 Sudden the Vessel strikes, the frightened Crew
 Louder than Winds or Waves their Cries renew.
 Amidst the Horrors of their just Despair,
 To save their Lives is now their only Care.
 Some jump upon the Rock, on which they split,
 And some like Statues without Motion sit.
 These wind about the Shrouds, the Top-mast Head
 Those mount, while others are with Fear half-dead.
 Some headlong plunge at once amidst the roar
 Of Waves and Winds, and swim away to Shore,
 Lash'd to the Mast while others calmly wait
 The Storm's decline, or boldly meet their Fate.
 Some few, more happy, who the Skiff command,
 Tug thro' the boist'rous Deep, and gain the Land.
 In thousand Shapes the dreadful Wreck appears,
 That sinks the Harvest of successive Years,

Or

Or drives it piecemeal on some Pirate Strand,
 Where what escap'd the Sea is stript at Land
 By fierce, voracious Wolves in Human Forms,
 That feast on Rapine, and delight in Storms.
 Stun'd with a loss Insurance can't repair,
 "Thrice happy he, who breathes his native Air
 "In peaceful Poverty," our Merchant cries,
 "And having nought to lose contented dies!"
 Then giving loose to Grief, he roars, he raves,
 He curses Fortune, tho' his Life she saves.
 "What's Life, he says, at best but Load and Pain,
 "Which none but Fools would choose, or Slaves sustain?
 "Slow beats the Pulse, and stagnates soon the Blood,
 "If Wealth don't animate the lazy Flood."
 Yet spite of this Rebuff he plows the Main
 So oft, he grows immensely rich again,
 Returns in safety now with all his Store,
 But wants unsated what he lost before.

For whom, laborious Muckworm, dost thou heap
 Such Hoards of Pelf, which long thou canst not keep?
 Thy Days, all number'd, hasten to their end,
 Then whither do thy tow'ring Projects tend?
 Fate, tho' unseen, is near to mock thy Toils,
 And strip the Plund'rer of his far-fetch'd Spoils.
 Know'st thou for whom thou dost thy Bosom tear,
 That all thy sleepless Nights, and Days of Care
 Regard some thankless, and unthrifty Heir?
 One, whom thy Death shall glad, and who misled
 By Rank, or Beauty, shall some Strumpet wed,

O

Whose

Whose Rage of Dress, of Equipage, and Play,
 Assemblies of the Night, and Feasts by Day,
 Balls, Operas, Maskerades, and all the Train
 Of wild Expence, that Luxury can feign,
 Whose sumptuous House in Town, and Country-Seat,
 Where all Delights, but Taste and Order, meet,
 Shall soon the Donor's frugal Plans defeat? }
 Now grant our Spendthrift, glutted with Excess,
 Resolve to lessen what he can't redress,
 For rooted Taints by Periods come and go,
 Like Seas that ebb as surely as they flow:
 The Tide returning soon, to shift his Course
 Should he unheeding fly from bad to worse,
 Past Breaches to repair resolve to try
 The tempting Chances of the rolling Die,
 Risk what is left, uncounsel'd, uncontrol'd,
 And push, like *Mercy*, without Caution bold:
 Raw, and unpractis'd in the Wiles of Play, }
 He throws at all, and loses ev'ry Lay,
 Condemn'd to be to ev'ry Rook a Prey.
 Ruin'd, he quits too late the faithless Den,
 Where Robbers lurk to strip unwary Men. }

If train'd to foreign Toils, an Envoy roam
 From Court to Court, by Grace exil'd from home,
 Not inexpert by Practice, or by Skill,
 His painful Charge with Dignity to fill,
 Of Nations to discuss and cite the Laws,
 And reconcile to Reason Nature's Cause,

Supple,

Supple, yet firm, as Intr'ests fall or rise,
 In Conversation gay, in Business wise,
 In whose Address an equal Mixture shines
 Of Fire and Flegm, to compass his Designs,
 Skill'd to enquire, to hide, or to impart
 The Lights he gathers with a Statesman's Art,
 To shun Disputes, but ev'ry Right maintain,
 And yielding in some Points, the more to gain.
 Such *Probus* was. O much lamented Shade!
 Forgive the Muse, if she thy Peace invade.
 Since thy Demise no Comfort has she known,
 Her Joy and Hope were plac'd in thee alone.
 To speak thy Praise is now her sole Relief;
 And thus upon thy Tomb she sooths her Grief.

" Know thou, who com'st this hallow'd Shrine to view,
 " That what thou read'st ingrav'd is strictly true.
 " Deaf to our Complaints, the Vault beneath contains
 " Of one, who shin'd in Life, the dark Remains.
 " In whom, rare Merit! all was perfect found,
 " Art without Fraud, and Honour without Bound.
 " Whose Days, too short, were one continued Thred
 " Of fine Acquirements, and of Worth inbred.
 " Such corresponding Parts in him were seen,
 " His Mind was equal to his graceful Mien.
 " Tho' keen his Wit, yet so polite, he shone
 " To most superior, yet offending none.
 " Of Frame so rare, in Fortune's Ebb or Flow
 " He felt no Change, and liv'd without a Foe.

100 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

“ His private Life in ev’ry Stage commends
 “ The best of Sons, of Husbands, Brothers, Friends.
 “ His publick Deeds our State-Records shall grace,
 “ While lasts the *Turkish* or *Helvetick* Race.”

And yet, tho’ *Probus* was by all approv’d,
 His Conduct faultless, and his Person lov’d,
 Recall’d, what Harvest did the Lab’rer reap
 For Toils by Land, and Hazards on the Deep,
 From Youth to Age sustain’d in publick Care,
 To mediate Peace, or sound a Charge to War?
 When Service past thus fails of due Regard,
 ’Tis well for Virtue she’s her own Reward.

Should some bright Genius, to the Muse inclin’d,
 Pursue with eager Warmth his Bent of Mind,
 Rejoice to see the Children of his Brain
 Do Honour to their Parent’s flowing Vein,
 Seduc’d by love of Fame and flatt’ring Hope
 To prove a *Swift*, a *Granville*, or a *Pope*?
 Admit his Labours in the *Drama* shine
 With *Dryden*’s Master-strokes in ev’ry Line,
 Whose moving Scenes, or counterfeit, or true,
 We read with Transport, and with Pity view :
 Or when provok’d to lash a vicious Age,
 He flame, like *Young*, with bold *Lucilian* Rage,
 Or laugh in sprightly *Garth*’s still sharper Strain,
 The boast, as well as dread, of *Warwick-Lane*;
 Or pierc’d with Grief at some disastrous Ill
 His Country mourns, each Hill and Vale he fill

With

With Complaints as tender, passionate, and strong,
 As when *Pastora's* Loss *Alexis* sung.
 In those romantick Fields, where Pleasures reign
 Extatick, and refin'd, as Poets feign,
 Of *Phœbus* and his Sons the blest Abode,
 Whoever reap'd the Tithe of what he sow'd?
 Tho' favour'd by the God sublime he soar,
 'Scapes he below the Curse of being poor?
 Thus mark'd, his Fortune ends as it begun,
 And they, who prize his Verse, the Poet shun.
 In vain he toils to stand the Reader's Test,
 What Fame can he expect, whose Trade's a Jest?
 When touch'd with Judgment, tho' his Art we praise,
 The famish'd Author feeds on nought but Bays.
 Had *P--e*, whose Writings are so bulky grown,
 Resolv'd to print no Poems but his own,
 The genuine Works of his prolifick Brain,
 Tho' read by all, had brought him little Gain:
 But wisely calling *Homer* to his Aid,
 He soon advanc'd his Stock above his Trade.
 Else of his Satires and Essays the best,
 Ev'n that on *Man*, superior to the rest,
 So mock'd is now an Art, once thought divine,
 Had scarce procur'd him wherewithal to dine.
 What Patron now protects the Cause of Wit,
 And smiles, as heretofore, on those who write?
 True Judge of Worth, what *Halifax* remains
 To note good Authors, and reward their Pains?
 What *Dorset* lives a *Prior's* Muse to own,
 What *Somers* to produce an *Addison*?

The

102 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The manly Labours of *Dramatick* Rage
 Unheeded grace no more the sinking Stage.
 Low Farce, and empty Sound, without pretence
 To Art or Wit, have left no room for Sense.
 An antick *Harlequin*, or *Eunuch's* Voice,
 Against our Judgment over-rules our Choice.
 Fond of what charms the Ear, or strikes the Sight,
 The solid Pleasures of the Mind we flight.
 An apish Mimick, or a *French Buffoon*
 Now please beyond a *Booth* or *Betterton*.
 Soft *Roman* Aires o'er Sterling-Wit prevail;
 And Sense than Sound proves lighter in the Scale.
 Yet dares ev'n *Farinelli's* artful Song,
 The Theme and Wonder of each raptur'd Tongue,
 And ev'ry Ear's Delight, presume to vie
 With *Philomela's* native Melody,
 Whose sweetly-varied Notes in blooming *May*
 Make the wing'd Courier loiter on his way?
 This single Instance may suffice to show
 How much plain Nature doth all Art outdo.
 Your Fall, O *Muses*, Ages shall deplore,
 Unless good *Caroline* your Wings restore.

She, form'd by Nature gracious, mild, serene;
 And gen'rous, as becomes so great a Queen,
 Herself too vers'd in polish'd Arts, will deign
 To hear your just Complaints, and ease your Pain.
 Her Aid obtain'd your righteous Claim secures,
 For well she knows true Harmony is yours.

With

With Force united your fink Courage raise,
 And tune each Verse to *Carolina's* Praise.
 Let strictest Truth adorn your great Design,
 And make the Poem, like her Charms, divine.
 Describe her sitting by *Augustus's* side,
 Thro' ev'ry Maze of State his surest Guide,
 The sweetest Consort, and the truest Friend,
 (Aids, which not always do on Crowns attend)
 Superior to her Sex, alike in Worth,
 As in the high Degrees of Rank and Birth,
 From whom the Graces and the Virtues stream,
 (Gems, which not often deck the Diadem)
 Born for the publick Welfare, and to prove
 The noblest Pattern of connubial Love,
 Shew her too steady in her Faith to share
 Th' *Imperial* Throne, when Conscience was the Bar,
 Ere yet the *British* Crown she had in view,
 By such a Sacrifice how much her due!
 With high-resounding Notes exalt her Flame
 For solid Truth against an empty Name,
 That After-times may know she plac'd her Trust,
 In *George*, whom ev'ry Voice surnames the *Just*.

Next in successive Order duly place
 Two Royal Youths, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace.
 Paint native Mildness in their manly Frame,
 Their Years unequal, but their Minds the same,
 Form'd by their Sire's Example to maintain
 Laws, which to guard their *House* was call'd to Reign.

104 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

First of the female Line fair *Anna* draw,
 Supporting with her Hand the young *Nassau*,
 Whom, sprung from Heroes, Nature's Self inspires
 To vie in Worth with his immortal Sires.
 Thrice happy Youth, in Wedlock to engage
 The most accomplish'd Princess of her Age!
 Tell how his eager Steps to Glory move,
 The surest Proof of undissembled Love,
 When leaving Charms, to which his Soul is ty'd,
 He shews his Courage worthy such a Bride.
 Mark well this Remnant of a Godlike Race,
 In whom their brightest Talents join'd we trace,
 Their Zeal to rescue Freedom from the Jaws
 Of brutal Force, and prop Religion's Cause,
 Protect the Weak, and seize the destin'd Hour
 To free oppress'd Mankind from lawless Pow'r.
 These were their Gift, nor doubt their Nephew's Flame
 Will reach in time his Predecessor's Fame.
 Ally'd to Kings, in native Freedom bred,
 Early he seeks their glorious Paths to tread,
 With social Arts, and martial Virtues fraught,
 How can he fail, whom great *Eugenius* taught?

Four Sisters still remain to close your Song,
 Joy of each Eye, and Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
 In whom their matchless Mother's Charms we trace,
 Her innate Goodness, and resistless Grace.
 Two, like the Rising-Sun, shoot milder Beams,
 From two his full meridian Brightness streams.

Tun'd

Tun'd to such Strains, enrich'd with Themes, like these,
Your Songs shall ever last, and ever please.
This Tribute paid, each Muse again shall rise,
And with expanded Wings remount the Skies,
On this Condition, that she fairly own
No Race, like *Brunswick's*, e'er adorn'd the Throne.

But should this Project, like some fairy Tale,
Or chymick Scheme, in Execution fail,
Still may it answer, as a faithful Glas
Presents the true Resemblance of a Face,
The end for which 'twas drawn, which strictly tends
To prove that Life's Success on Skill depends.
All seek Content, but stray in the Pursuit,
We search unwearied, but mistake the *Route*.
Amidst a thousand Paths that cheat the Sight,
What Art must guide us, if we choose the right?
Ev'n then, what Dangers do our Steps attend,
What Fears pursue us to our Journey's end?
Admit thro' Perils without Number past
The fam'd *Hesperian* Walks we reach at last,
Still in our way a monstrous Dragon lies
To shield from Hands prophane the golden Prize,
A Guard so watchful, and a Foe so fell
Would want the force of *Hercules* to quell.

Some yet have been, and some there are, tho' few,
Who such Attempts have prov'd, and still pursue.
Time was when *Rome's Dictators*, wise, and great,
Preferr'd to Noise and Pomp a close Retreat,

P

Where

106 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Where no corrupt Ambition stain'd their Breast,
 But all they fought was Liberty and Rest,
 Where free from Flatt'ry, Envy, or Disguise,
 They saw the World, as 'twas, with Nature's Eyes.
 Proud only of the Praise, they seem'd to shun,
 When offer'd for some publick Service done,
 Regardless, so the Nation's Point was gain'd,
 Who bore a Part, or who the Whole obtain'd;
 And if to their Advice some Share was due,
 They thank'd the Gods and to their Farms withdrew.
 Unlike some restless Chiefs of modern Days,
 Who blame thro' Party-views what merits Praise,
 Obstruct for private Ends the Wheels of State,
 And sacrifice their Country to their Hate,
 Opposing right or wrong the adverse side,
 And thwarting Pow'r, which is to them deny'd,
 Pursuing, tho' in vain, their wonted Pace,
 And throwing Dirt on him they can't displace.

Once when unabridled Numbers, void of Shame,
 Attack'd, like those above, great *Scipio's* Fame,
 Th' undaunted Chief, on wild Pretexts, arraign'd,
 Thus answer'd to a Charge his Soul disdain'd:
 " Have I for this laid tow'ring *Carthage* low,
 " And vanquish'd *Hannibal*, *Rome's* fiercest Foe?
 " And means she thus by *Punick* Arts to pay
 " The Debt incurr'd on that important Day?
 " Forbid it Honour, Virtue, Freedom, Fame,
 " *Rome's* ancient Genius, and respected Name!

" Hence,

“ Hence, to the *Capitol* with speed repair,
 “ And try to soften angry *Jove* with Pray’r,
 “ Left in his Wrath he should your Ruin doom,
 “ And with his Thunder crush ungrateful *Rome*.”

He said, th’ astonish’d Crowd, who late were hir’d
 To clamour and abuse, with Shame retir’d,
 As if some God had check’d their mad Design,
 And made the Words he utter’d seem divine.
 This Victory gain’d, in Safety he withdrew,
 Resolv’d a nobler Conquest to pursue,
 And in a close Recess himself subdue.

But of all Heroes, whom Retreat has crown’d
 With Praise, *Timoleon* is the most renown’d.
 Brave, just, humane, with rare Endowments fraught,
 In each Debate the publick Good he sought,
 Who to his Country’s Freedom was so true,
 That he their Tyrant in his Brother slew;
 But then so deeply touch’d at Nature’s Call
 He wept the Brother in the Tyrant’s Fall.
 His Task perform’d, he sheath’d th’avenging Sword,
 Declin’d the Throne, and Liberty restor’d.
 What Patriot-breast with nobler Warmth could glow,
 Whose brightest Fame from such Distress must grow?
 Yet conscious of his private Guilt he fled
 From publick Cares to mourn th’unhappy Dead,
 Shun’d outward Greatness to atone his Sin,
 And chose the wiser Part, to reign within.
 Still to his Friends his close Retreat was known,
 Theirs were his Counsels, but his Peace his own.

108 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Others, who long th' imperial Crown had worn,
 Have found its Weight too heavy to be born,
 Preferr'd unforc'd a quiet, rural Life
 To all the Pomp of Empire mix'd with Strife,
 Who soon repenting on a stricter View,
 If Fame of Facts not ill averr'd be true,
 Have sought too late their Scepters to regain,
 Which once their fated Minds possess'd with Pain.
 Whence spring such Sallies is it hard to tell?
 Who doubts they rise from want of judging well?
 Had *Austrian Charles* or *Amadeus* weigh'd
 In Reason's Balance the Retreat they made,
 Would Fortitude, like theirs, have prov'd so frail,
 And suffer'd deep Regret to turn the Scale?
 'Tis not a Start, or Whim, a Day, or Year,
 That proves the Man, or makes his Worth appear,
 But well to weigh, resolve, and persevere.
 Tho' the first Heat may be with Vigour run,
 He wins the Race, who ends as he begun.
 So *Dioclesian* once, howe'er we blame
 His persecuting Zeal, retriev'd his Fame.
 When to his Courage due he had attain'd
 Imperial Sway, and long in Glory reign'd,
 Fatigu'd with Greatness, he renounc'd the Load,
 And free from Cares his Garden his Abode,
 Prun'd his own Vines with more intense Delight,
 Than when he mow'd his Thousands in a Fight.

Should we a recent Fact expose to view,
 Say, would the Piece be worse for being new?

Con-

Conceive some Prince, long struggling for a Crown,
 Who toss'd by various Fate, now up, now down,
 Fix'd, and avow'd at last, in one short Hour
 Quits, uncompell'd, his scarce establish'd Pow'r.
 Now view him among cloister'd Monks immur'd,
 In his own Mind of all Ambition cur'd.
 Yet hardly *Sol* had clos'd his annual Round,
 And Death laid low the Darling he had crown'd,
 When weary of his lov'd Recess, or won
 By female Arts, the Sire succeeds the Son,
 Forfakes the Convent, and remounts the Throne.
 But anxious still, from Place to Place he roves,
 And hid from Sight the restless Pageant moves.
 To Cares averse, by Substitutes he sways
 A manag'd Scepter, but in truth obeys.
 In Form a Monarch, he subscribes his Name
 To Acts of State, but seeks no other Fame;
 One Moment strives to be a King, the next
 The Monk prevails, between Extremes perplex;
 Thus rack'd with strong Returns of Cold and Heat,
 He doubts if 'tis a Cell, or regal Seat,
 That most conduces to be truly Great.
 But ever doubting proves a daily Curse,
 Can the most abject State of Life be worse?

But as luxurious Plenty Fevers breeds,
 And wild Diffension from long Peace proceeds,
 See now what Seeds of Enmity are sown,
 What Leagues are form'd to shake th' imperial Throne,

What

110 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

What Motives for renewing War are fram'd
 To palliate Breach of Faith, by all disclaim'd,
 What Slaughter stains again the *Latian* Plains,
 What mortal Strife for Rule in *Poland* reigns,
 On slight Pretexs what vast Efforts are made,
 Which to sustain what Millions must be paid.
 Thus Kings to Conquests their Pretensions boast,
 But the poor Subject 'tis that pays the Cost.
 Ambition, Jealousy, Resentment, Hate,
 A well-watch'd Juncture, or the Hand of Fate,
 On this side Vengeance, and on that Despair,
 Concur to threaten universal War.
 Already Discord's Torch erected high
 Shoots dreadful Flames thro' Earth, and Seas, and Sky.
 On the broad *Vistule's* Banks so fierce they blaze,
 That scarce the Sailor knows where *Dantzick* was.
 Tho' once so lofty, now how sunk, to show
 That deepest Falls from high Presumption flow!
 See how the gentle *Rhine's* transparent Flood,
 Erewhile of silver Hue, now runs with Blood.
 Destructive War on both his Borders reigns,
 Nor *Philipsburg* now guards his fruitful Plains;
 Where uncontroll'd, rapacious brutal Force,
 Like some fierce Torrent, rapid in its Course,
 Rolls on impetuous with ungovern'd Sway,
 And breaks thro' ev'ry Fence, that stops its way;
 Where lawless Plunder, destitute of Shame,
 And undisguis'd, wears Contribution's Name,
 While *Eugene*, wont to conquer, now declines
 Th' unequal Combat, safe within his Lines.

Not

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. III

Not so in former Wars his Part he bore,
 When *Marlb'rough* join'd him on the *Danube's* Shore,
 Where, by his Pattern led, he match'd his Flame,
 And shar'd at *Hochstet* his immortal Fame.
 Or when at *Turin* or *Belgrade* he rose
 More glorious still, and crush'd alone his Foes.
 With Arms defensive now he's forc'd to wait
 Slow Succours, and to share a *Baden's* Fate.
 Yet, spite of Numbers, by superior Skill
 He saves the Empire, tho' supported ill.

All-ruling Providence, wilt thou look on,
 And see sworn Peace by perjur'd Force undone;
 Faith yield to Fraud, and bold Invaders share
 The Spoils and Trophies of unrighteous War?
 If such Chastisement be by thee design'd
 As Physick to correct deprav'd Mankind,
 And rival Nations, that contend for Sway,
 Must, void of Pity, on each other prey,
 O save *Britannia* from so dire a Curse,
 Than cruel War what Judgment can be worse?
 Of these late Mischiefs guiltless is our Isle,
 Tho' sinful, she abhors perfidious Guile.
 Of if by thy Decree she's doom'd to bear
 A Part she seeks to shun in this new War,
 Be still her wonted Guard in Times of Need,
 Till by her Arms once more the World be freed.

Thus uncontroll'd by Conscience, Law, or Shame,
 Incurrible Man is still the same,

Tho'

Tho' bound by Precepts human, and divine,
 By Nature made too fierce, or too supine,
 He mocks the golden Mean, and tho' he views
 And owns what's Right, the Wrong he still pursues.
 His Passions, once let loose, th' Ascendant take,
 And Reason staggers with the Fumes they make.
 Tho' prone to good, how few possess the Skill
 To check the Sallies of th' unbridled Will?
 Most fare like Archers shooting in the dark,
 Whose Arrows fall beneath, or pass the Mark.
 Tormenting Thirst of Pow'r, bewitching Love,
 Whose Joys so transient, oft so bitter prove,
 Base Avarice, senseless Pride, luxurious Gain,
 Whose fancied Pleasures end in real Pain,
 Like some Inchanter's Spell our Senses charm,
 Unless some Grace divine their Force disarm.
 Thou, *M-----*, number'd with the few, that share
 This heav'nly Aid, hast 'scap'd the dang'rous Snare,
 Whose glitt'ring Texture so deludes our Eyes,
 We seldom heed the Hook, that holds the Prize.
 Intangled in the Toil too late we find
 That Liberty and Peace are left behind.
 Courts, like the Lion's Cave, to all are free,
 No threatning Dangers we at Entrance see.
 Th' Unartful, and Refin'd, the Weak and Strong,
 Go in secure, but do they keep so long?
 Without unfetter'd, are they so within,
 And come they forth the same they enter'd in?
 Of such indeed so lucky, or so wise
 Fame sometimes speaks, but not without Surprise.

Yet

Yet ev'n of these how few their Fortune bless,
 And fly from Danger's Reach to safe Recess?
 To cure Ambition is to shun the Snare,
 Who in his Wits would barter Peace for War,
 When Safety may be had, Destruction choose,
 And pluck a pointed Thorn before a Rose?
 Hail sweet Retirement, uncorrupted Good,
 By most how prais'd, yet by how few pursu'd!
 In thee our long-lost selves again we find,
 Health dwells with thee, and chearful Peace of Mind,
 And Probity, that dignifies Mankind. }
 Pow'r, Wealth, and Titles may proceed from Kings,
 But 'tis from Probity true Greatness springs.

Led by this golden Rule, when Honour fail'd,
 And mad Diffension in old *Rome* prevail'd,
Pomponius wisely chose a calm Retreat,
 And scorn'd on Virtue's Ruins to be great.
 Tho' to his Country's Good his Vows were paid,
 Nor were his Counsels wanting to its Aid,
 Humane, and noble, in the common Woe,
 Where Merit seem'd distress'd, he knew no Foe.
 All Parties were alike, when Honour call'd
 To shield defenceless Worth, by Might inthrall'd.
 Retir'd, and independent, thus he past
 A well-spent Life, respected to the last.

Thou, second *Atticus*, whom *Britain* nurst
 In times, like his, art equal to the first.

Q

Nor

114 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Nor doubts the World, that who so long has run
A steady Course, will end as he begun.
And should the Muse another Pattern join
In Worth and Fame not unressembling thine,
With *Raynham's* Lord, in wise Retirement blest,
Renouncing publick Cares for private Rest,
Not meanly would she close her loose Essay,
To abler Writers meant to point the way,
Where Subjects worthy of her Art are found,
Whose Lives with loud Applause are justly crown'd.





O F
L E V I T Y
A N D
S T E A D I N E S S.

In an EPISTLE to a Friend, who was in doubt what
Course to take in difficult Times.

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet. Hor.



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O F
L E V I T Y
A N D
S T E A D I N E S S.

WHEN Worth, like yours, with native Candour
join'd,
Gives Proof undoubted of no vulgar Mind,
With Joy, my Friend, I your Commands obey,
And fly to meet you more than half the way.

You grant Retirement is the wiser Choice,
But few, you say, attend to Wisdom's Voice.
" What, quit the flatt'ring hopes of Rank and Pow'r,
" When Fortune smiles, renounce the Shepherd's Hour,
" Or when for faithful Service rais'd on high,
" Desert old Friends, and with the Times comply;
" And, what seems harder yet to Flesh and Blood,
" Leave *Bedford-Head* Repasts for rural Food,
" Prefer to Party-wiles a fair Renown,
" And quit for dull Retreat the sprightly Town,
" Courts,

118 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Courts, Drawing-rooms, Assemblies, Operas, Plays,
 " A Stag to murder, or a Fox to chase,
 " Or when the couching Dog his Game has set,
 " To draw th' unheeding Partridge to the Net;
 " Remain unactive in these Broils of State,
 " Nor shine but in some Borough-Club Debate?
 " Can such Philosophy true Patriots please?
 " Suits such a Doctrine busy Times, like these?

" When *D'Anvers*, guided by an artful Hand,
 " Spreads rank Sedition thro' a poison'd Land,
 " Attempts th' unwary Subject to beguile,
 " And frights with Phantoms our deluded Isle,
 " Seeks to destroy the Root of *Britain's* Peace,
 " And make the *Revolution's* Friends decrease,
 " Deceives the Feeble, captivates the Strong,
 " And with vain Dreams amuses old and young,
 " Like cheating Fires by Night their Steps misleads,
 " Where Bogs and Marshes spread their sinking Beds,
 " Or Thickets hide the hollow Mountain's Brow,
 " Or Torrents roll unheard thro' Vales below:
 " When *Whigs* and *Tories* shamefully combine,
 " And in fantastick Schemes absurdly join,
 " When Party-Feuds are grown to such a height,
 " That Foes embrace, and Opposites unite,
 " When monstrous Births without the least Disguise
 " Disgrace fair Nature, and her Laws despise,
 " When *Dissertations* upon Parties writ,
 " With rankest Malice, are cry'd up for Wit,
 " Whose

" Whose Author, from his Gall's unending Store
 " Has there outleapt the Bounds he kept before,
 " While, righteous *Patriot*, as he would be thought,
 " He sinks th' enormous Ills which once he wrought,
 " And tho', like *Sisyphus*, he toils in vain,
 " Th' unweary'd Labourer still renews his Pain.
 " When modern *Persian* Tales keep up the Ball,
 " Left *Caleb's* Force decay'd should let it fall,
 " Is this a time, you argue, to retire,
 " When Faction's Brand would set the World on Fire?

And yet sagacious *Tully* once withdrew
 In Storms like these, and was commended too.
 For when, too weak to stem the Flood, he saw
 That Vice prevail'd, and Force to Right gave Law,
 A well-weigh'd Prudence taught him to endure
 The Wrongs he daily wept, but could not cure.
 Change but the Scene, and others may be found
 As wise as *Cicero* on *British* Ground.
 There was a Time, nor ancient is the Date,
 When faithful *Verus* steer'd the Bark of State.
 Firm to his Country's Cause, in Business bred,
 Early he chose in Virtue's Paths to tread.
 Laborious, watchful, and so nicely Just,
 He scorn'd by Cunning to disgrace his Trust.
 Round Dealing was the honest way he us'd,
 Suitors were soon dispatch'd, but not amus'd.
 A short, decisive Answer suited best
 With one, who wore no Doublings in his Breast.

So fond a Parent, and a Friend so true,
 He seem'd to entertain no other view,
 Yet Blood nor Friendship could the Statesman sway
 The stronger Ties of Duty to betray.

Thus fashion'd, when he found that Order ceas'd,
 And high-flown Claims from Party-views increas'd,
 That Discontent, by wild Ambition led,
 Caball'd each Hour, and rear'd her *Hydra* Head,
 That Honour, Gratitude, and Sense of Shame
 Were mock'd, and Virtue counted but a Name,
 Fatigu'd with vain Efforts to vanquish Strife,
 He fled from publick Care to private Life,
 Breath'd Air untainted at his rural Seat,
 And soon forgot that ever he was great.

Should two such Patterns of uncommon size
 Prove insufficient, see a third arise.
 Ere *Verus* made a Truce with Toil and Care,
 He brought *Bracillus* in the Helm to share,
 Second to none in worth, Quick-sighted, Just,
 None better fill'd, or more adorn'd his Trust.
 To foreign Labours train'd, he saw and grac'd
 The western Courts, *Iberia's* Maxims trac'd,
 Where golden *Tagus* to the *Ocean* flows,
 And next where *Camoens*, fourth from *Homer*, rose,
 He warn'd *Braganza* to withstand the Pride
 Of tow'ring *Gaul*, and won him to our side,
 From this successful Scheme, with Labour wrought,
 Imperial *Mary* prov'd the Monarch's Lot.

With

With new Instructions arm'd, the *Legate* flew
 O'er the white *Alps* old Friendships to renew,
 In deep Distress intrepid *Victor* saw,
 Whom neither Force could tame, nor Ruin awe,
 Extoll'd his Courage, waited on his Fate,
 Till one sure Blow retriev'd his vanquish'd State.
 The Fortune of that Day *Bracillus* shar'd,
 And reap'd on his Return a just Reward.
 Thro' diff'rent Stations well-deserv'd he past,
 And ev'ry Post he fill'd alike he grac'd.
 So steady were his Steps, so true his Zeal
 For *Brunswick's* Safety, and the publick Weal,
 That when an Exile's Cause was in Debate,
 Whose wicked Arts had almost sunk the State,
 Still uniform, he differ'd with the Throng,
 That lightly voted what he thought was wrong.
 His piercing Foresight by th' Event appears,
 And Time, alas! has justify'd his Fears.

Before this dire *Epoch* sweet Concord smil'd,
 No sacred Characters were then revil'd ;
 The Springs of Government were clean and strong,
 Joy fill'd each Eye, and flow'd from ev'ry Tongue.
 No *Phaeton* beyond his Province soar'd,
 Calm was the Senate, and the Prince ador'd.
 No Murmurs echo'd thro' our happy Plains,
George rul'd in Peace, and *Walpole* held the Reins.
 A milder Prince the Scepter never sway'd,
 Nor milder Minister his Will obey'd.

No sooner *Dolon* for his Country's Sins
 Reviews his native Earth, but Strife begins.
 Foul Faction's pois'nous Breath pollutes the Land,
 Sedition roars, and Laws are at a stand.
 No Bounds are kept, no Decency maintain'd,
 False Facts, and false Designs are basely feign'd.
 Injurious Libels daily Venom spread,
 And Party-rancour lifts her threatening Head.
 Who wonders, if amidst such raging Fires
Bracillus mourns his Country, and retires?

To see, tho' one the Species of Mankind,
 How vastly various is the human Mind,
 What Whims unfettle some, and others fix,
 For what Designs repugnant Tenets mix,
 How rarely Faction gains her wicked End,
 And tho' self-conscious, how averse to mend,
 Led by a few, whose Pride, Revenge, or Hate
 To crush their Foes would sacrifice the State:
 To see this Jumble, without Form or Plan
 Contriv'd to last, possess the Soul of Man,
 As if wise Providence, that plac'd him here,
 Left him without a Guide his Course to steer;
 To mark whole Nations in Confusion hurl'd,
 Like the first Chaos, ere was fram'd the World;
 To see this Mass of inconsistent Things
 Extend from shackled Slaves to scepter'd Kings,
 Might haply tempt some *Sophists* to advance
 That all below the Moon was rul'd by Chance.

But

But Eyes that see, and Minds that think, disdain
To hold a Doctrine so absurdly vain.
Has not each Scheme, which Art or Wit can draw,
Its Cause, and its Effect, by Nature's Law?
Directs not ev'ry Faculty its way,
As Reason guides, or stronger Passions sway?
How oft do Vice and Virtue sink and rise,
Like Springs, which Drought exhausts, or Rain supplies,
Just as the course of Times or Modes prevails,
As loose Example gains, or stricter fails?
Thus in one Age a Zeal for Freedom runs,
The next perhaps its best Defenders shuns.

This Point allow'd, what *Sceptick* can deny
But as when Tempests sweep the nether Sky,
And shake the Globe, old *Ocean's* Channels roar,
And mocking *Belgia's* Dykes o'erflow the Shore,
Till Mounds more lofty from behind repel
Th' impetuous Billows, and their Fury quell,
So where domestick Strife a State divides,
And thirst of Sway contending Parties guides,
(For spite of all Pretexs, 'tis Pow'r alone
That moves their Chiefs to urge Diffension on)
Mock-Patriots rage, impatient of Control,
And in their first Attack like Torrents roll,
With Clamour's Aid, and many a false Pretence,
Transgress the Bounds of Duty and of Sense,
Till Freedom's last Defences stronger found
Her Foes recoil, too weak to stand their Ground.

We grant when Party-broils divide the Great,
 And Discord threatens to dissolve the State,
 'Tis Duty then to lend a helping Hand
 To save in her Distress our Mother-Land.
 Nor own we less, as stands the human Frame,
 Whose ruling Passions are in most the same,
 How hard it is to gain or to resign
 An envy'd Post, where Rank and Profit join.
 But which the ruder Task, to quit, or gain,
 A recent Case the Problem may explain.

Priscus, who long had press'd to be employ'd,
 Tho' oft repuls'd, at last his Wish enjoy'd.
 Plac'd on a foreign Stage he play'd his Part,
 And learnt his Trade by Practice more than Art.
 His Post he kept till he was own'd the Dean
 Of all the Troop, and whiten'd on the Scene,
 Yet such was found his unambitious Soul,
 He toil'd contented with an Under-roll.
 Tho' mated still by some superior Name,
 As *Mills* by *Wilks* of late *Theatrick* Fame,
 Pleas'd in the main, since what he earn'd was paid,
 He laugh'd, and fatten'd with the Gains he made.
 But as, since Man was fram'd, no State below
 Was e'er exempt from some degree of Woe,
 The Sweets he gather'd from his publick Life
 Were all imbitter'd by a scraping Wife,
 Unequal, always sick, yet swell'd with Pride,
 By Fits religious, and a Shrew beside.
 At length by course of Time and Service broke,
 Thus to a Brother-Minister he spoke.

“ O

" O Friend, inform me of some lonely Cell
 " Where soft Repose, and true Contentment dwell.
 " Grown old in Tumult, and fatigu'd with Toil,
 " I long to settle in some peaceful Soil,
 " Where no wing'd Messengers with Plans and Schemes
 " Arrive at dead of Night, or haunt my Dreams.
 " Beside, when once the Sun withdraws his Heat,
 " Nature and Prudence both advise Retreat,
 " To wind our Bottoms ere our latest Breath,
 " And seek an Interval 'twixt Life and Death."

Pleas'd with a Thought so just, his Friend replies,
 " A Place like that you want has blest my Eyes.
 " In *Vaud's* delightful Slope, which Mountains bound,
 " Where Vintage-mirth, and Harvest-homes are found,
 " Near *Leman's* Lake, beneath whose silver Tide
 " The rapid *Rhone's* unmingled Waters glide,
 " A *Villa* stands, not unremark'd by Fame,
 " Where *Ludlow* dwelt, and *Vevay* is its Name.
 " Renown'd in War, and vanquish'd but by Fate,
 " From *Cromwel's* Tyranny, and *Charles's* Hate
 " The guilty, tho' well-meaning Rebel, fled
 " A willing Exile here, to save his Head.
 " In this sweet Spot, remote from Care and Strife,
 " The thoughtful Chief retrac'd his former Life,
 " Felt no Reproach, where Conscience was his Guide,
 " But liv'd unanxious, and as calmly dy'd.
 " Who wonders then, that reads upon his Tomb,
 " Here lies the Foe of Slavery, and *Rome*?

Mov'd

126 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Mov'd with the fair Description, *Priscus* pray'd
 He so might die, and said his Choice was made.
 Fond of Retirement he was fully bent
 To end his Days at *Vevey* in Content.
 But, ah, how frail is mortal Man's Device!
 Who counts without his Wife must reckon twice.
 No sooner had the Dame his Purpose scan'd,
 But with an Air, accusom'd to command,
 Like some fierce southwind's Blast she rais'd her Voice,
 And thus reprov'd his rash, ill-grounded Choice.
 " What, gaily quit Appointments, such as ours,
 " More duly paid, than Spring produces Flow'rs,
 " Renounce a publick Post, which Envy draws,
 " And sacred Rights, scarce limited by Laws,
 " (For tho' we shine but in the third Degree,
 " What *Legate* is more privileg'd than we?)
 " To act a private Roll in Parts remote,
 " And spend our Gains, where nothing's to be got?
 " Air, Diet, Peace perhaps may add to Health?
 " But can an Income lost increase our Wealth?
 " Immur'd in Mountains, where eternal Snow
 " Melts but to freeze, and lessens but to grow,
 " Soon should we mourn in Anguish, Want, and Pain
 " Our humble Station left, but mourn in vain.
 " Who in his Wits would harbour Thoughts like these?
 " What Life without a Post can ever please?"
 She said, and flouncing out, as if she flew,
 Chairs, Tables, Standish, Papers down she threw,
 Drag'd by her Hoop; in such a sudden Fright
 What Secrets might have been expos'd to light,

Had

Had some sly Dealer in the prying way
 With *Argus*' Eyes been present at the Fray?
 Amaz'd, poor *Priscus*, to avoid the roar
 Of such another Storm, still plies the Oar.

Hear next the Counsel, ere this Point we wave,
 Which once fam'd *Rochester* to *Savil* gave.
 When now from Embassies return'd he sought
 A Post, not disproportion'd, as he thought,
 To Service past, the Helm of State, no less,
 (The just Transition easy one would guess)
 His Plans for Pow'r adjusted in a trice,
 And rais'd with Hope, he ask'd his Friend's Advice.
 His Purpose heard: "I'd rather choose to dwell
 " In *Russian* Snows, or in a Hermit's Cell,
 " Replies the Peer, than act at any rate
 " On *Britain*'s Stage the Minister of State.
 " If wise, friend *Harry*, thou wouldst aim no more
 " At such a Post, then Flocks would quit the Shore
 " To risk a Passage o'er some rapid Flood,
 " And leave known Pasture for uncertain Food,
 " Or Boys would venture up a Crabtree's height
 " For Fruit, which Hogs below, unstarv'd, would flight.
 " Besides in Courts who rises but to fall?
 " What Footing's sure upon a shelving Ball?
 " The Wretch, who spurns the humble Vale to tread
 " *Olympus*' Top, or *Tenerif*'s pointed Head,
 " Soon, giddy grown, regrets the Plains beneath,
 " Where wiser Peasants without Danger breathe."

The

128 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The sage Advice prevail'd, and grew the Theme
Of publick Talk, yet pass'd but for a Dream,
Till *Savil* prov'd the Thing was more than Sport
By quitting once for all the Town and Court.

If to the Service of the State be join'd
For Wealth and Rank a certain Bent of Mind,
Beware you reckon not without your Host,
Goods, dearly purchas'd, seldom quit the Cost.
Rank, Pow'r, and Place were great *Godolphin's* Lot,
But did he gain by these a single Groat?
His Fame arose from publick Deeds alone,
'Tis true in *Britain's* Good he found his own,
But private Wealth he deem'd not worth his Care,
And only left his Father's to his Heir,
Who, genuine Offspring of a matchless Sire,
Bounds to his Country's Weal his sole Desire.

Ev'n he, who drove the former from his Post,
And, nurs'd by Faction, made her Arts his Boast,
Who like the Rustick in the Fable far'd,
That warm'd the Snake, whose Sting was his Reward:
What to his Son bequeath'd he, when he dy'd?
A dear-bought Title; left he ought beside?
Hence may we see that Rank, and Wealth, and Sway,
Tho' Years acquiring, perish in a Day.

But still you urge that he, who holds the Reins,
Tho' cross'd by Faction, his high Post maintains,

Supports our Isle in Credit and in Peace,
 While unrelaxing Wars abroad increafe,
 Whose steady Zeal amidst opposing Crouds
 From bold Sedition's Darts his Person shrouds;
 Happy to serve a King, whose gracious Smile
 Protects the Man, in whom he finds no Guile.
 From this rare Pattern you your Text pursue,
 That some in Courts are lucky, tho' but few,
 That high Concerns of State we ought to range
 With diff'rent Years, some smooth, some prone to change;
 These, like a gentle Stream, so softly glide,
 That to our Eyes scarce moves the flowing Tide,
 While others, swell'd with Rage, like Torrents roll,
 Which neither Force can stem, nor Skill control,
 Just as unequal Times Occasion give,
 As Union guides, or Discontents arrive.
 Some, various-hued, nor good nor bad we name,
 And some, as turn Events, we praise or blame.
 Who doubts these Truths? yet still you'll grant me this,
 What's well we flight, but roar at what's amiss.

Thus on a tott'ring Base Dominion stands,
 Like a tall Fabrick built on moving Sands,
 Whose Bottom yielding in a Soil unsound,
 Soon brings the Superstructure to the Ground.
 Yet Wealth, we find, and Eloquence, and Fame,
 If Pow'r be wanting, scarce deserve a Name.
 To prove this Point, if common Vouchers fail,
 You need but listen to the following Tale.

130 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Crassus, as some approv'd Memoirs relate,
 Once serv'd the Court, and figur'd in the State.
 With Parts for Action fit his Zeal was strong,
 His Voice sonorous, voluble his Tongue.
 In all *Committees* none discharg'd his Task
 With better Grace, or more without a Mask,
 Whether to sift the dark Intrigues of those
 Who join'd in private with the Nation's Foes,
 Or form Reports propitious to the State,
 Or manage *en second* some warm Debate:
 Till caught in crafty *Dolon's* subtle Snare
 The Name of *Subaltern* he could not bear.
Fidus, a trusty Friend, was sent for straight,
 Dissatisfy'd, like him, but more sedate,
 Whose Air compos'd, and whose affected Flegm
 In publick made him less presumptuous seem.
 In Business or Discourse his Words were few,
 But Treaties and Records by Heart he knew,
 And Party-Schemes with great Acuteness drew.
 To him arriv'd, with wild, disorder'd Mien
 Thus *Crassus* at his Entrance vents his Spleen.
 " Of you, my Friend, your Fellow-Lab'rer seeks
 " Advice, then lend an Ear to what he speaks.
 " Shall I, who yield in Wealth, perhaps in Fame,
 " To few, be cozen'd with a second Name?
 " Whose Frowns, or what Reverse have I to fear?
 " 'Tis known that I have Thousands by the Year.
 " Who in my Place would be *Grimalkin's* Paw
 " The roasted Chestnuts from the Flames to draw

" For

" For *Bertrand's* use, at his Commands to stoop,
 " Watch for his Nod, and boast to be his *Dupe*?
 " Whole Years to toil, by Time and Service worn,
 " And still a *Subaltern*, can this be born?"
Fidus, who saw his Drift, replies, "'Tis true,
 " Your Case is hard, but can you better do?
 " Better, no doubt. With *Dolon* he'd engage,
 " And *Dolon's* Friends, the *Patriots* of the Age,
 " Nor would he leave their Band, till those he hates
 " Were out, and Fortune thunder'd at his Gates
 " To offer him *Carte blanche*. The Prospect's fair,
 " (Says *Fidus* then) but would you stop, when there?
 " Who doubts it (with a Grin retorts his Friend?)
 " What Courfers push beyond the Race's end?
 " Say, wouldst thou not be wrapt in Joy to see
 " Our brave third *Edward's* Garter bind my Knee,
 " The Azure Ribbon o'er my Shoulder cast,
 " With *England's* Patron dangling at my Waste,
 " A blazing Star imboss'd upon my Coat,
 " And crouching Senates, as I dictate, vote?
 " What follows next? To hold the gilded Reins,
 " And drive Corruption from the tainted Plains,
 " Make Foes unite, and Party-rage subside,
 " And *Coalition* my Support and Pride.
 " But where's your Wand (says *Fidus*, with a Laugh)
 " Mean you to Lord it thus without the Staff?
 " You rave, my Dear, for is't not all a Case
 " With or without it, so one has the Place?
 " That Thrust (says t'other) was well-push'd at least,
 " But now suppose you mounted on your Beast,

132 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Sole Minister, will haughty *Dolon* stoop,
 " And deign to be of him he rais'd the *Dupe*?
 " Will he, who bounds within himself his view,
 " With Patience see the Helm usurp'd by you?
 " Will all the Leaders of the Patriot-band,
 " That strive for Sway, submit to your Command?
 " Will those, who dare their native Land inflame
 " For Pow'r and Place, bear your superior Name?
 " What think you of this Bar to your Delight?
 " I think you would a Child with Goblins fright.
 " When once secur'd within the Lines of Pow'r,
 " I'll ruin all their Batt'ries in an Hour.
 " Should foul-tongu'd *Caleb* mouth it, as before,
 " I know the way to make him cease to roar.
 " His black Designs I've sifted to a Hair,
 " Then let him bawl, and threaten, if he dare.
 " This Barrier gain'd, what next will you pursue?
 " Ends here the Farce, or have you more to shew?
 " Then, sneering *Fidus*, on this sunny Hill
 " Lodg'd to our Soul's Content, we'll laugh our fill.
 " Thyself, to Honours rais'd, shall bear thy Part,
 " By Trust and Merit nearest to my Heart.
 " Next to my Sphere thy lesser Orb shall shine,
 " And one in Friendship we'll our Labours join
 " To purge the Dross and Rankness of the Soil,
 " And reap in Peace the Fruits of all our Toil."
 Pausing a while, thus answers in the end
 The cool Adviser of his heated Friend.
 " What unpropitious Star controls your Pow'r
 " To take your swing of Joy this instant Hour?
 " Health,

" Health, Affluence, Parts, and Years not yet declin'd
 " Give means sufficient, had you but the Mind.
 " Your Plans of Greatness, now your fav'rite Theme,
 " You'd find in Practice a delusive Dream.
 " As on the Stage, when *Booth* perform'd his Part
 " With all the force of Genius and of Art,
 " If long the Scene, we yawn'd, and wish'd 'twere done,
 " Impatient till a new, tho' worse, came on.
 " So should a second *Walsingham* arise,
 " Great as the first, as spotless, and as wise,
 " Ere Years were laps'd, the Burden of the Song
 " Would run, What Pilot ever steer'd so long?
 " 'Tis time he quit, we want another Guide,
 " One System long what *Briton* can abide?
 " Thus, *Crassus*, take a Friend's well-meant Advice,
 " Leave *Dolon* to his Fate, and thou be wise."

This Counsel, tho' at first the Patriot's Sport,
 Was follow'd, and he made his Peace at Court.
 Tir'd with unanswering Schemes, at length he try'd
 To gain by Stooping what he lost by Pride.
 But how the Knot was fasten'd, or by whom,
 What *Censures* past at *Paris*, or at *Rome*,
 Or what beset him in his new Pursuit,
 The Party-Authors of his Time dispute.
 Some tax'd his Levity, some prais'd his Skill,
 But none aver he reach'd his *Sunny-Hill*.
 From hence we gather that in Wisdom's School
 The steady Conduct is the safest Rule.

Look

134 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Look round the diff'rent Ranks that fill the Town,
The Throngs that haunt the Court, or wear the Gown,
That toil in Commerce, or for Place contest,
You'll find the steady Dealers thrive the best,
Who led by Principle take Honour's Road,
And seek their private in the publick Good.
While others not unconscious how they fail
In Merit's weight, put Cunning in the Scale,
Attempt by mean, finifter Arts to rise,
And to obtain their Aims move Earth and Skies.

But what avails such Conduct in the end?
Had *Hanno*, when dismiss'd, a single Friend?
Blazing a while with Splendour not his own,
A sudden Flash, the short-liv'd Meteor shone.
But when the Vapour, that appear'd so fair,
Was once exhal'd, it burst, and sunk in Air.
Could his Refusal greater Lengths to run
Atone for all the Wrongs already done?
If certain memorable Times we trace,
What *Briton* is not startled at those Days?
The first *Quadrennium* ev'n of *Nero's* Reign
Ran smoothly on and pass'd without a Stain.
But who can say the four concluding Years
Of gracious *Anne* produc'd no ground for Fears?
In that fam'd Juncture, can the chymick Schemes,
So near Projection, pass for nought but Dreams?
Can *Europe's* Safety, and *Britannia's* Fame,
Confounded, be detach'd from *Hanno's* Name?

Within

Within that Period was there no Design
To frustrate or distress the *Brunswick* Line?
Was *Utrecht's* Peace, with Infamy obtain'd,
For no concerted dang'rous Purpose gain'd?
Deck'd with such Ensigns who regards the Ground
Where *Hanno* lies, or stamps not, where 'tis found?

But what's the Bait presaging *Corax* draws
To plead with warmth a once exploded Cause?
Have promises prevail'd, that when the Hour
Long look'd-for comes, he too shall share in Pow'r?
Whence can a Change so unexpected spring?
Was it a *Staff* he wanted, or a *String*?
And yet some signal Boons he had receiv'd,
If Fame, not always false, may be believ'd.
But many a Favour done, if one's deny'd,
That one not granted, cancels all beside.

To prove this Truth some nameless Author tells
He saw the following Scene which he reveals.
It chanc'd one Day, when *Lelius* was alone,
At least he thought he was observ'd by none,
Amidst his Books and Pictures as he walk'd,
Thus to himself th' unguarded Statesman talk'd.
" Is't then for thee, thou *Gugaw* of a *String*,
" That my whole Life has been upon the Wing,
" Thro' toilsom Days, and sleepless Nights has run,
" For thee, thou Trifle, by a Weaver spun?
" At such a Prize what *Cynick* would not laugh,
" Unless supported by the magick Staff,

" Whose

136 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Whose all-controlling Pow'r, like *Merlin's* Wand,
 " Holds Earth, and Seas, and Stars at its Command?
 " But that refus'd, this stout, indignant Breast,
 " Which feels the worth it boasts, contemns the rest."
 This said, he pull'd the pendant String he wore
 With such a Force, it dropt upon the Floor.

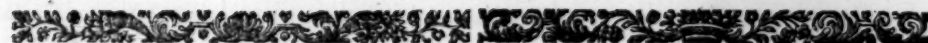
But to return : What thin Disguises wears
 Poor *Corax* to prevent the Blame he fears?
 Land-Armies, Fleets equipp'd in Times of Peace,
 Tho' *Europe* bleeds, are Themes that never cease.
 But are these Seeds of daily Contest sown
 More for his Country's Profit, than his own?
 Corruption, Places, Pensions are his Cue,
 But is it sure they hide no private view?
 From Party-rancour 'tis Mens Aims we guess,
 The Pow'r they blame we judge they would possess,
 Hence 'tis we learn that all their Noise and Hate
 Tend more to govern than reform the State.

One Hint well-meant to *Corax*, ere she end,
 The Muse with honest Plainness dares commend.
 'Tis drawn from sober *Selden's* Table-talk,
 " Old Friends to live with, and old Shoes to walk,"
 The Sage approves, not urg'd by way of Joke,
 For by a Monarch he avers 'twas spoke.
 Th' Advice is wholsom, and deserving note,
 Nor less an old Remark, which others quote,
 That when from Party-rage fierce Squabbles grow,
 The Hand that threatens oft receives the Blow.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, the Task which you injoin'd is done,
 Perhaps my Zeal too great a length has run.
 But doubts, like yours, and cast in such a Mould,
 Ask Skill to solve, and Leisure to unfold.
 If in this rude Essay you haply find
 Some Hints not useless to a ductile Mind,
 Whose Bent, tho' wavering, seeks to shun Extremes,
 And real Life prefer to empty Dreams,
 Less anxious I shall quit my native Shore
 To gain a Truce from Ills we both deplore.
 Happy, if while exotick Lands I tread
 I learn that honest Views at home succeed,
 That many an Eye, grown dim with too much Light,
 Couch'd by our *Walpole's* Hand recovers Sight,
 That Faction, late so daring, strikes her Sails,
 And Truth, detach'd from Prejudice, prevails,
 That ancient Virtue in our Isle revives,
 And ancient Honour, long neglected, thrives,
 That Senates, grown attentive to our Woes,
 Drive from amongst ourselves our worst of Foes.
 Then, nor before, my purpos'd *Tour* shall end,
 Till then adieu my Country and my Friend.





A N
E S S A Y

ON THE

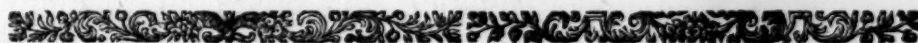
Vicious Bent and Taste of the TIMES.

In an Epistle to the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Hor. Lib. 3. Od. 6.



E S S A Y

ON THE

Victor's Heart and Taste of the Times.

In two Parts to the Right Honourable

ST. ROBERT WALPOLE.

And printed by J. K. and J. W.

for the Proprietors, in the Strand.

Price 1s. 6d.

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T.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E

Vicious Bent and Taste of the TIMES.

WHILE now four Lusters at the Helm of State
You sit, and grapple with contending Fate,
Of restless Faction stem the raging Tide,
And o'er its swelling Waves triumphant ride,
Fir'd with a Theme so worthy of her Choice,
Again th' advent'rous Muse exalts her Voice.
But lest the Publick, by a Strain too long,
Should suffer Loss, few Words compose her Song.

Somers, Godolphin, Stanhope, once refin'd
In Arts, whose Tenour was to serve Mankind,
Who, while they liv'd, our savage natures tam'd,
And, when they died, for deathless Deeds were fam'd;
Whose Zeal for Truth their ev'ry Thought ingroft,
And Thirst of Honour was on Earth their Boast;
Whose

Whose Wisdom sav'd us from the daring Foe,
 When *Europe* saw with Dread th' impending Blow,
 From worse than foreign Wars preserv'd our Isle,
 Made homebred Fears subside, and Union smile,
 And who their Country's Freedom to defend
 Ne'er ceas'd their Toils till their lamented End,
 Before they mounted to the Stars complain'd
 Their Views below had been unjustly stain'd.

Unmatch'd in War has *Marlborough* better sped,
 Tho' never-fading Laurels crown'd his Head?
 He, who so oft repuls'd the *Gauls* in Fight,
 Nor stopt to breathe, but cours'd them in their Flight
 Like hunted Stags, who press'd, their Foes to shun,
 To more destructive Waters headlong run;
 He, who the War to end as if in haste,
 Took their Strong-holds; and laid their Country waste,
 Pursu'd them from the *Danube* to the *Rhine*,
 Surmounted every Fence, forc'd every Line,
 Beat all their Chiefs by turns, their Frontiers past,
 And drove them to their ancient Bounds at last.
 And yet this matchless Man, whose Name alone
 Made haughty *Louis* tremble on his Throne,
 The Boast of *Britain*, and of *Gaul* the Dread,
 Hero as great as any Age has bred,
 On whose successful Arms the World rely'd,
 Could never vanquish Envy, till he dy'd.
 Then, blest by all, exalted, and ador'd
 By those, who wrong'd him once, to Heav'n he soar'd.
 So

So in full Force the Sun offends our Sight,
But set we can't enough commend his Light.
Thus too before with great *Nassau* it far'd,
While living, what ungrateful Disregard
From Those, who had implor'd his Aid, he met,
And scarce, till his Demise, avow'd their Debt.

To Thee, O *Walpole*, present, and alive,
Such, as thy Merit claims, we Honours give.
For, to be just, whate'er thy Foes suggest,
Thine and the Nation's Foes, thy Deeds attest
That none, who in thy envy'd Place has stood,
E'er prov'd in all respects so great and good.
Patricians this, and this Plebeians own,
That Thou, to settle and support the Throne
By *Brunswick* fill'd, on whom depend our Laws,
And what's more dear to *Britons*, Freedom's Cause,
Hast more atchiev'd than all our Heroes past,
And made this Age superior to the last.
This Truth thy wise unvaried Conduct proves,
Which none denies but who Injustice loves.
Whether we trace thy Fame from *William's* Days,
Or gain'd in *Anna's* time recount thy Praise,
Or Deeds more fresh in both the *Georges* cite,
We find that all is uniform and bright.
In this the best and major Part agrees,
And this each Man, whose Eyes are open, sees.
Th' unbiass'd this avows without Disguise,
And *Britons* owning this are just and wise.

That

144 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

That they allow, what has appear'd so long,
 Thy Zeal unshaken, and thy Talents strong,
 Thy dext'rous Skill domestick Wiles to trace,
 Law to sustain, and Anarchy to chase,
 In Senates with persuasive Speech to shine,
 In Councils Flegm with Resolution join,
 At home to hear with Candour every Suit,
 Refuse with Grace, or not delay the Fruit,
 Is just in them, because the Facts are true,
 And wise, since when thy Actions they review,
 Supporting them they their own Good pursue.

But say, superior Guide, in whom we trust,
 In all beside are *Britons* wise and just?
 How comes it that loud Clamour roars of late,
 As if disjointed were the Wheels of State,
 Urging that Trade decays, and Tenants fail,
 When Peace at last preponderates in the Scale?
 Why breathe Complaints, which grounded we allow,
 That Hands are wanting to conduct the Plow,
 To break the stubborn Earth, which fallow lies,
 To sow, to reap, and make Plantations rise?
 The Outcry whence, that Bankrupts are so rife
 In all Degrees from low to higher Life?
 Proceed these Ills from Luxury alone,
 Whose fruitful Seeds thro' all the Land are sown?
 All Ranks, 'tis true, from Peasant to the Peer,
 Lanch heedless out, and without compass steer.
 Hence Broils ensue, when Poverty prevails,
 And Riot lifts its Head, when Order fails.

From

From South to North intestine Tumults rise,
 And Mercy's Self rebellious Rage defies.
 Fair Freedom unrestrain'd licentious grows,
 And Friends to legal Justice pass for Foes.
 With such unbridled Sway this Fury reigns,
 That flagrant Murder a whole City stains.
 Shall this be borne, shall Subjects in Disguise
 Presume to execute what Law denies?
 If this be done, 'tis time to let them see
 That GEORGE a sure Avenger finds in Thee.

A Scene so shocking, and an Act so bold,
 In modern Reigns unmatch'd, as well as old,
 To Nature and to Law repugnant, shows
 That from a diff'rent Source this Evil flows,
 Impervious Tracts, compos'd of Rock and Sand,
 A barren, bleak, uncultivated Land,
 Afford no Means for Luxury to spread,
 And taint a Soil, which scarce produces Bread.
 Besides a Fact, which all the Country screens,
 Demonstrates whence it comes, and what it means.
 But Thou, whose Wisdom pierces like the Sun,
 Whose Beams the Guilty strive in vain to shun,
 Shalt sound the Depth of that concerted Fray,
 And make its Authors dread the coming Day.
 To punish Crimes no Registers can trace
 The State concurs, and Thou shalt share the Praise.

But to return to what we touch'd but now,
 Whence is't that all to mad Profusion bow?

U

Our

146 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Our Fathers sumptuary Laws ordain'd,
 And wise Distinctions for each Rank retain'd.
 In home-spun Cloth the Master was array'd,
 The Dame but once a Week in Silk was clad.
 Then *Abigails* in Jacket and in Vest
 Appear'd, and Lacqueys were in Colours drest.
 Not then it happen'd, as is now the Claim,
 That none could know the *Soubrette* from the Dame,
 Or Footman from the 'Squire, but both were seen
 In diff'rent Garbs, and with distinguish'd Mien.
 Rich, flowing Sacs, Embroid'ries, Velvet, Lace,
 Were then unknown, and Thrift supply'd their Place.
 Disputes for Rank, and overlooking Scorn,
 So rife at present, were as yet unborn.
 Not then low Birth aspir'd with high to mix,
 Or shine with aukward Air in Coach and Six.
 Tho' worth a Plumb the Merchant never soar'd
 To race, and hunt, and figure with a Lord.
 Not then the Tradesman liv'd from Day to Day,
 Renounc'd his Shop, and spent the Night at Play,
 Roll'd in his Chaise, and with his Betters vy'd,
 While Madam flaunted with an equal Pride.
 These Follies were reserv'd for future Times,
 And doom'd to spring from more enervate Climes.
 Now all degrees of Men receive the Taint,
 And tho' they feel the Load that makes them faint,
 March heedless on, tho' with the Weight oppress'd,
 And scorn by Reason's Aid to be releas'd.
 Plays, Operas, Balls, Assemblies, private Game,
 Love's costly Joys, and Pleasures without Name,

Engage

Engage beyond Example Young and Old,
And reign thro' long Connivance uncontroll'd.
Rapacious Luxury, than Want far worse!
Not Plague, or Famine, proves so great a Curse,
Or War's fell Rage, tho' dreadful for a while,
These cease to ravage, and forbear to spoil;
But wild Expence from Town to Country flies,
And Luxury's a Worm that never dies.

Yet say, thou *Atlas* of the *British* State,
Who hast so long, and singly, born its Weight,
And whose unfailing Vigour still maintains
The Fabrick rais'd in four successive Reigns,
Has thy Experience no Specifick found
This wasting Plague's malignant Rage to bound?
Alas! thou shak'st thy Head, and seem'st to say,
Who in a Maze is sure to find his Way?
Where sev'ral Paths attract the doubtful Sight,
'Tis Chance, not Skill, that hits upon the right.
No Laws are wanting to restrain Excess,
But These their unavailing Pow'r confess.
Discussive Drugs but make the Canker spread,
And thro' each Part its rankling Venom shed;
So Floods oppos'd with Force redoubled swell,
And Dykes are vain their Fury to repel.
And yet one Way, and that perhaps alone,
There is to cure an Ill so mortal grown,
Not hard to find, in Practice easy too,
Would every Patient but the Rule pursue.

148 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

Let each at home superfluous Cost retrench,
The Lay-Lords first, and then the sacred Bench;
For great Examples more than Precepts move,
And all Degrees to ape their Betters love;
The Borough-Member next, and County Knight,
The breviat Lawyer, and the jobbing Cit;
Would each mend one, and wholsom Thrift befriend,
Who doubts but Luxury would soon have end?

Yet some will answer, Tho' your Scheme be just,
Can Reason to its Execution trust?
She sees, 'tis true, its Merit, and approves,
But check'd by Nature Reason slowly moves.
Of what avail are Precepts, Sense, and Wit?
Will Habits yield, or Appetites submit?
Tho' Health of Body, and Repose of Mind,
Those solid Joys, are in your System join'd,
Yet Passions intervene, and Lust of Pow'r,
Or of the Sex, shall soon those Joys devour.
Love and Ambition all our Thoughts engage,
And govern all by turns from Youth to Age.
If this be so, what room remains for Hope,
In Semblance tho' it yield so fair a Scope?
Thus oft what Speculation easy shows,
Reduc'd to Proof impracticable grows.

Is this the frail Condition of Mankind?
If so, what boots it to the Human Mind
To be endow'd with Reason like a Sun
To light its Steps, and teach it how to shun

What's

What's wrong in Nature, and to choose what's right,
 To prize fair Virtue, and foul Vice to flight?
 The Passions we compare to *Cynthia's* Orb,
 Whose Beams by Night all other Lights absorb.
 Yet still as when the Sun's returning Ray
 Resumes its Splendor, and brings back the Day,
 The Night's pale Queen her borrow'd Charms resigns,
 And *Phæbus* with intrinsic Luster shines.
 So 'tis with Reason, tho' the Passions smile
 With glitt'ring, false Allurements for a while,
 When wise Reflexion darts her genuine Light,
 Those dazzling Meteors vanish at her Sight.

In other things are *Britons* more discreet?
 Are Senates less divided when they meet?
 Is Speech more temperate, Party-heat less rife,
 Or publick Good the Cause of publick Strife?
 Doth Power's Pursuit, or sworn Revenge decline,
 Or Opposition its wild Schemes resign?
 Do pert Beginners with forbidding Face
 Recite set Speeches with less awkward Grace?
 Are Prints more modest, Parallels less hard,
 In which art Thou, or is thy Master spar'd?
 Unheard of Insolence, when factious Spite
 Shall dare against the Throne itself to write!
 But these are like the Darts by *Parthians* flung,
 Which aim'd at others their own Bosoms stung;
 Or Clouds, impregnated with Hail or Rain,
 Which quickly pass, and all is clear again.

Our

150 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Our *Weekly Journals*, made to fire the Rout,
Are Flames of Straw, that blaze, but soon are out.
Their monstrous Pagods vulgar Minds may fit,
But can such gross Allusions pass for Wit?
In Falshood, Wit's reverse, their Strains abound,
But pointed Satire must have Truth for Ground.
A Talent so sublime foul Slander flies,
Nor is ev'n Truth's Assertor always wise.

Abuses are the Perquisites of Pow'r,
Which, if unheeded, prove an *April-Show'r*.
But should an injur'd Cause, or Self-Defence,
Tho' ne'er so just, a Paper-War commence,
Th' ungrounded Clamour rises but the higher,
And all the Discontented fan the Fire.

When great *Augustus*, Rome's Imperial Lord,
Abroad victorious, and at home ador'd,
Perceiv'd that, tho' he rul'd with gentle Sway,
Some Rancour still in stubborn Bosoms lay,
That bad Constructions wrong'd his best Designs,
Like Winds oft heard when *Sol* serenely shines,
Wife *Livia*, Partner of his Throne, he sought,
And ask'd her of such Treatment what she thought.
The Dame, with Rev'rence low, but matchless Grace,
Complacent Humour smiling in her Face,
Made answer, Deign to cease your groundless Fears,
These Accidents are like weak Womens Tears,
That gush unlook'd for, tho' the Cause be light,
Thro' Disappointment oft, and oft thro' Spite;

If

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 151

If check'd, the trickling Drops but flow the more;
 Neglected, soon the raging Storm is o'er.
 Thus 'tis with Subjects, whom indulgent Sway,
 Tho' Godlike, oft makes backward to obey:
 When Posts are void, what Zeal at Court appears,
 And what Submission every Visage wears!
 But They, whom wayward Fortune fails to speed,
 Turn Patriots straight, and Opposition wed,
 Contract their Brows, and Malecontents become,
 Let Slander loose, and curse the Lord of *Rome*.
 But these are Mischiefs of no wide Extent,
 The Tempests of the Mind, that heave for Vent,
 Which unoppos'd in fruitless Clamour end,
 As shallow Floods in Noise their Fury spend:
 Unheeded, give but these Eruptions way,
 The Poison's Force will of itself decay.
 Advice so wise the World's great Ruler try'd,
 And with Success pursu'd it till he dy'd.

If Sallies of this sort at Court prevail,
 Well may our Wit as well as Wisdom fail
 Upon the mimic Stage, where Farce and Show
 Engage the fond Regards of High and Low.
 And yet Time was when Action Nature grac'd,
 And well-wrought Passions on the Scene were trac'd,
 When Numbers from the Theatre remov'd
 With Minds instructed, and with Hearts improv'd.
 Then, *Dryden*, best of our Tragedians, writ,
 And *Congreve* was admir'd for Comick Wit:

Then

152 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Then *Betterton*, the *Roscius* of his Age,
 Trod with unequall'd Dignity the Stage.
 With such Exactness he perform'd his Part,
 'Twas doubtful whether Nature spoke, or Art.
 Majestick *Barry* then adorn'd the Scene,
 Whose graceful Action match'd her noble Mien;
 Each Word, each Motion was so nicely weigh'd,
 She seem'd throughout the Personage she play'd.
 But now that Action dwindles, who's to blame?
 The Writer first, who negligent of Fame,
 Or void of Taste, makes wretched Farce supply
 The Want of Talents, which his Stars deny.
 But, if ungifted, who compels the Fool
 To scribble without Genius, Wit, or Rule?
 The Audience next, to Merit often rough,
 That suffers such a Heap of paltry Stuff,
 Where not one Unity of Time, or Place,
 Or Action, interferes to sue for Grace.
 Thus nothing but a wild Confusion reigns,
 And Custom bears what Nature most disdains.

Again, should Fortune to the World impart
 In Epic Form some specious Work of Art,
 Prone to Extremes, our Prejudice is such,
 We ever magnify or blame too much.
 The *Chace* to some inimitably fine
 Appears, while others carp at every Line.
 By These dissected, all the Parts displease,
 While Those esteem the Whole a Masterpiece.

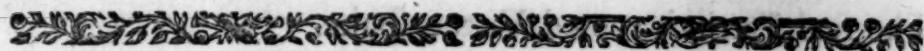
An equal Fate *Leonidas* incurs;
 One says 'tis piteous bad, and one demurs
 As doubtful how to judge, a third less shy
 Exalts the faultless Poem to the Sky.
 A letter'd Lord has read it eight times o'er,
 Conviction of its Merit needs there more?
 If this prove insufficient, *Common-Sense*
 Has left the Patriot Cause without Defence
 For twice eight Days, to give this Piece its Due,
 And make old *Milton* pass behind the new.
 These rash Extremes most Readers put in doubt,
 Since some proclaim it good, some bad throughout.
 But is there not a Mean? Must every Part
 Excel alike in all the Strokes of Art?
 Must each Production of the lab'ring Brain
 The utmost Stretch of Human Wit contain?
 Do ancient Bards a constant Tenour keep?
 Doth *Homer* never nod, nor *Virgil* sleep?
Apollo's Self not always bends his Bow,
 Or shines without a Cloud: If this be so,
 The Moderns sure may be allow'd to sink
 Sometimes, and we who read them ought to wink
 At lesser Faults, where greater Beauties shine,
 And prove the Spirit of the Work divine.

More might the Muse alledge, alas! much more,
 To shew how little *British* Minds deplore
 Their small Proficiency in Wisdom's School,
 Thro' Pride untaught their Passions how to rule,

But that she fears to trespass on your Time,
 Too precious to be lost on trifling Rhime.
 To end with one Remark untouch'd before,
 Whence flows from mix'd Cabals the Patriot-Roar?
 To what shall we ascribe their endless Schemes,
 Their daily Visions, and their nightly Dreams,
 Their Libels with the rankest Venom fraught,
 Their dark Assemblies not assign'd for nought,
 Their Tumults, and their Mobs so rise of late,
 That risk'd the Frame and Safety of the State?
 For what grand Purpose are these Mischiefs sown?
 Th' Effect is wanting, but the Cause is known.
 The Rage of Envy, and the Lust of Pow'r,
 Those Vultures, which their Country's Peace devour,
 Excite these Woes, what Sleights soe'er they feign,
 As useless too, as their Attempts are vain.

But Thou, whose Genius no Superior knows,
 And wards with matchless Skill the rudest Blows,
 Aspiring Rivals at thy Credit aim,
 Safe in untainted Worth, and lasting Fame,
 Shalt by degrees our vicious Bent redress,
 Pierce to the deepest Root of each Excess,
 And make thy very Foes, who now despise
 Thy well-weigh'd Steps, allow that all was wise.





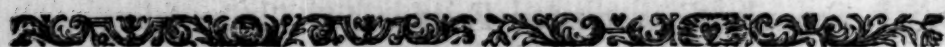
On the 26th of AUGUST, 1735.

OUR Guardian Talents Heav'n to *Walpole* gave,
 From false pretended Friends our Isle to save;
Wit to defeat their Plots, and *Skill* to bring
 Confusion on their Heads from whence they spring;
 For ev'ry branch of Right a well-weigh'd *Zeal*,
 To poise in equal Scales the Publick Weal;
 To these was join'd a *Steadiness of Soul*,
 Which Slander could not shake, nor Threats control.
 Those worn-out Wiles, the Bugbears of an Hour,
 Serve but to fix the faithful Statesman's Pow'r.
 Coarse Usage is his Boast, for well he knows
 Detraction still is near where Merit grows,
 As pointed Thorns surround the fragrant Rose.
 Wove in one Piece such complicated Worth
 Took on a Day, like This, its destin'd Birth;
 By Providence decreed, to be at hand
 To guard as well as grace its native Land.

By This new *Cicero*, who like the First,
 Was for his injur'd Country's Safety nurst,
 Whose matchless Genius, for his Times so fit,
 Was arm'd with Courage equal to his Wit,
 Our modern *Catilines*, who his Pow'r defy'd,
 Were crush'd with Thousands fighting on their Side.

156 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Nor Force, nor Fraud, nor sworn Revenge could make
The real Patriot's rooted Virtue shake.
Tho' fir'd with Rage, his fierce undaunted Foes
Push'd madly on their oft repeated Blows,
To all their vain attacks, as once the File
Did to the Serpent, He return'd a Smile.



To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

NOT unprophetick was the *Muse's* Song,
Nor vain perhaps her Labour, when she strung
Her Harp erewhile, long slighted and forlorn,
To found thy Fame, by Party-fury torn;
And Truth, of Wrong impatient, call'd her forth
To vindicate the Cause of injur'd Worth.
For see! th' insulting Band the field resigns,
And brighter for th' Attack thy Merit shines.
Her Chiefs withdrawn, Sedition too retires,
And blazes now no more with borrow'd Fires.
The Lamp, that glar'd so long, of Oil bereft,
A feeble glimm'ring Light is all that's left.
Corinthian Caleb, to complete his Shame,
In Riot's bold Defence exhausts his Flame.
Grown frantick with Despair, he fomes, he flings,
Quite careless whether 'tis he drowns, or swings:

While

While *Fog*, more subtle, tho' in Treason's Cause,
 As sanguine, shifts the Scene, and dreads the Laws.
 Thus Faction, bridled by thy skilful Hand,
 Grins like a Cur at bay, or quits the Land.
 No longer Strife for Pow'r distracts our Isle,
 Nor scurril Tongues her faithful Guides revile.
 Infernal Discord's Torch now flames no more,
 And Peace, thy Gift, surrounds the *British* Shore.
 So Storms subsiding, *Sol* again displays,
 With more diffusive Vigour, brighter Rays.

Long, *Walpole*, may the Star that rul'd thy Birth,
 Shine out as now to grace thy native Earth;
 To guard us from ourselves, our worst of Foes,
 And teach us from what Source our Safety flows;
 To heal past Breaches, and from new refrain,
 And own the Blessings of good GEORGE'S Reign;
 Who, bent the wisest Maxims to pursue,
 Makes Law his Rule, whose Rigour to subdue
 He trusts his best Prerogative with You. }
 In Hands so mild when Kings their Mercy place,
 What Crime's too flagrant to despair of Grace?
 Others perhaps strict Justice may delight,
 Who think rough Dealing will Offenders fright.
 You, more humane, a nobler Art disclose,
 And by Forbearance 'tis You quell your Foes.

August 26, 1736.



FOUR ELEGIES of *Propertius* Translated.

The 18th of the Second Book. To CYNTHIA.

SINCE *Rome* nor your *Propertius* can avail
 In ought, but as you please you turn the Scale,
 I draw some Comfort from the lonely Place
 You've chose to hide a while your lovely Face.
 In those chaste fields lives no corrupting Youth
 To tempt your Love, or undermine your Truth.
 No roaring Blades your Windows will infest,
 No Serenaders there will break your Rest.
 Amidst your varied Walks you'll nought descry
 But Hills, that seem contiguous with the Sky,
 Unless some scatter'd Flocks within the Bound
 Of your small Farm perhaps are rarely found.
 All Sports are there unknown, that lead to Vice;
 No Temples near whence Assignations rise.
 There heavy Oxen with laborious Toil,
 Ty'd to the Plough, subdue the rigid Soil.
 There the Vinedresser, skilful in his Art,
 With timely Care prunes each redundant Part.
 All this you'll see, and when you rarely come
 To make slight Off'rings at the sacred Dome,
 The tender Kid's prepar'd to grace the Feast,
 And you're invited as a Country Guest.

Then

Then to distinguish more the solemn Day,
 The rustick Clowns their wanton Gambols play;
 The aukward Dames with naked Legs advance,
 And to the Sound of woful Musick dance.
 Your naked Feet among the rest are seen,
 But such Beholders can't affect my Spleen.
 Amidst your rural Sports 'tis odds but I,
 Clad like a Huntsman, pass unlook'd-for by.
 Your Absence first invited me to chase
 The least offensive of the horned Race.
 To rouse the foaming Boar my Courage fails,
 And fear of Hurt as yet o'er Fame prevails.
 To urge the timorous Deer is all I boast,
 Such gentle Pastime suits my Nature most.
 Unless perhaps I'm bold enough to try
 To pierce the feather'd Game that skims the Sky,
 As by *Clitumnus*' Stream they take their Flight,
 The well-known Spring that washes Oxen white.
 Whate'er thou dost, my Life, remember this,
 Ere few Days pass I fly to reach my Bliss.
 No lonely Woods that intercept my Way
 Can change my Purpose, or the Chase delay.
 Mean while, thy Name repeated oft, shall charm
 The Woods and Wilds, and guard thy Love from Harm.



The 25th of the Second Book.

 O wholly fix'd are all my Thoughts on you,
 That ev'ry Dream presents you to my View.
 But Oh, my *Cynthia*, better 'twere that Sleep
 Forgot thee, than to shew thee in the Deep,
 Toss'd in a dreadful Wreck from Wave to Wave,
 Each Moment waiting for a wat'ry Grave.
 Such was my latest Dream, where as you sat
 Upon a broken Plank, the Sport of Fate,
 My cruel Wrongs you did aloud confess,
 And swear you would those cruel Wrongs redress,
 If *Fortune* should your desp'rate State befriend,
 And in such Danger some Assistance send.
 Gods! how I lay transported at the Sound!
 Which of your high Divinities was found
 Unsought, unsu'd to for a Life so dear?
 What Racks did I sustain 'twixt Hope and Fear?
 But you, whose any Part I scarce could see,
 Just sinking, as you seem'd, you call'd on me.
 Had *Glaucus* seen you in that moving State,
 You doubtless had become the Sea-God's Mate;
 And all the Nereids, which those Floods inclose,
 Thro' envy of your Rank had prov'd your Foes.
 But *Fortune*, siding with the Vows you made,
 Brings fam'd *Arion's* Dolphin to your Aid.
 As Musick once, so now a beauteous Face
 Moves him to do a second Act of Grace.

That

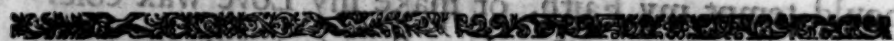
That instant, from the Mount whereon I stood,
Plunging, I thought to meet you in the Flood,
When Fear awak'd me, as it chill'd my Blood.

O *Cynthia*, should all my Suff'rings past
Be thus rewarded with thy Love at last,
Not all the Treasures which both *Indies* hold
Should tempt my Faith, or make my Love wax cold.
Were it your lot o'er Lands or Seas to roam,
With you each foreign Clime should be my home.
One Harbour should receive, one House contain,
One friendly Table Both should entertain.
I'd suffer all, let the fierce Eastwind blow,
Or the rough North upon our Sails below,
Tho' driv'n from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
Possessing Thee, I shall all Storms withstand.
Should rattling Thunders burst, and Fires descend
Amidst our Vessel, still with Love to Friend,
Undaunted would I snatch thee from the Flames,
And, back'd with thee, lanch thro' the rapid Streams,
Till by kind *Fortune's* Aid we should arrive
At some blest Shore, both naked, scarce alive.

But generous *Neptune* ever scorns to prove
In Love less gracious than his Brother *Jove*.
Witness *Amymone*, whose Fountain shews
His Trident's Virtue, as the Water flows.
The God embrac'd her, and from thence decreed
Amymone should sacred Waters breed.

162 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Obdurate *Scylla* will relenting prove,
And fell *Charybdis* melt to see our Love.
The Stars from us will never hide their Light,
Orion and the *Goat* will both be bright.
Nay, tho' your Body should be join'd to mine,
The Love were blameless, and the Act divine.



The 13th of the same Book.

TH E Sons of *Aeneas*, for the Fall of *Troy*,
Felt not within their Breasts such Tides of Joy,
Ulysses, when he touch'd his native Soil,
After a twice ten Years advent'rous Toil,
Was not more pleas'd to hail the long-sought Shore;
Not ev'n *Penelope* could charm him more.
Nor could the fond *Electra*, when she saw
Orestes safe, more Satisfaction draw
From the dear Sight, than I of late receiv'd
In *Cynthia's* Arms, for which so long I griev'd.

What Night was ever equal to the last,
What Night was ever in such Raptures past,
When I lay melting in her lovely Arms,
Surveying, and possessing all her Charms!
Unmeasur'd stores of mighty Bliss I found,
Till with the Joys I lay incircled round
I lost each Sense, and in Delight was drown'd.

But

But Nature soon reviv'd me from the Trance,
 Whilst the fond Nymph, concern'd at the Mischance,
 Embrac'd me closer with the tend'rest Care,
 And, gently sighing, begg'd me to forbear.
 Gods! should another Night such Joys supply,
 Not *Jove* himself were more a God than I.

O *Love*, of all celestial Pow'rs the best,
 How is the Mortal, whom thou favour'st, blest!
 Pardon my stupid Folly, that before
 I never felt the Joys thou hast in store.
 Thou hast a Med'cine for each aking Heart,
 Whose Virtue gently glides thro' ev'ry Part.
 What tho' the Nymph rejects me with Disdain
 To-day, and makes me languish with Love's Pain,
 To-morrow proves her mine, and rids me of my Chain.
 No more she nods with an imperious Pride,
 No longer now Caprice and Scorn abide
 Within her Breast, but like a gentle Dove
 She coos and bills her Mate, and courts his Love.

Contend, ye Lovers, for the soft Delight,
 She who deny'd to-day, consents to-night.
 Others had labour'd long the Prize to gain;
 Early and late they su'd, but su'd in vain.
 Yet she, who ever was averse to yield,
 Last Night, my Friends, to me resign'd the Field.
 No *Parthian* Triumphs could the Victor please
 So well, as more than royal Trophies these.

164 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The Spoils of Love are more illustrious far
To me, than those of Kings to others are.
The noblest Gifts to *Venus* now are due,
With this Inscription for the World to view.
No less an Off'ring, Goddess, is thy Right,
For the vast Pleasures of a single Night.
Now, my Preserver, let my Vessel ride
Within your Port, secure from Wind and Tide.
But should you change thro' any turn of Fate,
Expect to find me breathless at your Gate.



Part of the 16th of the Third Book. To BACCHUS.

TO Thee, great Parent of the Vine, I come,
And at thy Altar seek a Lover's Doom.
Thou hast a Cure for ev'ry proud Disdain,
Thy Physick will assuage each smarting Pain.
Fond Lovers by thy Influence oft are join'd,
And urg'd by thee again their Freedom find.
Exert thy Pow'r, and my sick Soul set free
From haughty Love's tormenting Malady.
Thou know'st the Fevers of the Lover's State,
For *Ariadne* could such Flames create.
Death, or the Grape's rare Juice, can only cure
The constant, raging Pains, which I endure.
Each sober Night torments my anxious Breast,
And turns of Hope and Fear suspend my Rest.
But if through thee I may my Thoughts compose,
And by thy Aid my long-strain'd Eyelids close,

Then,

POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS. 165

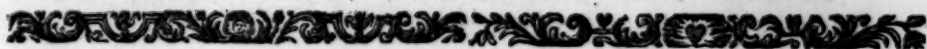
Then, grateful, will I stock my Grounds with Vines,
And watch the Growth of their well-order'd Lines,
Lest hungry Wolves, or other Beasts of Prey,
Shoul strip my Vineyard as they stroll that way.
Thus shall my spacious Vaults be stor'd with Wine,
And each new Day shall more confirm me thine.
Inspir'd by thee, I'll write thy lasting Praise,
And pass in Mirth the Remnant of my Days.



THE

Then, grateful, will I flock my Grounds with Vines,
 And watch the Growth of their well-order'd Lines,
 I'll hang my Vines, or other Beasts of Prey,
 Shou'd strip my Vineyard as they stroll that way.
 Thus shall my precious Vines be stor'd with Wine,
 And each new Day shall more continue mine.
 Inspird by thee, I'll write thy lasting Praise,
 And pass in Mirth the Remnant of my Days.

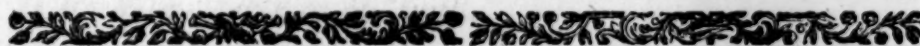




THE TWO FIRST
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

With an INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

*Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
With Sweetness not to be express'd in Prose.*
My Lord RosCOMMON.



THE TWO FIRST

THE TWO FIRST

O D E S

OF

H O R A C E

LIMITED

With an Introduction by a Friend

from the publisher, John
W. Parker, 10, St. James's
My London

THE TWO FIRST



A N

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

To T. W. Esq;

MY good old Friend, whom I salute
With due Regard, and Love to boot,
Who art, as all conceive, in pass
By dint of Wealth, or Worth, or Place,
To claim Admittance to the Great,
While others in their Lobbies wait :
Forbear to wonder if to Thee
Some Application comes from me,
Whose Purport is to make Request,
If fit for granting you know best,
That you'll present the Lines inclos'd,
Which One you'll guess at has compos'd,
To HIM, who under GEORGE the Just
Is First in Merit as in Trust.

Yet still take notice, my Commission
Is urg'd alone on this Condition,
That you perform it when you find
The Man of State to read inclin'd,

Z

Well-

*Well-faring, and return'd from Court
 To breathe, where none but Friends resort,
 At Richmond-Lodge, or Chelsey-Grot,
 Or Houghton-Hall's delightful Spot;
 Or when in Downing-Street, where Few
 Have Entrance free but such as You,
 Of Zeal and Worth approv'd, who more
 Affect his Person, than his Pow'r;
 In short, when He has Time to spare,
 And shews his wonted chearful Air.*

*Be strictly careful not to strain
 His Complaisance against the Grain:
 And further, you have leave to say
 The Ode, that for his Natal Day
 Was meant, should then have seen the Light,
 For 'tis the View of all who write,
 Had sudden Fate not interpos'd,
 And such a mournful Scene disclos'd,
 As plunges still your Friend in doubt
 If Time or Zeal will bear him out.
 Farewel, and now You have Your Cue
 Be cautious, and Your Task pursue.*





A N
O D E

In Imitation of the First of HORACE.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

WALPOLE, who com'ft of ancient Race,
And O my Safeguard, Joy, and Grace.
Some love amidst *Olympian* Dust

In whirling Cars to fix their Trust,
On rapid burning Wheels to roll
Intrepid round the *Conick* Goal ;
Or train betimes the mettled Steed,
Of high Descent, and thorough bred,
To stretch along *Newmarket* Course,
And scorn a less-extracted Horse ;
Yet mindful of the Spur or Rein,
When smoking o'er the Velvet Plain,
To slack at once, or mend his Pace,
As move his Rivals of the Race.

172 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Instructed thus, if at his Heels
He sees them press, new Life he feels,
And, fir'd with Emulation, flies
As Lightning swift, and wins the Prize,
While thousand ravish'd Tongues proclaim
With loud Huzzas the Conqu'ror's Name,
And He, who owns the Noble Beast,
Is greater than a King confest.

There are whom splendid Courts delight,
Where Pomp, and Rank, and Pow'r invite
Their pressing Steps, and Numbers sue
For Dignities obtain'd by Few;
Where Competitions and Disputes
Oft terminate in vain Pursuits,
And where at best a load of Cares
The most successful Suitor bears.

Retiring from a Scene of Strife
There are who choose a Rural Life,
And see their Barns with Grain abound,
While Flocks and Herds their Farms surround
Nor would forsake paternal Fields
For all the Wealth that *Afric* yields,
Too fearful or too wise for Gain
To rule the State or plough the Main.

In Camps what Crowds their Fortunes try,
Alike dispos'd to live or die,

Content, if they the War survive,
 On Glory and Half-pay to live;
 And as they dine, or sup, or walk,
 Of Battles past or Sieges talk,
 Of Feats they did on *Blenheim's* Plain,
 Where *Frenchmen* were by Thousands slain,
 And *Tallard*, by false Hopes betray'd,
 To *Marlbrough* was a Pris'ner made,
 Whose Fate touch'd haughty *Louis* more
 Than all his Thousands slain before.

Others for Trade the Ocean sweep,
 And mock the Perils of the Deep;
 But should some sudden Tempest rise,
 That lifts the Billows to the Skies,
 And Shrowds and Tackling piecemeal tears,
 While ev'ry Soul on Board despairs,
 Oppress'd with Terrors they bewail
 The hapless Hour they put to Sail,
 And swear, if once they grasp the Shore,
 They'll never trust the Waters more.
 Now wafted to the nearest Creek,
 A Settlement for Life they seek,
 Yet ere a Week's elaps'd they change
 Their fickle Minds, and prone to range,
 Renounce their Vows in Danger made,
 And valiant, now the Storm is laid,
 Their tatter'd Bark with speed repair,
 Untaught rude Poverty to bear:

Again

174 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Again thro' Seas, and Rocks, and Sands
They steer in quest of golden Lands.

Keen Hunters love the Fox to chase,
And to his lurking Cavern trace,
Then drive him from his last Refort,
And teaze and murder him for Sport;
Unheeding if their Necks they risk
As over Bars and Gates they frisk,
Unmindful if it rain or snow,
Or whistling Winds in Winter blow,
And, as in Woods or Wilds they roam,
Forget their tender Wives at home.

Unmanner'd some in Slander deal
Thro' mad Impulse of Party-Zeal,
Who publick Censure to escape
Usurp the Patriot's borrow'd Shape;
To Virtue's spotless Garb lay claim,
And wear it but to hide their Game,
Which tends to shew that Wrong is Right
And Sense and Worth consist in spite;
Who dare, by thirst of Vengeance led,
The Steps they once exploded tread,
And all their Darts at *Persons* shoot,
Provok'd that *Things* are found at Root;
Their Maxims, scarce to be conceiv'd,
And Tales, too gross to be believ'd,
Without or Art or Shame display,
In hopes the long-expected Day,

By

By Dreams foretold, will soon arrive
That shall to them *Dominion* give,
Unhinge our present happy Frame,
And stop the Current of thy Fame.

Me, train'd to foreign Toils and Cares,
And vers'd erewhile in State-Affairs,
Whom neither *Anne*, with Laurels crown'd,
Nor *George*, for peaceful Arts renown'd,
Unworthy of Regard survey'd,
Thro' long Neglect now useless made,
Euterpe with the Love of Rhyme
Inspires to fill the Gaps of Time.
Invok'd she deigns my Harp to string,
And tune my Voice thy Praise to sing,
As oft as wrangling Senates end,
And calmer Days her Task befriend;
As oft as *Ceres*, wont to roam,
In *Britain* keeps her Harvest-home,
As oft as *Bacchus*, God of Mirth,
In Vintage Seasons visits Earth,
As oft as never-fated *Thames*
The purple Wines of *Tagus* claims,
And *Rhætia's* sandy Vales produce
The spicy Grape's *Nectarean* Juice;
Or *Austria's* Court her Tribute sends
Of rich *Tokay* to *British* Friends,
Still mindful that in *Anna's* Reign,
The Rights of *Europe* to sustain,

Their

176 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Their Arms the tott'ring Empire fav'd,
When *Gaul* its Neighbours had inflav'd;
As oft as burning Fevers spread,
When *Syrius* darts his baleful Head,
'Till *Virgo* shoots a milder Ray,
And drives the snarling *Dog* away,
That Health and Peace may bless the Morn
Thy Birth was destin'd to adorn.

If, WALPOLE, Thou, the Muse's Friend,
By Chance or Grace my Verse commend,
And, what my Hopes may well surpass,
Insert me in the *Lyrick* Class;
Tho' now depress'd, my Head shall rise
Sublime, and reach the spangled Skies.





THE SECOND
O D E
T O
AUGUSTUS CÆSAR
IMITATED.



F Hail, and Snow, and stormy Rain,
Offended *Jove* enough has sent,
Whose red-hot Arm on Land and Main
Has Ships and Tow'rs to Shivers rent.

Amazement has the City seiz'd,
And all around pale Terror flies,
Left Floods by new Supplies increas'd
Once more should to a Deluge rise.

Like that in *Pyrrha's* noted Age,
When *Proteus* drove the scaly Race,
Dismay'd at angry *Neptune's* Rage,
To seek on Earth a safer Place.

A a

Where

178 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Where Fishes swarming to the Shore,
On Tops of lofty Elms were found,
The wonted Seats of Doves before ;
And Cattle swam on solid Ground.

With Torrents pouring down from Springs
Unknown, we saw the *Thames* invade
Our Temples, where the Tombs of Kings
Unspar'd were under Water laid.

Then, *Isis* roaring, we descry'd
Th' uxorious Stream with vengeful Ire,
Uniting Forces with his Bride,
Drown spacious Meads at her Desire.

The Rage of Those, who edg'd their Steel
Against Themselves, our Youth grown t
By others Faults, alas! shall feel,
And bear their guilty Fathers Sin.

Shall hear of Wars, that stain'd our Land,
Parental Wars, much better wag'd
Upon the next adjacent Strand,
Than madly thus at home engag'd.

So judg'd great *Edward's* valiant Son,
Who *Gaul's* fierce King at *Cressy* took ;
So *Henry* since, whose Vict'ry won
At *Agincourt* her Empire shook.

So *William*, who at fam'd *Senef*
Repuls'd the same aspiring Foes;
So *Marlb'rough* thought, Immortal Chief,
Whose Glory first from *Hochstet* rose.

What Hero now shall *Britain* call
To succour her distracted State?
When People do themselves inthral,
What Aid can they expect from Fate?

For Royal Blood, by Subjects shed,
What Invocations can atone?
What Law or Force, by Justice led,
Enough revenge th' invaded Throne?

What Hand is there so rash to try
From deep Remembrance to erase
A Crime of such a purple Dye,
Which Story will to Ages trace?

Flagitious Deed! abhorr'd by all
But Those who did the Sentence sign,
Yet Faults, that caus'd the Father's Fall,
Were they avoided by his Line?

Unhappy Sons! whose Fate was such,
The sad Example of their Sire
Avail'd too little or too much,
And made them flight or fan the Fire.

180 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

To clean th' *Augean* Stable who
But *Hercules* durst undertake?
The bold Designs Two Brothers drew
What Arm, but strong *Nassau's*, could brea

He came, he flew to our Relief,
Our Liberties and Altars sav'd,
When lawless Pow'r, the Nation's Grief,
Had almost Church and State enslav'd.

Nor stopt our great Deliv'rer there,
But, *Britain's* Welfare to insure,
Adopted *Brunswick* for his Heir,
That Law for ever might endure.

What boots it then for us to pray
To thund'ring *Jove*, or *Phœbus* bright,
Stern *Mars*, or *Erycina* gay,
Or *Mercury*, fly God of Wit?

GEORGE, greater than fictitious *Jove*,
Protects us in each lawful Claim;
Like *Phœbus* in his Subjects Love
He shines, and equals *Mars* in Fame:

Or *Pallas*, wise as well as brave,
Pacifick, tho' renown'd in Fight;
Whose sole Ambition is to save,
And Love of Arts her chief Delight.

But

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 181

But see where *Cynthia*, chaste, and fair,
With Hounds and Horns her Sports to grace,
Assuming bright *Amelia's* Air,
Conducts our Monarch to the Chace.

In *Amazonian* Habit drest,
Firm and majestick on her Steed
She sits, surpassing all the rest
In Shape and Beauty, as in Speed.

Next *Cumbria's* Duke in hunting Guise,
With Port erect, and manly Grace,
Impatience sparkling in his Eyes
Springs forward, emulous of Praise.

Not young *Apollo* was more bright,
Nor with such Eagerness pursu'd
The Nymph, who overmatch'd in Flight
At her own Suit was turn'd to Wood.

When now 'unharbour'd from the Shade,
Where late he dwelt in Peace profound,
The Stag betakes him to the Glade,
Alarm'd to hear the distant Sound.

A while he ponders how to shun
The Wiles of the sagacious Brood,
Then scuds to where deep Waters run,
And plunges in the rapid Flood.

The

182 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The Current past, again he darts
Unheeding where to fly from Death,
At every Bush affrighted starts,
And bounds and speeds till out of breath.

Then stops, and urg'd by his Distress
Against some Tree his Horns he whets,
And, tho' despairing of Success,
His clam'rous Foes undaunted meets.

On ev'ry side his Antlers gore
The rash but too persisting Race,
And scorning Mercy to implore,
Resolves at least to die with grace.

'Till GEORGE, in pity of his Woes,
Commands so brave a Life to spare;
A Proof, that where such Goodness grows
No single Virtue harbours there.

O long may'st Thou the Scepter sway,
Indulgent KING, and rule in Peace
O'er Subjects willing to obey,
And see contending Parties cease.

Ah, stop thy unavailing Grief
For HER, whose Loss will Tears repair?
Can Time afford Thee no Relief,
Nor Reason mod'rate thy Despair?

Her matchless Virtues none denies,
 Her lovely Form, capacious Mind,
 Another Such beneath the Skies
 No Glimpse of Hope is left to find.

But must we not to Fate submit?
 The H A N D, to Thee and us that gave
 This Blessing, when it judges fit
 Has Power to kill as well as save.

'Tis hard, but Patience makes more light
 Woes, which to murmur at is Sin,
 What Heav'n decrees is always right,
 How deep foe'er it wounds within.

Beside, upon Thy Precious Life
 The Safety of Thy Realm depends,
 Then cease this agonizing Strife,
 Which thy good Subjects Heart-strings rends.

Be still our Father and our Guide,
 And while Thou hold'st a steady Rein,
 No hostile Ships shall dare to ride
 Unpunish'd on the Western Main.

Or should the *Spaniard* or the *Gaul*
 On weak Pretexts their Treaties break,
 Thy faithful *Britons* at Thy Call
 Shall rouse, and ample Vengeance take.

Her matchless Virtues none denies,
Her lovely Form, capacious Mind,
Another such beneath the Scales
No Climate of Hope is left to find.

But must we not to Fate submit,
The HAND, to Thee and us that gave
This Blessing, when it judges fit
Has Power to kill as well as save.

'Tis hard, but Patience makes more light
Wear, which to maintain it is hard,
What Heaven's doctors is always right,
How deep loer it wounds within.

Bedd' upon Thy Precious Life
The Safety of Thy Realm depends,
Then cease this agonizing Strife,
Which thy good Subjects Heart-strings tend.

Be still our Father and our Guide,
And while Thou hold'st a ready Rein,
No hostile Ship shall dare to ride
Unpunish'd on the Western Main.

Or should the Spaniard or the Gaul
On weak Pretence their Treach'ry break,
Thy faithful Arm at Thy Call
Shall rouse, and ample Vengeance take.



ON THE LATE
Q U E E N's
SICKNESS and DEATH,
A N
O D E.

*Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

HOR.



B b

THE

BOOK OF THE LATE

U. E. N's
SICKNESS and DEATH.

O. D. E.

Hor.
Quitting carrying it right.

THE

B.



To his GRACE the
DUKE of NEWCASTLE,
One of His MAJESTY'S
Principal SECRETARIES of State, &c.

WHEN Princes die, of Worth avow'd,
Well may their Subjects Grief be loud;
More vast each Day the Loss appears,
And scarce abates with rolling Years,
For long the grateful Mind retains
The Mem'ry of auspicious Reigns.
Such seems the present sad Event,
Which we with Sighs and Tears lament;
For 'twill extend, if Verse presage,
Beyond the Limits of one Age.

If here the Muse conjectures well,
Who better than your Grace can tell?
For you, my Lord, approach'd Her Throne,
To you Her inmost Worth was known;
Since oft your Station made you wait
On Her, as Guardian of the State,

*When GEORGE, oblig'd to cross the Main,
 In Britain left his Queen to reign,
 Till back, at some determin'd Hour,
 Returning, He resum'd His Pow'r.
 The rare Endowments of Her Mind,
 To every useful Search inclin'd,
 An equal Temper, social Frame,
 For polish'd Arts a noble Flame;
 An ample Share of Learning's Store,
 And yet a fond Desire of more:
 A Love for Building, Gard'ning, grac'd
 With all the Ornaments of Taste;
 A boundless Charity confest
 For such as were by want distress'd,
 Munificence with Goodness shown
 To all, whose Skill in Arts was known:
 Uncommon Gifts, by few acquir'd,
 We saw in Her, and we admir'd.*

*Her outward Form appear'd so bright,
 It gave to ev'ry Eye Delight,
 But then each sparkling inward Grace
 Surpass'd the Beauties of her Face.
 A native Sweetness join'd to these,
 A gracious Aspect, form'd to please,
 A Judgment to discern the right,
 In complicated Points, at Sight,
 Unshaken Courage to pursue
 The Truth, when rising to Her View;*

*A firm Attachment to her Friends,
In spite of Faction's crooked Ends,
With Vigour to the last pursu'd,
Eliza's Reign in Hers renew'd.*

*The Lust of Pow'r, in Courts so rife,
Sole Motive of all Party-strife,
Tho' strong its Ferment, try'd in vain
The Worth she countenanc'd to stain.
To each domestick Duty true,
This best of Wives and Mothers too,
To join and mingle ever strove
Connubial with Parental Love.*

*Well may our Island then deplore
A Loss not Ages can restore,
Nor will, perhaps, your Grace decline
An Off'ring made to such a Shrine,
Where dwells a Saint, whose Influence still,
Presiding o'er the Post you fill
With equal Dignity and Fame,
Will bear aloft NEWCASTLE's Name,
Whose View in seeking just Applause,
Tends but to prop his Country's Cause.*



A firm attachment to her friends,
In spite of Faction's crooked ends,
With Vigor to the last pursued,
Elizabeth's Reign in History renewed.

The Lass of Poverty in Courts is wise,
Sole Mistress of all Party-fires,
The strong in Poverty, try'd in vain,
The World she conquers to obtain,
To each domestic Duty true,
This Lass of Poverty and Mother too,
To join and mingle ever lives
Conspicuous with Parental Lives.

We'll sing our Island then declare
A Lass not less can restore -
Nor with, perhaps, your Grace decline
An Offspring made to such a shrine,
Where dwells a Saint, whose Influence still
Presiding o'er the Poet you fill
With equal Dignity and Fame,
Will bear aloft Newcastles Name,
Whose Virtue in feeling just applause,
Tears out to prop his Country's Cause.





ON THE LATE
Q · U E E N's
SICKNESS and DEATH.

SAY, Muse, if Sighs will give thee leave,
For thou hast ample Cause to grieve,
Th' Alarm united Kingdoms took,
Th' Emotions which each Bosom shook,
The wild Distress, unceasing Moan,
The weeping Eye, heart-breaking Groan,
In ev'ry Corner heard and seen,
When late our darling CAROLINE
Britannia's, and her King's Delight,
The Joy of ev'ry Subject's Sight,
Oppress'd with mortal Sicknes lay:

What Pen th' Amazement can display,
Or Tongue describe the piercing Grief,
When Physick's Aid brought no Relief,
And GEORGE with all his blooming Race,
Tears trickling down each Royal Face,
Regardless of their Health and Rest,
Contended which should nurse her best,

Eager

192 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Eager with pious Zeal to save
The Wife, the Mother, from the Grave?

The Court no Bounds in Sorrow kept,
And ev'n obdurate Faction wept.
Ambition stopt her daring Course,
And sworn Resentment felt Remorse.
For tho' to publick Int'rest blind,
Relenting now they call'd to mind
Past Favours once so highly priz'd,
Which they thro' Wantonness despis'd.
Thus Discontent and Party-fray
To more prevailing Grief gave way.

Deep-piercing was the rude Alarm,
When she, who wont our Eyes to charm,
Our Ears with Musick to rejoice
Whene'er she deign'd to lift her Voice,
Who with a Smile each Heart could win,
Tho' Disappointment rag'd within,
Who with a Word could Passion chain,
And render all its Fury vain,
Withdrawn, and languishing in Bed,
Was more than once reported dead.
The News attended with less Woe
Had been of an invading Foe.

But if, while this Event we fear'd,
Some Glimpse of flatt'ring Hope appear'd,

How

How soon to Rapture turn'd Despair,
As when o'ercaft the dusky Air
At once grows brighter with a Ray
Shot from th' effulgent Source of Day!
New Life in ev'ry Face was feen,
And more erect each alter'd Mien.

But, ah! how false is *Siren-Joy*,
That flatters only to destroy,
And, as when Fevers intermit,
Holds but till next returning Fit.
Then Hope with all its chearful Train,
Like Tides at Ebb, flows back again.

Amidst these Doubts, while Hope and Fear
Alternate smil'd, or dropt a Tear,
By deep Reflection's Dictates sway'd,
'Twas thus a sad Spectator pray'd:
" O Thou, of Beings First and Best,
" Sole Master of our Lives confest,
" Who can'st, whene'er to Thee seems good,
" Prolong or stop the vital Flood,
" Whose Soul delights in Mercy more
" Than in despotick Acts of Pow'r,
" And didst, when bord'ring on the Tomb,
" Reverse good *Hezekiah's* Doom,
" To whose strong Arm we owe alone
" Past Miracles for *Britain* done,
" Preserve our QUEEN's important Breath,
" O save her from the Jaws of Death.

194 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" So shall thy Gospel-Worship stand
 " Secure, protected by her Hand.
 " So Liberty and Law shall smile,
 " And Trade and Arts enrich our Isle;
 " So Millions shall thy Work proclaim,
 " And all true Patriots bless thy Name."

But, ah! in vain we sigh and pray,
 Life's Sluices stopt must soon decay.
 By slow degrees the Fever burns,
 And often check'd, as oft returns.
 Till now the Gangrene, worst of Foes,
 Who like a Thief no Pity knows,
 Tho' potent Drugs, Incisions deep
 Forbid the lurking Bane to creep,
 Laughs at the vain Efforts of Art,
 And steals insidious to the Heart.
 Resign'd the Royal Patient lies,
 And Saint-like, as she liv'd, she dies.

Yet ere her native Skies the Queen
 Rejoin'd, how moving was the Scene!
 How tender was the last Adieu,
 When round her Bed a Glance she threw,
 And saw her Lord, the Kingdom's Chief,
 Dissolv'd in Tears, and dumb with Grief,
 Attended with his num'rous Line,
 In whom a thousand Graces shine,
 But then so chang'd with haggard Woe,
 Scarce could she her own Offspring know.

Like

Like *Niobe*, One Speechless flood,
 Infensible as Stone or Wood.
 Her Anguish took a Root so deep,
 She look'd amaz'd, but could not weep,
 As if Affliction's wonted Train
 Were inexpressive of her Pain.
 Another, seiz'd with mortal Fright,
 Sunk Lifeless at the killing Sight.
 The Rest, in various Shapes, impart
 The Symptoms of a wounded Heart.

" Alas, she said, what Tongue can tell
 " The Pangs that in my Bosom dwell.
 " This dreadful Scene of deep Distress,
 " Too vast for Language to express,
 " Corrodes and sinks my Spirits more
 " Than all the Pains I felt before.
 " 'Tis not for Loss of Life I grieve,
 " Long have I learnt the World to leave
 " Unmov'd, my plighted Lord alone,
 " And these dear Branches of his Throne,
 " While Nature lasts, my Soul possess,
 " Whom that indulgent Heav'n may bless
 " With Zeal I pray, then sighing deep,
 " Farewel, she cried, and fell asleep."

Well might of such a Loss the Dread
 Hang heavy on each Royal Head.
 Well might they sob, and faint, and weep,
 And in their Grief no Measure keep.

196 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And thou, *Britannia*, well may'st mourn,
 For never shall thy QUEEN return.
 Gone is the Grace and Guide of Life,
 The tend'rest Mother, faithful'st Wife,
 Religion's Nurse, the Court's Delight,
 The Patroness and Rule of Right,
 Of Sciences and Arts the Fence,
 She honour'd solid Worth and Sense.
 In Charity no Bounds she knew,
 Unknown the Giver prov'd 'twas true.
 The Helpless 'twas her daily Task
 To aid, and those ashamed to ask.
 But most she bent her Ears and Eyes
 On th' Orphans Wants and Widows Cries.
 Tho' born to be *Germania's* Pride,
 To *Britain* she was firmly tied,
 So fast, that offer'd Thrones before
 She slighted for the Crown she wore.
 Indulgent Mistress, Friend sincere,
 And tho' alert to see and hear,
 A winning Goodness she display'd
 To all, unknowing to upbraid.
 MARIA'S Charms in her were seen,
 Her Soul, as shining as her Mien,
 Appear'd in ev'ry outward Grace,
 And rais'd the Beauties of her Face.
 If once our Idol and our Joy,
 Death's Hand MARIA could destroy,
 To *Britain* how intense the Smart
 Must be to lose her Counterpart?

Hast

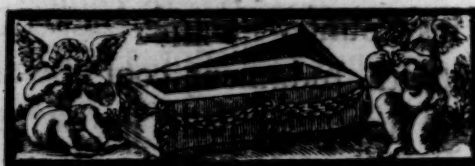
Hast thou not equal Cause to mourn
 O'er CAROLINA's sacred Urn,
 Thou self-tormented Isle, for she
 A Nursing-mother was to Thee?
 Say then, what monumental Praise,
 What Trophy dost thou mean to raise
 For her, who with a Parent's View
 Was once thy Queen and Guardian too?
 If Honour, Safety, Truth you prize,
 The following Scheme will best advise.

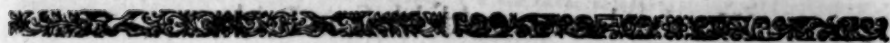
Henceforth let Party-Fury cease,
 The Worm that preys upon your Peace.
 Trust not a giddy, factious Fry,
 That dares both King and Laws defy,
 That prostitutes the Patriot's Name,
 To set your Houses in a Flame,
 And rather than not glut their Hate,
 Would risk the Welfare of the State.
 O think He most deserves Applause
 Who best asserts his Country's Cause.
 Mark and pursue with Judgment cool
 Your steady King's unbroken Rule,
 Who makes, without Demur or Pain,
 The Laws the Measure of his Reign.
 In such a Plan, with settled Mind
 Pursu'd, your Happiness you find.
 In acting thus you Quiet give
 To Him from whom you Peace receive,

And

198 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And to his Consort's Mem'ry show
 The just and grateful Sense you owe.
 What nobler Praise could Wit indite
 Than thus upon her Tomb to write,
 " The Tears for CAROLINA shed
 " Made Discord sink, and Union spread?"
 What Cordial could more quick Relief
 Exhibit to a Nation's Grief?
 What Balm more sov'reign could be found
 To heal your KING's still aking Wound?
 But should those Lines in your Esteem
 Too short or insufficient seem,
 To finish what was well design'd
 Let This to those above be join'd.
 " Here lies a QUEEN, whose spotless Fame
 " Shall last while Virtue has a Name."





T O

MY LADY WALPOLE,

Upon Her MARRIAGE.

WHILE pressing Throngs your lofty Rank invites
 To hail with pompous Strains your Nuptial Rites,
 The Muse less forward, as perhaps unknown,
 Suspends her Homage, till the Crowd is gone.
 Yet think not, Madam, tho' with tardy pace
 She come, as yielding to her Betters' Place,
 Her Zeal more cold, tho' moving in a Sphere
 Unequal, or her Wishes less sincere.
 Nor is't your high degree her Joy creates,
 Drawn by a nobler Motive 'tis she waits
 Her Office to perform, Your Worth confess
 And constant Friendship, that adorns your Breast,
 Weigh more with Her than Rank, or Pomp, or Name,
 And well may justify your Husband's Flame.
 How wisely in the Choice of such a Wife
 He seeks the future Comfort of his Life!
 For where such Virtues in a Confort meet,
 What State is than a Husband's more compleat?
 Yet happy as yours is, what Dame, like You,
 Possess'd of Him would not be happy too?

For

200 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

For Pow'r, and Wealth, and Greatness set aside,
 His private Worth alone would bless a Bride.
 Such genuine Gifts to wise Experience join'd,
 A native Sweetness, and a Strength of Mind,
 An Eloquence so nervous, and so clear,
 As strikes with Wonder ev'ry ravish'd Ear,
 Inforcing loud Applause, in Him are found,
 That Friends and Foes alike his Talents found.
 Let Fortune smile or frown, of Soul serene
 He neither swells with Pride or sinks with Spleen,
 But gay, as if no Toils the Statesman knew,
 He looks as ev'ry Thought were bent on You.
 Thus true Desert is Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 And what your Constancy deserves you share.
 Success still follows Those in ev'ry State,
 The prudent Few, who can with Patience wait.
 If Proofs of this Assertion don't abound,
 'Tis that a Worth like yours is rarely found.

Hail, happy Pair, in sacred Wedlock join'd,
 Where Truth and Friendship are with Love combin'd!
 Long may the Taper, which in *Hymen's* Name
 Is lighted up, retain its double Flame!
 May *Time*, tho' unperceiv'd that never stays,
 Pass slowly on to lengthen out your Days,
 Till Both from transient Joys on Earth remove
 To reap the lasting Bliss prepar'd above
 For those, whose Lives were crown'd with faithful Love.

March 21, 1738.

To



To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.

 NCE more on golden Wings display'd
The Sun his annual Round has made,
Since last the Muse in tuneful Verse,
Thy Praise unwearied to rehearse,
Hail'd with her wonted Zeal the Morn,
Thy Birth, O WALPOLE, did adorn.

Four Lusters now are past, since Thou
With steady Hand and chearful Brow,
The Helm directing, hast maintain'd
Thy Seat uncheck'd and unarraign'd,
In safety brought our Ship to Port,
Of Waves and Tempests long the Sport.
These Envy rais'd in league with Spite,
Who vex'd to see the Bark go right,
Hir'd blust'ring Winds without Remorse
To sink her, or obstruct her Course.
But Thou, like *Neptune*, when he rose
Above the Flood to curb his Foes,
No sooner dost thy Visage show,
But Storms and Billows silent grow.
Proud Envy with her Mate withdraws,
Unable to support their Cause.

D d

Thus

202 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Thus Faction quell'd at home, who'll dare
Provoke us to a foreign War?
While Thou our Pilot art, shall *Spain*
Insult the Rulers of the Main?

But, ah, how dark are Heav'n's Decrees,
And oft how fatal to our Peace!
To Courage and Address, like thine,
What wonder, if thy Foes resign;
But who has Force or Skill to fence
Against the strokes of Providence?

When Royal CAROLINE, of late
The Pride and Guardian of our State,
Was snatch'd from Earth, what Tongue can tell
The Pangs that did thy Bosom swell?
How was thy steady Soul alarm'd,
And all its Faculties disarm'd,
As if a Loss whole Nations griev'd
Were too immense to be retriev'd?
Yet Patience, soft'ning ev'ry Woe,
And Time, that damps the rudest Blow,
Made lighter what we felt within,
Which to correct had impious been.
But scarce recover'd from this Weight,
Which, like an Earthquake, shook the State,
Thou felt'st, alas, a private Wound,
Whose Depth to probe was harder found,
A Stroke to justify Despair,
Which scarce Philosophy could bear.

What

What Anguish press'd upon thy Soul,
Too strong for Wisdom to control,
When thy belov'd and loving Wife,
Thy sweet Companion made for Life,
Whom Thou with Thought mature hadst chose
To give thy toiling Mind Repose,
Was early torn in Nature's Bloom
From all thy flatt'ring Hopes to come?

Say, Statesman, I to Thee appeal,
Did ever factious, Patriot-Zeal,
Push'd in a Midnight, fierce Debate
By Party-Rage, or Rival-Hate,
When Things embroil'd went most amiss,
Create in Thee a Pang, like This?
Did that sad Chance, so unforeseen,
Which robb'd us of a matchless Queen,
Thy Benefactress, touch thee so,
Tho' Kingdoms trembled at the Blow?
There gushing Tears procur'd Relief,
And made at least a Truce with Grief;
But This, too mighty for control,
Has cleft thy Heart, and split thy Soul.
Here Sorrow found no healing Balm,
And was too fierce for Tears to calm.
Thus one dear Friend has sunk thee more
Than Hosts of Foes e'er did before.

Well may'st thou mourn a Friend so true,
Whose Equal thou shalt never view,

204 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Of Aspect sweet, judicious, just,
 At once exciting Love and Trust,
 So wise, that, tho' by Nature gay,
 She spoke but what she meant to say.
 Courteous to all, yet well she knew
 To sep'rate the deserving Few,
 Officious, friendly to the Best,
 And Patroness of Worth profess.
 Tho' skill'd in Arts, she was so meek,
 Her darling Study was to seek
 Some Anodyne to lull thy Cares
 That breed or creep in State-affairs,
 As if in Life she knew no Ease
 But when she saw thy Mind at peace.
 Heroick was her last Adieu,
 If what Report asserts be true.
 At Death's Approach she rais'd her Head,
 And struggling to embrace thee said,
 " One Grace, ere I'm for ever mute,
 " I have to ask, no mighty Suit,
 " And yet to me a precious Boon,
 " Which is, that you'd forget me soon.
 Thus to the last thy Quiet hung
 With tend'rest Accent on her Tongue.
 Hear This, ye Wives, and blushing own
 This Dame has all your Class outdone.
 Who doubts what is by all confess
 That She in Love surpass'd the Best?
 What wonder then if thou bewail
 A Loss no Gain can countervail?

But,

But, Sir, as there's a Time for Grief,
 So one there is to seek Relief.
 Tho' just and decent be your Pain,
 Your Sighs, and Complaints, alas, are vain.
 For Death, with Sorrow unappeas'd,
 Holds fast the Prey she once has seiz'd.
 Remember that the King and State
 Your wise successful Counsels wait,
 That our too long insulted Trade
 The Realm's Support, demands your Aid,
 That all the Deep to Him alone
 Belongs who fills the *British* Throne.
 Consider too what Bands devour
 Their Country's Peace to shake your Pow'r,
 Its Blessings stubborn to reject,
 Unless they could the Helm direct,
 Contending still with artful guile
 To govern or distract our Isle.

Their Projects to defeat O haste,
 Nor let your Grief your Courage waste,
 But shew the motley mouthing Train
 What 'tis to rouse you from your Pain.
 While I a gentler Strain display
 More suited to your Natal Day,
 In which each *Briton* has a part
 Whose Breast contains a *British* Heart:
 A Day, for whose Return as long
 As Worth, like yours, shall grace my Song,

As

206 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

As long as Life continues mine,
My Wish shall with my Soul combine,
As long as Truth inspires your Breast,
And when you late withdraw to Rest,
May some true Patriot fill your Place,
If any can, with equal Grace,
To Mildness and Forbearance prone,
With courteous Manners, like your own,
In Senates whose enchanting Tongue
With Eloquence, like yours, is hung,
And who in Arts of State refin'd
Is blest with such an easy Mind.

August 26, 1738.



To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

On his BIRTH-DAY, August 26, 1739.

A GAIN returns the Day, more dazzling-bright
Than those elaps'd, whose clear but milder Light
Had thro' successive Reigns its Beams display'd
With scarce an intervening Mist or Shade.
The Day, which all impartial Britons own
Gave Birth to Him, whose Wisdom props the Throne,
And

And guards the State, when faithless Nations dare
Elude their Treaties and provoke a War.
All Arts, that tend to Peace, essay'd in vain,
He counsels Force, already on the Main
Our Ships, with Vengeance fraught, their Flags display,
And o'er th' *Atlantic* Ocean wing their Way.
So Wisdom's Goddess, brave as well as wise,
When in the Giants' War to give Advice
By all th' assembled Host of Gods requir'd,
Union and Courage in their Breasts inspir'd.
Jove thund'ring from on high the Foes dismay'd,
In vain against his Bolts they call'd for Aid,
Down from their tow'ring Heights at once they fell
Unpitied to the Gulph where Horrors dwell.

This ancient Tale alludes, if Verse presage,
To what shall happen in the present Age.
Thou *Pallas* art to us, as *GEORGE* is *Jove*,
Who asks what Race the modern *Titans* prove?
While to our *British* Monarch Fate decrees
An undisputed Empire o'er the Seas,
Shall pilf'ring Rovers, starting from their Coast,
Molest our Trade, and make our Spoils their Boast?
This Grievance thou hast labour'd to prevent,
And tho' pacifick be thy native Bent,
When Wrongs are done, the Time none better knows
Than Thou to arm, and to chastise our Foes.

Long may thy steady Hand the Helm of State
Direct, and Fortune on thy Labours wait!

May

208 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

May *Britain's* Honour by thy Counsels grow,
 And *Spain* to her superior Genius bow!
 May'st thou with Glory fix thy Country's Peace,
 And live to see her boiling Humours cease!
 May, when Fate calls, and who can Fate withstand?
 Some truth-esteeming, and impartial Hand
 Ingrave these Words upon thy marble Stone,
 " Here WALPOLE lies, whom Ages shall bemoan,
 " Who, when the most licentious Rage and Spite
 " Did all the self-call'd Patriot-bands unite
 " His honest Views with Clamour to oppose,
 " Beheld with Pity his misguided Foes,
 " And bent ev'n them against themselves to save
 " He bore his well-earn'd Honours to his Grave.
 " From whence the Reader may this Inf'rence bring,
 " *None better serv'd his COUNTRY and his KING.*



To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

HAIL, WALPOLE, whom thy stubborn Foes
 With unavailing Rage oppose,
 While steady GEORGE, who knows thy Zeal
 Unweary'd for the Publick Weal,
 With Indignation sees the Spite
 Thy Talents in their Breasts excite.

Full

Full twenty Years his Sire and He
Have with unshaken Constancy
Thy Counsels us'd, and found them true
Without the least sinister View.
What Proof more shining can be brought
That thou with solid Worth art fraught?

On such Conviction can the Muse
As oft as it returns refuse
To mark the Day that gave thee Birth
To grace and guard thy native Earth,
From which, if Faction were not blind,
Ev'n Faction's Self might Safety find?

Still may thy Wisdom and thy Pow'r
Protect us to thy latest Hour!
May yet unnumber'd Days, like this,
Roll on to lengthen out our Bliss,
Make Foes abroad thy Genius dread,
And those at home, by Fraud misled,
Confess their never-ceasing Pain
Like that of *Sisyphus* is vain,
Who when he thought his Labour done
With Anguish found 'twas scarce begun.
For tho' the Stone by dint of Strength
Up to the Mountain's Top at length
He dragg'd, compell'd by stronger Fate
Down roll'd again th' enormous Weight.
Such still may their Confusion be
Who rashly dare contend with Thee!

August 26, 1740.

E e

To

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

HERE ANNE's Demise, when *Harley* rul'd the rost,
And *Britain's* Glory was at *Utrecht* lost,
A Bard, that had less Shame than Wit, arose,
Who vended many a Tale in Verse and Prose
His Patron's branded Conduct to excuse,
And rich Preferment crown'd his venal Muse.
Thus, tho' the Writer, by vile Int'rest sway'd,
Mock'd Truth and Virtue, he was amply paid.

When GEORGE succeeded to the vacant Throne,
And founder Maxims in his Councils thone,
A juster Muse with Heart as well as Tongue
The wise Director of new Measures sung.
Yet who suspects the latter still remains
Unthank'd, and has her Labour for her pains?
To solve this Riddle, *Harley* purchas'd Praise,
But *Walpole* wants no Muse his Fame to raise.

Witness a late Event, when Faction bred
From Disappointment, and by Vengeance led,
Strove to remove the Statesman from his Trust,
Tho' to his King and Country strictly just;
Th' Attack, their last Effort, by num'rous Bands
Pursu'd with Vigour, undismay'd he stands.

Of

Of guilt unconscious he their Spite defies,
And void of Proof th' unrighteous Motion dies.

The Man, whose Probity has stood the Test
Of Rage and Envy, is at once confest
Unblemish'd, and superior to his Foes,
From whose sole Thirst for Pow'r the Contest rose.
Charg'd with imagin'd Stains, like golden Ore
Try'd in the Furnace, he but shines the more,
While his Accusers, must'ring all their Fire,
Like Meteors make a Flash, and then expire.

O Thou, whose Skill attended with Success
Has long evinc'd that thou wert born to bless
Thy native Isle on this auspicious Day,
Whose Beams to After-ages shall display
Thy Wisdom, Candour, and true Patriot-flame,
Which more than Titles dignify thy Name,
Guide still the Helm, whate'er the Muse betide,
The State secure, the rest let Fate decide.

Whether as heretofore by ANNE's Command,
Or that of the first GEORGE, some foreign Land
With royal Missives grac'd it be her Doom
Again to tread, and her old Task resume:
Or if the Rulers of her Steps ordain
That still unactive she at home remain,
Say, *Walpole*, is there no Distinction due
For ancient Services, and Suff'rings too?

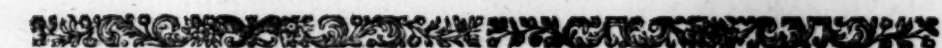
212 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

Small Profit would an Envoy have to boast,
 If without Censure from his publick Post
 Recall'd, instead of Praise, his Toil's Reward,
 He should, hard Lot! be left without Regard:
 If he, who once to Figure was allow'd
 In foreign Courts, be forc'd amid the Crowd
 To walk on his Return, what Plan or View
 Train'd up abroad could he at home pursue?

Not thus unthankful, O mistake her not,
 The Muse repines or murmurs at her Lot.
 Grateful she owns, were her Provision less,
 She ought the Hand, from whence it springs, to bless.
 Yet further, to thy friendly Aid she knows
 Is chiefly owing what the King bestows.
 But still she hopes, her Case maturely weigh'd,
 It may deserve to be more easy made.

August 26, 1741.

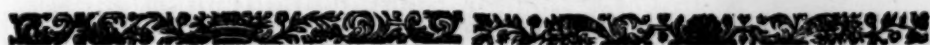




THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
SON of *ULYSSES.*

THE FIRST BOOK.

Translated from the ORIGINAL *French* Prose into
English Verse.



A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva, under the Figure of Mentor, after a Shipwreck lands in the Isle of the Goddess Calypso, where Ulysses, whom he was seeking after, had made his abode for some time. The Goddess receives him favourably, falls in Love with him, offers him Immortality, and asks an Account of his Adventures. He recites to her his Voyage to Pylos and Sparta, his being driven by Storm upon the Coast of Sicily, the Peril he was in there of being sacrificed to the Manes of Anchises, the Succour he and Mentor gave to Acestes in an Incur-sion of the Barbarians, and that King's Acknowledgment of the Service in giving them a Tyrian Vessel to return into their Country.

T H E



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK I.

ULYSSES gone, tho' fruitless 'twas to grieve,
No Comfort could *Calypso's* Mind receive.
Her State immortal in her Pangs she found,
Instead of easing, but inflam'd her Wound.
Her Grot resounded with her Songs no more,
The Nymphs, who serv'd her, speechless at her Door.
With sympathetick Woe, like Statues stood,
And seem'd inanimate as stone or Wood.
Oft would she tread the flow'ry Turf alone,
And sighing to herself her Loss bemoan.
Th' eternal Spring, that did her Isle surround,
Where Nature was in all her Beauty found,

Tho'

Tho' form'd to sooth Affliction's wonted Train,
 The blooming Scene but added to her Pain,
 When she reflected that her princely Guest,
 Who had so oft with her those Meadows prest,
 Late of her Joy, now Subject of her Moan,
 The sweet Companion of her Walks was gone.
 Oft would she sit deep-fighing on the Shore,
 And oft with trickling Tears the Main explore,
 That Quarter chiefly, where the Ship that stole
 The dear, incessant Object of her Soul,
 Swift-scudding o'er the Waves, to Sight was lost;
 Sudden she saw, tho' distant from the Coast,
 The Remnants of a Wreck, and soon she trac'd
 Seats, Planks, and Oars, a Rudder, and a Mast,
 With scatter'd Ropes, some lodg'd upon the Strand,
 And some afloat, but driving to the Land.
 Then, seiz'd with Wonder, she Two Persons spy'd
 Just rising from the Sea's impetuous Tide,
 Of whom one seem'd with riper Manhood fraught,
 The other quite a Youth, but in her Thought
 Of her *Ulysses* the Resemblance bore,
 Such was his Mien, and such the Grace he wore.
 Attentive, as the Strangers nearer drew,
Telemachus at sight the Goddess knew,
 That Hero's Son, but tho' things unreveal'd
 To Men are seldom to the Gods conceal'd,
 With all her Skill divine she could not trace
 The awful Partner of the Youth's Disgrace.
 This comes from hence, superior Gods with ease
 Hide from the lower Class whate'er they please,

And

And *Pallas*, who in *Mentor*'s Figure deign'd
To guide the young *Telemachus*, retain'd
The Pow'r she had inherent, and her own,
Nor would she to *Calypso*'s Eyes be known.
The Last however felt within her Mind
Her Pains diminish, and was pleas'd to find
Thrown on her Isle, tho' by a Chance so dire,
Ulysses' Son, the Picture of his Sire.

Advancing forward with contracted Brow,
And feigning neither of the Two to know,
Thus to the Youth she said, "What rash Mistake
" Has made you without Leave your Ship forsake
" To land upon my Coast? Young Stranger, learn
" The Danger you thro' Blindness don't discern.
" Unpunish'd none presumes to tread or breathe
" Within this Isle, the bare Attempt is Death."
In threat'ning Words like these *Calypso* try'd
The Joy that sparkled in her Eyes to hide.

" O Nymph, whoe'er thou art, of mortal Line,
" *Telemachus* reply'd, or Race Divine,
" (Tho' to behold your Face and Air the Doubt
" Soon lessens, and the Goddess shines throughout)
" Canst thou thy Pity to a Son deny,
" Who long the Sport of an inclement Sky
" Has by tumultuous Winds and Waves been tost,
" Without Remorse, to seek a Father lost,
" And whose frail Vessel, bulging on your Shore,
" Drives us at last your Mercy to implore?

F f

" What

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" What Father is't you seek?" said then the Dame:
 The Youth reply'd, "*Ulysses* is his Name,
 " Of *Ithaca's* fair Isle the Shield and Joy,
 " Of Monarchs not the last who ruin'd *Troy*,
 " The City so renown'd, whose Walls sustain'd
 " A ten Years Siege, where hapless *Priam* reign'd.
 " Thro' *Greece*, and *Asia* round, his Deeds are known,
 " No Prince more gracious ever fill'd a Throne.
 " Fam'd for his Valour, and for Wisdom more,
 " His Name has reach'd the World's remotest Shore.
 " Now wand'ring o'er the Seas, immensely wide,
 " He sails thro' Rocks, and stems the foaming Tide,
 " To seek his long-left Isle, which seems to shun
 " His fond Approach, and from his Arms to run.
 " *Penelope*, his chaste, lamenting Wife,
 " And I, the Joy and Comfort of his Life,
 " Have lost all hopes his Person to review,
 " Whom still th' inexorable Fates pursue.
 " With equal Danger, and with fruitless Pain,
 " To seek my Sire I ramble o'er the Main:
 " But wherefore said I *Seek*? perhaps this Hour
 " The Monsters of the Deep his Limbs devour.
 " Have pity on our Woes, and if you know,
 " O Nymph divine, what Lot is fall'n below
 " To poor *Ulysses*, oh vouchsafe to give
 " His dying Son some News to make him live.

Touch'd with Compassion, and amaz'd to find
 In so unripe an Age such strength of Mind,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with Wisdom, Eloquence, and Truth,
Calypso fix'd her Eyes upon the Youth,
 Nor could enough his lovely Form admire,
 Th' exact Resemblance of his Godlike Sire.
 Silent a while she stood, with Wonder struck,
 Then by degrees recov'ring thus she spoke:
 " Your Father's strange Adventures, and past Woes,
 " A fitter time shall to your Ears disclose.
 " The moving Story's now too long to tell;
 " Mean while, *Telemachus*, you here may dwell
 " Secure, and banish from your anxious Breast
 " The sad Forebodings that disturb your Rest.
 " Come to my Mansion, as my Son remain,
 " There you may lead a Life exempt from Pain.
 " My Comfort thou within this lonely Isle
 " Shalt prove, and I thy Sorrows to beguile
 " Will exercise a tender Mother's Care,
 " And Bliss unmix'd with Woes shall be thy Share,
 " If well thou know'st to use my proffer'd Grace."

The Youth, with Transport flushing in his Face,
 Follow'd his Guide divine, amidst a Train
 Of stately Nymphs, that tripp'd along the Plain,
 Above whose lofty Heads the Goddess rose,
 As a tall Oak that in the Forest grows,
 Its Boughs high-shooting from a Trunk profound,
 O'ertops the Trees with which 'tis compass'd round.
 Her dazzling Form *Telemachus* admires,
 Which darted, like the Sun, ten thousand Fires,

Her long, wide-floating Gown of *Tyrian* dye,
 Which match'd the richest Azure of the Sky;
 In easy Ringlets, waving with the Wind,
 Her Tresses negligently ty'd behind,
 But with a Grace; her Eyes so piercing bright,
 As wounded with a Glance the strongest Sight,
 Yet, mix'd with Sweetness, soon the Breach repair'd:
 Thus at her Aspect with the Youth it far'd.
 In modest Silence, but with downcast Look
 Grave *Mentor* in the Rear his Station took.

Now at the Grot arriv'd *Calypso* led
 The Strangers in, and courteous thus she said:
 " Here take your needful Rest, your Clothes are wet,
 " 'Tis time to shift them, deign without Regret
 " To make this Cell your Home, and when Repose
 " Has soften'd with its Balm your racking Woes,
 " We'll meet again, our Stories to relate,
 " And see whose Bark is most oppress'd by Fate.
 She then withdrew; *Telemachus*, who gaz'd,
 And star'd around him, look'd like one amaz'd.
 Arm-loads of Cedar-wood soon air'd the Rooms,
 And fill'd the spacious Grot with rich Perfumes.
 Fresh Habits, from *Calypso's* Wardrobe brought,
 One plain, embroider'd one, and nicely wrought,
 Appear'd to view, with Linen soft as Flax
 From which 'twas spun, and white as Virgin-wax.
 What else was wanted they descry'd at hand,
 So strictly was obey'd the Queen's Command.

The Youth observing that a shining Vest
 Of Silver Tissue, folded on a Chest,
 Was destin'd for his Use, to which was join'd
 A Robe of Purple, with a Train behind
 In Length immense, and such as Princes wear
 When crown'd with Gold to Senates they repair
 New Laws to pass, th' imperfect old to mend,
 Or private Suits with Bounty to befriend.
 To try the splendid Toys he took Delight,
 And shew'd uncommon Gladness at the Sight.

Mentor, who ey'd the Scene, with Tone severe
 Thus dash'd his Transport in its full Career.
 " Are these the Thoughts that should employ the Son
 " Of wise *Ulysses*, now to Manhood grown?
 " Think rather to sustain and to admire
 " The matchless Glory of your godlike Sire,
 " To spurn such Baubles, and with noble Strife
 " To vanquish Fortune that pursues your Life.
 " Youths, that like Women, take a secret Pride
 " To deck their Limbs, and swim in Pleasure's Tide,
 " No Friends to Wisdom, and to Glory less,
 " Unworthy prove those Honours to possess.
 " True Glory follows those who dare refrain
 " From soft Delights, and rugged Toils sustain.

Sighing, to this *Telemachus* reply'd,
 " Now all the Gods forbid, and you, my Guide,
 " Or rather let Destruction be my Doom,
 " Ere I to worthless Toys a Prey become!

" No,

222 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" No, *Mentor*, no, *Ulysses'* Son disdains
 " To bear the Marks of such ignoble Chains.
 " But what propitious Influence of Fate
 " Has made us find in our abandon'd State
 " This Goddess, or this Mortal, bent to save
 " Two hapless Wretches sinking to the Grave,
 " Nor that alone, but in their sore Distress
 " With such amazing Acts of Bounty bless?
 " Fear rather, *Mentor* to his Pupil said,
 " Storms, tho' unseen, impending o'er your Head.
 " Fear her deceitful Smiles, and artful Wit,
 " More than the Rocks on which your Vessel split.
 " Shipwrecks, and Death itself, less fatal prove
 " Than Pleasures that attend unlawful Love.
 " Take heed lest you believe what she'll recount,
 " Youth thro' Presumption will all Bars surmount,
 " Is ever self-sufficient, and tho' frail,
 " Deems what it once attempts can never fail,
 " Subsists on flatt'ring Hope, has nought to dread,
 " Without Precaution trusts, by Passion led.
 " Of fly *Calypso's* wheedling Arts beware,
 " Her Eyes are Witchcraft, and her Words a Snare,
 " Whose Poison, like a Snake that under Flow'rs
 " Conceals its Head, your Life unseen devours.
 " In guard against yourself my Counsels wait,
 " Nor let rash Deeds anticipate your Fate.

Refresh'd with Sleep, and in dry Clothes array'd,
 The Grot with all its Bounds the Guests survey'd.

Tele-

Telemachus was here surpris'd to see
 Under a rustick Form, from Splendor free,
 All that could please the Taste, or charm the Eye,
 Convenience, Order, Space, and Dignity.
 'Tis true, nor Gold nor Silver there was found,
 No Floors *Mosaic* deck'd the naked Ground,
 No Jasper Columns, nor no Tapestry wove
 In *Persian* Looms adorn'd the plain Alcove,
 No marble Statues in high Nooks were plac'd,
 Nor costly Pictures these Apartments grac'd.
 But 'twas throughout of Shells and Stones a Glut
 In various Shapes that in the Rock were cut,
 And vaulted all around, the Walls were spread
 With supple Vines, that branching over head,
 And then descending low, and stretching wide,
 Diffus'd an equal Shade on ev'ry side.
 Refreshing Zephyrs serv'd, like cooling Streams,
 To fence the Grot from *Sol's* too ardent Beams.
 Sweet, bubbling Springs, flow-flowing thro' the Meads
 Thick-sown with Velvet *Amaranthus* Seeds,
 And purple Violets, form'd from Space to Space
 Pure, whollom Baths, as clear as Cryстал-Glass.
 A thousand new-born Flow'rs, whose lovely Hue
 And fragrant Scent at once delight the View
 And gratify the Smell, enamell'd round
 The verdant Plots, with which the Grot was bound.
 There of those tufted Trees a Wood was seen,
 Whose Fruit like Gold, and Foliage ever green,
 With Blossoms intermix'd, as Lilies white,
 On the same Boughs their diff'rent Charms unite.

Whose

224 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Whose Flow'rs, tho' tranſient, vaniſh but to riſe
In quick Succeſſion, while their Odour flies
Diffuſive far and near, and ſheds Perfumes
Inchanting to the Senſe thro' all the Rooms.
This Thicket ſeem'd thoſe lovely Fields to crown,
And form'd at Noon of Day a Dusk ſo brown,
That *Phœbus* could not pierce the gloomy Shade,
Which ſhew'd this Grove was for Retirement made,
There nought was to be heard but Birds that ſung
Melodious Notes, which thro' the Woodland rung,
Or ſome remote Cascade, that from the height
Of diſtant Rocks precipitates its Flight
With guſhing Spouts along the flow'ry Meads,
And as it flies the Soil with Moiſture feeds.

The Grot was on a Hill's declining Side,
From whence the Ocean was at full deſcry'd,
Now clear and ſmooth as Glaſs, tumultuous now,
And raſhly ſtriving with an angry Brow
To pierce the ſolid Rocks, which with Diſdain
Repel the Mountain-Waves, that roar in vain.
A winding River form'd another View,
Where Iſles that ſeem'd to float in Cluſters grew,
Edg'd round with fragrant Limes, and Poplars high,
Whoſe Heads appear'd up-ſtretching to the Sky.
The diſſ'rent Channels, which theſe Iſlands made,
In ſporting-wiſe along the Meadows play'd.
Theſe with a rapid courſe their Billows roll'd
Like Cryſtal clear, and Thoſe as if controll'd

By

By some unseen Restraints so softly stream'd,
That like a standing Pool their Waters seem'd,
While others, that in distant Windings stray'd,
Turn'd back, and whence they rose the Source betray'd,
As if by Nature push'd they could not long
Desert th'enchancing Shores from whence they sprung.
Hills rang'd on Hills, that match'd the Clouds in height,
Whose Summits with eternal Snow were white,
At distance spy'd diversify'd the View,
And made th' Horizon gay as well as new.
A brighter Scene, of more extensive kind,
The most unbounded Fancy could not find.

The neighb'ring Mountains were with Branches strung
Of spreading Vines, whose Fruit in Chaplets hung.
The Grapes in Clusters, that like Purple shin'd,
Disdaining their broad Leaves to sculk behind,
Stretch'd out to such a Size, the Parent-Tree
Was crush'd, o'erburden'd with its Progeny.
Olives, Pomegranates of a golden hue,
Almonds in bloom, delightful to the View,
Plumbs, Pears, delicious, rich, whose Juice divine
Approaches *Nectar*, Apples from the Pine
That match *Ambrosian* Food, fair *Nonpareilles* :
Whose Taste beyond the *Rennet* Race prevails,
The Musk-sweet Melon, and the melting Peach,
High-flavour'd Golden Pippins within reach
Depending on dwarf Trees, blue Figs that vie
With luscious *Manna* dropping from the Sky,

226 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Spontaneous grew on this enchanting Soil,
Exclusive of the Gard'ner's Care and Toil.
Plants of each kind sprung up without control,
And form'd a second *Eden* of the whole.

The native Beauties of the Isle survey'd,
Telemachus, who had with *Mentor* stray'd,
Back to the Grot return'd, for now the Queen
Was drest, and in her Closet to be seen.
Both enter'd, by the Nymphs in waiting led,
Calypso smiling to the Strangers said,
" What think you of this lonesom Isle? the Place
" Is rural, but not destitute of Grace.
" Retirement is my Choice, here Peace and Joy
" Unmix'd with Anguish all my Hours employ.
Charm'd with her Words and Voice, where Wisdom hung
In seeming guise, as Musick on her Tongue,
With Rev'rence bending low, the Youth reply'd,
" A Place, like This, where Angels might abide
" Without Regret, is so surpassing fair,
" That nought remains to wish when You are there.
A Strain so courtly, spoke with modest Grace,
Produc'd a Blush, that mantled on her Face,
Which, tho' it rais'd her Charms, she strove to hide
By turning bashfully her Head aside.
" I'm glad, she said, the Place and Mistress please,
" Here then forget your Cares, and live at ease.
" Scarce yet recover'd from your Toils at Sea,
" Sustain'd by angry *Neptune's* harsh Decree,

" Well

“ Well may you wish your weary’d Limbs to rest,
 “ And gain a Truce from Thoughts that rack your Breast.
 “ Refreshments wait without, ’tis time to give
 “ An Hour to Joy, *Calypso* bids you live.
 Then smiling she withdrew, the Prince amaz’d
 To hear such gracious Words, on *Mentor* gaz’d,
 Who silent and unmov’d no Sign exprest
 Of what *Telemachus*’s Eyes confest.

Mean time the Nymphs, in Snow-white Vests array’d,
 And whose curl’d Tresses on their Shoulders play’d,
 Had for their Guests prepar’d a plain Repast,
 Simple in Shew, but exquisite of Taste,
 And serv’d with Elegance, there no *Ragouts*
 With poinant Sauce, invented to abuse
 And charge the Stomach, on the Board were set;
 Birds caught with Lime, or lur’d within the Net,
 Or white-flesh’d Coneys from their Burrows stray’d,
 And kill’d for Sport, the whole Collation made.
 From massy silver Jars, immensely great,
 True, genuine Wine, and more than *Nectar* sweet,
 Was pour’d, when wanted, into Cups of Gold,
 Deck’d round with Flow’rs in twisted Chaplets roll’d.
 The choicest Fruits, which budding in the Spring,
 The Heats of Summer to Perfection bring,
 And plenteous Autumn strows upon the Ground,
 In wicker Baskets brought, the Banquet crown’d.
 Four beauteous Nymphs, the youngest of the Train,
 Began in vocal Quire their Throats to strain.

228 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And first the Combat of the Gods they sung
 Against the Giant-Race, who headlong flung
 Down to the Center of the Earth, were chain'd
 To Rocks of Adamant, where *Pluto* reign'd.
 Then changing Notes, as Sound delights to rove,
 They touch'd th' Amours of *Semele* and *Jove*,
 The Birth of *Bacchus*, in the Thund'rer's Thigh
 Ingrafted till he reach'd Maturity,
 Then left to old *Silenus'* Care, who taught
 The jolly Youth to drink and banish Thought.
 The Race of *Atalanta* fair and young
 Against *Hippomenes* was sweetly sung,
 Who back'd by *Venus* in his dang'rous Suit
 So opportunely threw the golden Fruit,
 That stooping to amass what charm'd her Eyes,
 She of the Youth defy'd became the Prize.
 Such Force th' *Hesperian* Apples had to gain
 Her, who all Lovers treated with Disdain.
 Nor was the recent War of *Troy* forgot,
 The Fate of *Hector*, and King *Priam's* Lot.
Ulysses' Combats in their Verses shin'd,
 Nor was his well-known Prudence left behind,
 To whose Efforts was due the *Grecian* Claim
 To vanquish'd *Troy*, the utmost stretch of Fame.
 This great Event, the deep Result of Thought,
 Which not *Achilles'* Valour could have wrought,
 But singly from *Ulysses'* Foresight sprung,
 Was justly made the Burden of their Song.
 Of all the Nymphs *Leucothoe* the first,
 Who from the Cradle was to Musick nurs'd,

To

To touch the sounding Harp allow'd the best,
 Play'd to th'enchanting Voices of the rest,
 Thus adding with inimitable Grace
 To the shrill Treble's Part the thorough Bass.
 At mention of his Sire the Son was struck
 With Grief so piercing that the Blood forsook
 His Cheeks, and gushing Tears with hasty pace
 From his swoln Eyes ran trickling down his Face,
 Which gave new Luster to his lovely Mien;
 But when *Calypso* saw this moving Scene,
 For she was present, straight a Sign she made
 To change the Subject, which the Nymphs obey'd.
 Then instantly the drunken Broil they fung,
 When red-hot Brands the *Lapitheans* flung,
 Amidst the *Centaurs* at a Wedding-Feast,
 Where valiant *Theseus* was himself a Guest;
 And next the *Thracian* Bard's Descent to Hell
 With Harp in Hand, as ancient Poets tell,
 To rescue from the Grave his beauteous Wife,
 Who was by Musick's Charms restor'd to Life
 On Terms th' impatient Husband could not keep,
 Doom'd ever for a Look his Loss to weep.
 Disastrous Chance! for on that fatal View
 Pull'd back she bad her Love a last Adieu.

The Confort ended, and Collation done,
 Thus spoke *Calypso* to *Ulysses'* Son:
 " You see, young Offspring of a matchless Sire,
 " Whose Worth, tho' lost to me, I still admire,

And

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" And whose resembling Features well I trace
 " In you, the Hope and Pillar of his Race;
 " You see with what Regard not you alone
 " I treat, but *Mentor*, tho' to me unknown.
 " Suffice it he's your Friend, which sacred Tye
 " Protects him too, whose Lot were else to die.
 " For know, Immortal is *Calypso's* State,
 " And but to touch this Isle by doom of Fate
 " Is instant Death to all without Reprieve,
 " Who make the rash Attempt without my Leave.
 " Not ev'n the Wreck that forc'd you on my Shore,
 " And made my melting Heart your Woes deplore,
 " Were Plea sufficient to defend your Cause,
 " Did Love not interpose to check the Laws.
 " The like Good-fortune was your Father's Lot,
 " But He, alas! my Favours soon forgot,
 " Tho' long my Guest, and deaf to sound Advice
 " Rejected Friendship's hospitable Ties.
 " Here shelter'd from the Strokes of adverse Fate,
 " He might have shar'd a more than mortal State,
 " And past his Life with me, a Goddess born,
 " Had not a headstrong Passion to return
 " To his own wretched Country made him slight
 " An Offer plac'd in such a tempting Light.
 " You see what he has lost, nor could your Sire
 " Review that Object of his fond Desire.
 " Determin'd to be gone my Coast he left
 " Precipitate, but as the Seas he cleft,
 " Long tofs'd, and made the Sport of ev'ry Wind,
 " And oft regretting Joys he left behind,

" A

" A Tempest punish'd his unjust Disdain,
 " And sunk his Vessel found'ring in the Main.
 " Warn'd by this sad Example sure his Son
 " Will wiser prove, nor equal Dangers run,
 " Since after such a Wreck all Hope is flown
 " To see your Father, and to mount a Throne
 " So long abandon'd, tho' your Claim be just,
 " For Absence often tempts to break a Trust.
 " Yet sink not under this Reverse of Fate,
 " Your Crown tho' lost, not desp'rate is your State,
 " Since here the same Divinity you find,
 " That lov'd your Father, to his Son inclin'd,
 " With whom you might enjoy without dispute
 " A nobler Scepter, and her Love to boot.

She told the Youth what Joys *Ulysses* felt
 In that delightful Place, while there he dwelt.
 Then by degrees a long Account she gave
 Of what befel him in the *Cyclops* Cave,
 And Perils run amidst the savage Brood
 Of *Lestrigons* who made Man's Flesh their Food,
 And drank his Blood, where led by Hunger dire
 They scrunch'd the dear Companions of his Sire.
 Nor was the Witch forgot, of *Phæbus*' Line,
 Whose fell Inchantments turn'd his Friends to Swine.
 The Rocks of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* clos'd
 The Scene of Ills, to which he was expos'd.
 But wary in her Tale, when on the Deep
 Long buffeted, then wreckt, she feign'd to weep
 His Father lost, she hid with study'd Guile
 His landing safe in the *Pheacian* Isle.

Telemachus, who had too soon believ'd
 That all the gen'rous Favours he receiv'd
 From pure, disinterested Bounty sprung,
 And that *Calypso's* Heart was on her Tongue,
 Now saw her Artifice with some Surprise,
 And own'd the Counsels of his Guide were wise.
 He answer'd in few Words, " Excuse my Grief,
 " Fair Queen, which now admits of no Relief.
 " Perhaps when Time has quell'd my present Pain,
 " The tempting Fortune, now propos'd in vain,
 " May work upon my Mind, my Father's Loss
 " Must needs this Instant all my Thoughts ingross,
 " And such a Father too, whose Worth to tell
 " Were Pain superfluous, for you knew him well,
 " Much better than myself, and still you keep
 " In mind th' eternal Cause I have to weep.
 " Indulge me then a Moment, and oh spare
 " My Soul a while from any other Care.

Calypso then forbore the Youth to press,
 And seem'd to justify his deep Distress.
 With heaving Sighs she kept an equal pace
 With his, and gushing Tears bedew'd her Face.
 But still to know the better how to move
 A Heart so young, and make it bend to Love,
 She ask'd him by what Chance his Ship was lost,
 And what Adventure drove him on her Coast.
 " What you demand, said he, should I recite,
 " 'Twould tire your Patience, nor would end ere Night.

" Beside;

“ Beside, the Story of my dreadful Woes
 “ What Ear could hearken to, or Tongue expose?
 “ No matter, answer’d she, I long to know
 “ Their full Extent, and whence those Evils grow.
 Press’d with such Force her Suit he could not fail
 To grant, and thus began the moving Tale.

“ From *Ithaca*, to seek my Father bent,
 “ Born on the Wings of filial Zeal I went,
 “ In hopes some sure Intelligence to gain
 “ From neighb’ring Coasts, or on the wide-stretch’d Main,
 “ Or in the Courts of Kings return’d from *Troy*,
 “ Whose Friendship gave my Soul some glimpse of Joy.
 “ My Mother’s fond Admirers were surpris’d
 “ To find me gone, tho’ they my Youth despis’d.
 “ But all their Measures to prevent my Flight
 “ Were useless, favour’d by the Shades of Night.
 “ Not *Nestor*, whom at *Pylus* first I saw,
 “ Whose Age and Wisdom struck my Soul with Awe,
 “ Nor *Menelaus*, of whom I next inquir’d
 “ At *Sparta*’s Court, could tell what I desir’d.
 “ Both Kings receiv’d me with a Friend’s Embrace,
 “ But neither could my Father’s Fortune trace.
 “ Thus wand’ring long in vain, and weary’d out
 “ With undetermin’d Plans, and racking Doubt,
 “ At length I purpos’d all Suspence to end,
 “ And tow’rds *Sicilia*’s Shore my course to bend,
 “ Where Fame reported in a Tempest tost
 “ *Ulysses* drove as to the nearest Coast.

H h

“ But

234 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" But *Mentor*, whom you see, with Wisdom fraught,
 " To check so unadvis'd a Project sought,
 " Which to divert he told me of the Race
 " Of *Cyclops* that inhabited the Place,
 " Fierce, monstrous Giants, that within their Den
 " Devour'd the Flesh and drank the Blood of Men.
 " Again, *Aeneas* and the *Trojan* Fleet,
 " Now there, he said, we could not fail to meet,
 " And as those *Trojans* are the mortal Foes
 " Of ev'ry *Greek*, 'twere Madness to expose
 " Our Lives to their fell Wrath, beside what Prize
 " Like great *Ulysses'* Son could glut their Eyes!
 " What Joy to shed his Blood their Hearts would fill,
 " Whose Father did so many *Trojans* kill!
 " To *Ithaca*, continu'd he, return,
 " Perhaps your godlike Sire, whose Fate you mourn,
 " Protected by the Gods is still alive,
 " And will be there, ere you yourself arrive.
 " But if those Gods, whose Judgments we adore,
 " Have doom'd he ne'er should see his Country more,
 " His Loss 'tis then your Duty to supply,
 " With Courage arm'd his haughty Foes defy,
 " His Wrongs at home revenge, your Mother free,
 " And let all *Ithaca* your Prudence see;
 " Shew in your Person, not to *Greece* alone,
 " But to the World, that wise *Ulysses'* Son I deem
 " Deserves the Scepter which his Father bore,
 " And scorns to yield the Diadem he wore.

" This

" This wholsom Counfel, fo discreet, fo kind,
 " Made no Impreffion on my ftubborn Mind,
 " By Paffion only fway'd, yet *Mentor's* Love
 " To me was fuch, that when he fail'd to move
 " My Soul to hearken to his found Advice,
 " He chofe to fecond my rash Enterprize,
 " The Gods permitting oft that fome Defect
 " In Conduct Man's Prefumption fhould correct.

While thus *Telemachus* his Task purfu'd,
Calypfo with Attention *Mentor* view'd.
 Surpris'd ſhe feem'd a while, and thought ſhe felt
 That ſomething more than Man about him dwelt.
 Confounded ſtill the more the more ſhe gaz'd,
 With hagard Eyes ſhe ſtar'd like one amaz'd,
 Unable, tho' divine, to fiſt and ſcan
 The dark Receſſes of the ſeeming Man.
 Thus fill'd with Terror and Miſtruſt ſhe ſtood,
 Like one intangled in a pathleſs Wood.
 But checking ſoon her Fear, " Go on, ſhe cry'd,
 " And let my curious Mind be ſatisfy'd."
 Then thus the Youth continu'd: " With a Gale
 " Friendly a while we made a gentle Sail
 " Directly bent for the *Trinacrian* Coaſt,
 " But ah, how ſoon were our Endeavours croſs'd!
 " Sudden we ſaw a dreadful Tempeſt riſe,
 " That hid the Sun from our aſtoniſh'd Eyes.
 " Loud, deaf'ning Peals amidſt the Shades of Night
 " Were heard, and Light'nings flaſh'd that dim'd the Sight,

236 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Yet by whose Glare we other Vessels spy'd
 " Expos'd like ours upon the foaming Tide.
 " These were the Squadron of the *Trojan* Chief,
 " *Anchises*' Son, which added to our Grief,
 " For Rocks, and Waves, and Quicksands near the Shore
 " So rife, by *Greeks* were not redoubted more.
 " 'Twas then I saw and felt what Heat of Youth
 " Had made me shun till now, the Force of Truth,
 " Whose Precepts tho' so oft before me laid
 " I never had with due Attention weigh'd.
 " Amidst these dang'rous Bars that cross'd our Way
 " *Mentor* appear'd intrepid, firm, and gay,
 " More brisk than he was wont, 'twas he alone
 " Inspir'd my Soul with Courage not my own,
 " With Force superior not to be dismay'd,
 " And while our Guide, tho' Master of his Trade,
 " And bred to Perils, was aghast with Fear,
 " *Mentor* untroubled did his Vessel steer,
 " Gave out his Orders with an Air sedate,
 " Cheer'd all the Crew with Hopes, and said their Fate
 " At such a Juncture on their Labour hung,
 " Now this, now that way, with sonorous Tongue
 " He cry'd, Your Oars with Force redoubled ply,
 " When Life is in your Hands who fears to die?
 " 'Twas thus he gave them heart, whilst I amaz'd
 " At what I saw and heard on *Mentor* gaz'd
 " With Admiration, then approaching said,
 " O wherefore has my Youth so ill obey'd
 " A Friend so dear, whose Counsels ever just
 " In all Concerns of Life 'twere safe to trust?

" How

" How wretched is the Man, who in an Age
 " When headstrong Folly doth with Wisdom wage
 " Incessant War, in which his stubborn Mind,
 " Forgetful of the past, alike is blind
 " To what's to come, and Temper wants to guide
 " Life's floating Bark, and stem the present Tide,
 " Deaf, and ungovern'd, to himself alone
 " Attends, and spurns all Counsels but his own.
 " If now we 'scape, and land on yonder Shore,
 " Never, O *Mentor*, shall your Pupil more
 " His own Ideas trust, but as a Foe
 " Regard himself, sole Author of his Woe.
 " You, only you, renouncing all beside,
 " I'll own hereafter as my surest Guide."

To this his wise Conductor smiling said,
 " Think not, *Telemachus*, I shall upbraid
 " Your Youth with doing what you own a Fault,
 " Which justly might to your Account be brought.
 " Sufficient 'tis for me that you confess
 " What thus acknowledg'd makes your Error less.
 " A Mind that feels, and feeling dares disclose
 " Its Weakness, by Reflexion stronger grows.
 " But when the Danger's past, so light are Men,
 " Perhaps Presumption will return again.
 " However Courage at this instant Hour
 " Is needful, Faintness would our Lives devour.
 " Before we make th' Attempt, we should forecast
 " And fear th' Effects of rash, ungovern'd Haste:
 " But when we are embark'd, and Perils threat,
 " We then should mock the worst Distress we meet.

" Be

238 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

“ Be therefore great *Ulysses*’ worthy Son,
 “ And shew your Fortitude’s too true to shun
 “ Or shrink at Dangers that our Lives surround,
 “ Then hap what will, you are with Glory crown’d.

Sage *Mentor*’s sweet unforc’d Behaviour join’d
 With manly Courage charm’d my wond’ring Mind.
 But what surpris’d me more was to behold
 With what Address, scarce credible when told,
 He sav’d us from the *Trojans*; when the Light
 Began to dissipate the Shades of Night,
 Just at a Juncture when they could not fail
 To know without a Glas our *Grecian* Sail,
 One *Trojan* Vessel, built like ours, he spy’d,
 Stray’d from the Fleet, and driving by our Side,
 With Main and Top-sails loose, upon whose Stern
 A Wreath of certain Flow’rs he could discern.
 Straight was our Poop with waving Chaplets crown’d
 Resembling theirs, and Streamers plac’d around
 Our shatter’d Bark, of equal Size and Dye
 With those, that at a distance struck his Eye.
 He then gave Orders that the Slaves who ply’d
 Their stretch’d-out Oars to stem th’ impetuous Tide,
 On their firm Seats with Bodies bending low
 Should sink to pass unknown amidst the Foe.
 Fram’d with such Art this Stratagem prevail’d,
 And thus quite through their Fleet secure we sail’d.
 The *Trojans*, as we pass’d, huzza’d for joy
 To see their Fellows, as they judg’d, of *Troy*,

Whom

Whom they suspected lost, their Fleet rejoin,
 And strengthen in Distress their scatter'd Line.
 Such was the Ocean's Rage, that for a while
 We were constrain'd for Safety to beguile
 Our mortal Foes still on, with them to move,
 And Perils greater than the Storm to prove.
 At length by Chance or Art we lagg'd behind,
 And while th' unceasing Fury of the Wind
 With Gusts redoubled them to *Africk* bore,
 By dint of Oars we gain'd *Sicilia's* Shore.

But what we fought with such a greedy Eye
 Prov'd worse than hostile Ships that made us fly.
 Here other *Trojans* to our Cost we found
 Held on the Coast a certain Tract of Ground,
 Where old *Acestes* reign'd, of *Dardan* Blood,
 To *Greeks* unfriendly, tho' by Nature good.
 Scarce had we trod th' inhospitable Land,
 But gath'ring Crowds that cover'd all the Strand,
 Took us for Inmates of the Isle that came
 By force of Arms their Settlements to claim;
 Or Spies deputed from some hostile Shore
 The Coast to view, and Country to explore.
 Sudden they burnt our Ship, and all the Crew
 Without remorse these savage Tigers slew,
 Reserving me and *Mentor*, scarce for Grief
 Alive, to be presented to their Chief,
 That from our Mouths he might discover whence
 Our Vessel came, and under what pretence,

140 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The Town we enter'd quite aghast with Dread,
Like Criminals to Execution led.
Our Arms behind our Backs with Cords were ty'd,
And Throngs of Rabble press'd on ev'ry side.
Thus was our Death retarded but to glut
A cruel Mob, whose Ears are ever shut
To soft Compassion, with a shocking Sight,
Which only can inhuman Eyes delight:
For well we guess'd, when once it should be known
That we were *Greeks*, the fatal Die was thrown.

Before the sovereign Judge, who rul'd the Land,
A golden Scepter holding in his Hand,
And ready to consult the Will of Fate
On some important Bus'ness of the State,
By solemn Sacrifice, like Victims brought,
He ask'd us whence we came, and what we sought,
With Tone severe, and with contracted Brow,
When 'twas we landed on the Coast, and how.
Mentor reply'd in haste, "O King, we come
" From great *Hesperia's* Shore, and far from home
" Seek honest Gain, by Traffick's lawful Course,
" As Merchants, but abhorring Fraud and Force.
Adapted to our Case by Words like these
He study'd to remove all Thoughts of *Greece*.
But stern *Acestes* soon his Mind reveal'd,
And taking us for Strangers who conceal'd
Some deep Designs, ordain'd upon the Spot
A neighb'ring Forest's Bound should be our Lot,

Where

Where kept like common Slaves we should abide
 To serve vile Herdsmen that o'er Flocks preside.
 Not Death itself so dreadful seem'd to me
 As such a Life, " Or change your harsh Decree,
 " O King, I cry'd, or let us die, the Task
 " You set is ruder far than what I ask,
 " Unworthy of the great *Ulysses'* Son,
 " Whose Blood within my Veins I boast to own.
 " Know me for young *Telemachus*, who spring
 " From *Ithaca's* renown'd, but hapless King.
 " I seek my Father thro' the wide-stretch'd Main,
 " But if, alas, I'm doom'd to seek in vain,
 " Nor see my Country more, nor Bondage shun,
 " Then let my Glass of Life no longer run.
 " A Prince so born to die would rather choose,
 " Than live in Fetters, or his Birthright lose.

Scarce were these Words by me pronounc'd, before
 The Crowd to Fury mov'd began to roar,
 " Perish the Son of that inhuman Sire,
 " Whose Wiles consum'd our native *Troy* with Fire.
 " Unhappy Offspring, said *Acestes* then,
 " Of dire *Ulysses*, cruellest of Men,
 " Our mortal Foe, I can't refuse your Blood
 " To all the *Trojan* Ghosts that in the Flood
 " Of black *Cocytus'* uninterr'd remain,
 " And strive to reach th' *Elysian* Shore in vain.
 " Plung'd by his fatal Arts they howl, they groan,
 " And call aloud for Vengeance on his Son.

" You and your Leader then without Reply

" As destin'd Victims must prepare to die.

On this an ancient Man, tho' worn with Age
 Extreme, yet boiling with unseemly Rage,
 With Voice sonorous cry'd, " So just a Doom
 " Were best accomplish'd on *Anchises'* Tomb.
 " Their Blood, said he, would please that Hero's Shade,
 " And when a sacrifice so duly made
 " Should reach *Aeneas'* Ears, what Joy the Son
 " Would feel to see Revenge so well begun,
 " To find *Acestes* did so high revere
 " What to a pious Offspring was so dear.
 A Thought so new, yet specious in its kind,
 Found easy Entrance in the People's Mind,
 And past without Demur, thus all conspir'd
 To see perform'd the Sacrifice desir'd.
 Thus to the Place compell'd we took our way
 Where the Remains of old *Anchises* lay.
 Already Altars smok'd, the hallow'd Wood
 Was in a Flame, the Priest in Surplice stood
 With Knife in hand, while we with Garlands crown'd
 Appear'd like harmless Sheep for Slaughter bound.
 Remorse was banish'd from each savage Breast,
 And nought but brutal Violence confest.
 We touch'd our latest Hour, when free from Dread
 Himself thus *Mentor* to *Acestes* said :
 " If young *Telemachus*, oppress'd with Woes,
 " Affect you not, yet should a Host of Foes

" Be

" Be ready to o'erwhelm you, like a Flood
 " That breaks all bounds and scorns to be withstood;
 " If then some friendly Notice should be sent
 " To arm in time against the dire Event,
 " Methinks the Terror it would strike should make
 " No slight Impression for your Country's sake.
 " To pierce in what's to come, O King, is mine,
 " This Science, which is justly call'd divine,
 " Makes me foresee that, ere three Days are past,
 " Unless to stem the Tide you arm in haste,
 " A multitude of fierce, unnumber'd Foes,
 " Which like a Deluge unresisted grows,
 " Will from the Mountains pour with Fury down,
 " O'erflow your City, and your Country drown.
 " If Pity fails, at least let Int'rest move,
 " Nor lose one Moment, if yourselves you love.
 " Let all be arm'd before to-morrow's Dawn,
 " And your rich Flocks within your Walls be drawn.
 " Should my Prediction in three Days be found
 " Without effect, then strike the fatal Wound
 " You have pronounc'd, but if 'tis verify'd,
 " Our Innocence will by th'Event be try'd.
 " 'Twould then be much unjust to punish those
 " With Death, from whom your Preservation rose.

Aceßes, greatly at these Words amaz'd,
 With Admiration on the Speaker gaz'd,
 Who utter'd with a Boldness what he said
 That struck the King and all his Court with Dread,

244 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And Veneration mix'd, unknown before,
 Such penetrating Force his Language bore.
 " I see, O Stranger, thus the King reply'd,
 " I see the Gods, who have your Virtue try'd
 " With adverse Fortune, choose your Mind to bless
 " With Gifts too rich for Greatness to possess.
 He then gave instant Orders to suspend
 The Sacrifice till three short Days should end,
 The Time prescrib'd, and labour'd to prevent
 With utmost Diligence the Foe's Intent,
 By *Mentor* threatn'd, in a trice the Town
 Summon'd to War was in an Uproar thrown.
 Strong, panick Terror seiz'd the female Band,
 Who trembled as if Doomsday were at hand.
 The Old, whom Time had bent, half-dead besides,
 Hied to their Homes thro' Fear with double Strides.
 The Cries of Infants, and the Din of Arms
 That ev'ry Quarter fill'd, increas'd th' Alarms.
 The bleating Sheep that in rich Pastures fed
 Without the Walls, and lowing Oxen bred
 For Work as well as Food, in Drovers were sent
 To stock the City, and in Stables pent,
 Tho' insufficient found such Flocks to hold,
 That us'd to spacious Champains spurn'd the Fold.
 In ev'ry Part a wild Confusion reign'd,
 And those who mov'd for Passage were constrain'd
 To push with all their Force to make their way,
 Beside ten thousand Tongues amidst the Fray
 Were heard, whose Jangling made so hoarse a Sound,
 'Twas like a Swarm of Hornets humming round.

None

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 245

None could be understood, Words were but Wind,
In such a Chaos ev'ry Sense was blind.
The Man unknown was taken for a Friend,
And this did to a Foe his Hand extend.
All ran about amaz'd unknowing where,
Or, as amidst a Storm, what course to steer.
But still the Chiefs, who guide the Herd below,
And always thro' Conceit affect to know
More than the rest of Mortals, fondly thought
That *Mentor's* Threats were with Imposture fraught,
And forg'd to save his Life, not so conceiv'd
The King, who what the *Greek* foretold believ'd.

Before the third Day's Close, while all the Tribe
Of fleeing Politicians shot their Gibe
On this Event, a Cloud of Dust was spy'd
Upon the neighb'ring Hill's declining Side.
This soon was follow'd by an armed Host
Of fierce Barbarians, covering all the Coast.
These were *Himerians* call'd, a savage Brood,
That dwell where *Agrigentum's* rapid Flood
Precipitates its Fall with dreadful Sound
From Mountain-tops, and drowns the Country round.
Some from the Cliffs of *Nebrodes* descend,
Where Snows eternal o'er their Summits bend.
The stiff, wise Heads, who *Mentor's* Skill despis'd,
Saw in a trice their Flocks and Slaves surpris'd.
To *Mentor* thus the King more gracious said,
" I now forget that you in *Greece* were bred.

" Our

146 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Our Foes become our Friends, my Eyes unseal'd
 " Perceive the Gods have sent you here to shield
 " Our Lives from quick Destruction just at hand,
 " And ready to devour th' unguarded Land.
 " Nor do I less expect in you to see
 " That Valour keeps with Wisdom company.
 " Haste then to give us Succour;" *Mentor* straight,
 So unconcern'd before, and so sedate,
 On th' Instant darts such Light'ning from his Eyes,
 As strikes the boldest Warriors with Surprise.
 A sev'n-fold Buckler on his Arm he takes,
 Girds on his Sword, the pointed Jav'lin shakes,
 His Helmet on his Head, to Arms he calls,
 And marshals all the Troops within the Walls,
 Then leads them out to seek th' invading Foes,
 And breathes Revenge and Slaughter, as he goes.
 The King, tho' equal Vengeance fir'd his Mind,
 Thro' Age advancing slow lagg'd far behind.
 I follow'd closer with a youthful Speed,
 Yet *Mentor's* eager Haste did mine exceed.
 His steel Cuirass, as was by all confest,
 Shin'd like *Minerva's* *Egid* on his Breast.
 The Battel now begun, Destruction rose
 In ev'ry Rank, where *Mentor* dealt his Blows.
 As a *Numidian* Lion, when his Maw
 Is empty strikes the Woods and Plains with Awe
 Roaring tremendous, if by chance he spies
 A Troop of feeble Sheep, with sparkling Eyes
 He leaps into the Fold, and like a Flood
 The Ground is in an Instant strew'd with Blood.

Piecemeal

Piecemeal he tears the Flock, the Shepherds fly
Aghast, and let the helpless Victims die.
Such was the horrid Carnage *Mentor* made,
And such th' Astonishment his Foes betray'd.

Thus they who hop'd by Numbers to surprise
The Town, fell Victims to their own Device,
And Troops just rais'd, undisciplin'd, and raw,
By *Mentor* fashion'd to their Foes gave Law.
The Words he utter'd, and the Port he bore,
Gave Vigour to his Men unfelt before.

In this dire Fray, ere yet the Field was won,
Myself attack'd the hostile Monarch's Son.
Of my own Age he seem'd, tho' much in height
Superior, and gigantick to the Sight.
For, you must note, this barb'rous People came
Of *Cyclop* Race, and bore as huge a Frame.
He mock'd a Dwarf like me, my Form despis'd,
But I, who scorn'd, tho' young, to be surpris'd
At his prodigious Strength, and lofty Crest,
With Vigour lanc'd my Spear against his Breast,
And made him vomit, tott'ring as he stood,
And just expiring, Streams of livid Blood.
A Fall so sudden of a Bulk so great
Scarce gave me time to shun th' enormous Weight,
Whose Touch had crush'd me, and whose Armour's Sound
Did to the Hills with rattling Noise rebound.
His Spoils I seiz'd, and with such Trophies grac'd
Rejoin'd *Acestes*, who my Valour prais'd.

Mean

248 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Mean time intrepid *Mentor* push'd the Foe
 With such a Force, and so pursu'd his Blow,
 That ere the Sun declin'd the spacious Plain
 Was strew'd with countless numbers of the Slain.
 The scatter'd rest, who fled, and those but few,
 Back to their Mountains, and their Woods withdrew.

This great Success, beyond their Hopes acquir'd,
 Made valiant *Mentor* pass for one inspir'd
 And cherish'd by the Gods, or more than Man;
 Then touch'd with Gratitude the King began
 Thus with a close Embrace, "What Thanks are due,
 "O Stranger, for our Lives preserv'd by you,
 "Nor them alone, but for an Empire sav'd,
 "Exploits that merit well to be ingrav'd
 "On ever-during Monuments of Brass,
 "That such high Deeds to future Times may pass?
 "But should the *Trojan* Fleet arrive, I fear
 "My grateful Soul could scarce secure you here.
 "Haste then to leave this Isle without Delay,
 "And may the Gods protect you in your Way.
 This said, a Ship was order'd on the Spot,
 Nor were fair Gifts and Compliments forgot.
 He press'd us to depart, as in a Fright
 Left some Misfortune on our Heads should light.
 But neither Guide or Crew would he allow
 Of Race *Sicilian* to direct the Prow,
 As judging they in *Greece* might Danger run
 For Outrage offer'd to *Ulysses'* Son.

Phœnician

Phœnician Merchants, trading without Fear
 To ev'ry Coast, remote, as well as near,
 The Carriers of all Nations, had command
 To take and waft us to our native Land;
 Which done, their Orders were about to tack,
 And bring with Speed *Acesfes'* Vessel back.
 But Fate, that laughs at what vain Men propose,
 Reserv'd us still for more consummate Woes,



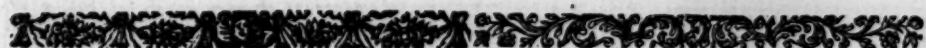
FORMS OF OCCASIONS

Pharmaceutical Merchant, trading without fear
To every Coast, remote, as well as near
The Carriers of all Nations, and commanding
To take and wait us to our native Land
Which done, their Orders were about to tack
And bring with speed away, Well back
But I see that laughs at what vain Men propose

Relieve us first for more commensurate Words
And then we will see what you can do
And now we are to show the strength of our
And now we are to show the strength of our
And now we are to show the strength of our
And now we are to show the strength of our



And now we are to show the strength of our
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THE
RETROSPECT:

OR

A POETICAL SURVEY of the AUTHOR'S
Life and Fortunes.

Written to ----- in 1737.

Infandum jubes renovare dolorem.

Virg.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

THE

RETROSPECT:

OR

A POETICAL SURVEY OF THE AUTHOR'S
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Written in 1787.

Aug.

London: Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

K. L.



THE
RETROSPECT:

OR

A POETICAL SURVEY of the AUTHOR'S
Life and Fortunes.

WHAT can the Muse suggest upon the Day
That push'd to Birth a sprawling Lump of Clay,
In which a Soul was by Infusion sent
Too active for the Case wherein 'twas pent?
Of race tho' gentle, yet of Babes the fourth,
What could a Chit, that came so late, be worth?
Beside, when born, he such a Starv'ling seem'd,
To rear the Brat lost Labour had been deem'd,
But that the Squalls that shook his Cobweb-frame
Gave hopeful Symptoms of a lasting Flame.
In all his course from tender Youth to Age,
Tho' Nature changes still in every Stage,
On his lank Sides an Ounce of Flesh ne'er grew,
And nought but Skin and Bone appear'd to view.
Yet not proportion'd ill his Limbs were seen,
Sharp was his Visage, but sedate his Mien.

Of

542 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Of Stature tall, and tho' he seem'd to Sight
A little stiff perhaps, and too upright,
Yet still his Air and Carriage, as 'twas said,
Gave Signs he was not unpolitely bred.
With Port erect, but grave, he wore a Face,
In whose sunk Form a transient Eye might trace
A Mind within on Contemplation bent,
And on the World and Fortune too intent.

Oxford, that vies in Arts with *Pindus'* Mount,
Beheld him sipping at her sacred Fount,
But stinted in his Draught he soon withdrew
The Thorns and Thistles of the Law to chew.
With Food so coarse the Youth was quickly tir'd,
And Wit's politer Strains he more admir'd;
To *Will's*, the Muse's Shop in former Times,
He made resort, and learnt the knack of Rhimes.

There *Cheek*, a jolly tuneful Bard, he knew,
Who, when the Sun to *Thetis'* Lap withdrew,
To *Bacchus* vow'd the Night, and wont to stray
From Bush to Bush, reel'd home at break of Day;
Yet ere he press'd his Bed, with Arms display'd,
The maudlin Drunkard most devoutly pray'd.
There *Moyle*, of Wit and Learning Judge acute,
Solv'd with a Jest the Knot of a Dispute;
And gentle *Cromwel*, who had ask'd in vain
Some sly Town-Drab, in Sonnet told his Pain.
There *Dennis*, censuring with dogmatick Tone,
Was deaf to every Merit but his own;

While

While *Rowe*, more courtly, tho' of Judgment found,
 Extoll'd the Worth, but spar'd the Faults he found!
 There *Garth*, who in a double Sphere excell'd,
 Was, like *Apollo's* Self, in Rev'rence held.
 Nor less shin'd *Addison*, whose lofty Vein
 A second *Julius* drew in his Campaign
 Triumphant like the First; then *Cato* trac'd
 In Colours not to be by Time effac'd,
 The last, best *Roman*, whose example shew'd
 That Life on terms of Bondage was a Load.
Pope too, tho' young, there shot such Rays of Fire,
 That *Phœbus* was by all adjudg'd his Sire.

Caught in the magick Circle, could he shun
 The potent Charm, or fail to be undone?
 The Visions of the Stage, that apes Mankind,
 Tho' deck'd in Fable's Dress, inflam'd his Mind.
Dryden, whose manly Sense, and moving Strain,
 Makes ev'ry Pulse still rise in ev'ry Vein,
 Like some strong Tide, that suffers no control,
 At once invaded and subdu'd his Soul.
 To check this Torrent *Congreve's* Scenes he read,
 But here Excess of Wit his Madness fed.
 Thus Poetry became his sole Delight,
 And, Law neglected, he essay'd to write,
 Till waking from his Trance, tho' late, he found
 That, *Spenser*-like, he trod on Fairy-ground.

At length to Business call'd, he cross'd the Seas,
 And ply'd the Oar so well, that by degrees

He

256 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

He rose invested with a publick Post,
Where *Rhetia's* tow'ring Hills in Clouds are lost.
To *Sunderland* he ow'd this Grace unsought,
Whether from Merit, or a start of Thought,
Let others judge, perhaps at *Stranyan's* Suit,
His Patron once, alas! and Guide to boot.
That *once* how justly doth the Muse deplore,
Since 'tis too sure a Proof he lives no more!
There planted, at triumphant *Anne's* Command,
To cherish and protect the friendly Land,
Whose Passes, th' Object of contending States,
Were grown the Theme of long and fierce Debates,
Amidst his Toils such mortal Pangs he bore,
No Martyr for his Cause e'er suffer'd more.

Surpris'd by *Russians*, lurking for their Prey,
As o'er the Snow-clad *Alps* he took his way,
He to *Du Luc's* Revenge a Victim fell
For daring Truth of *Gallick* Faith to tell.
The Story to relate in all its Parts
Would pierce and melt the most obdurate Hearts.
But Verse loves Shortness, and uncommon Woes
Ask Length to trace, which better suits with Prose.
Beside, the Muse with brighter Luster shines
In comprehensive Hints and bounded Lines.
Then to be brief, the stern, blood-thirsty Crew
Hack'd with unnumber'd Wounds his Body threw
Where yawn'd a deep Abyss, nor yet content
With Stones pursu'd it, as it headlong went

Down

Down from a Cliff's high Top, with Rage so keen
They labour'd to complete their hellish Scene.

But here the Hand of Providence, still nigh
To those who in Distress for Succour cry,
Directed he should light where Shrubs, that sprout
Beneath the Mountain's Brow, stood jutting out,
And broke his Fall, unseen by those above,
Whose dazzled Eyes o'ershot the sloping Grove.
Their Task perform'd, the hireling Villains fled
With *Merveilleux*, chief Cut-throat, at their head,
Dreading Pursuit, till now the Frontier past
Breathless the Legate's Seat they reach'd at last,
And told him stamm'ring, with an Air dismay'd,
The Job was done, and his Command obey'd.
Their Patron, sprung from true *Sicilian* Race,
With whom the meanest Vengeance turns to Praise,
Reply'd, " 'Twas well, such Portion be the end
" Of all, he said, who durst with him contend.

Mean while with Baggage charg'd, and mounting slow
The steep Ascent, unconscious of a Foe,
The Victim's Servants from the Thicket drew
Their hapless Master, seeming-dead to view,
Whose Carcase, with Contusions cover'd o'er,
And hurts obscene, lay welt'ring in its Gore,
Then bore him to the *Baths*, from whence he came,
Whose salutary Springs, the Boast of Fame,
And * *Faltrank*, Balm divine, restor'd his shatter'd Frame.

Vulnerary Herbs.

258 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Nor must his dear *Lifetta* be forgot,
His better Half, who by her Genius taught
With her own Hands perform'd the Surgeon's part,
Dress'd all his Wounds, tho' with an aking Heart,
But Friendship's Force her want of Skill supply'd,
And more than female Courage was her Guide.

Now what Amends he reap'd at home for Woes,
Enormous in their Size, let Truth expose.
Recall'd he saw his Hopes reduc'd to Fears,
And with his Blood he lost his just Arrears.
His slow Return was all the Reason brought,
But this was his Misfortune, not his Fault.
He stay'd, 'tis true, but was the Cause conceal'd?
He stay'd, who'd think it? till his Wounds were heal'd,
And three Years Debts, contracted without Aid
Or Hopes from home, should, ere he stirr'd, be paid.
And yet at last, his Patience thread-bare worn,
He pawn'd his private Credit to return.

A Stroke so cruel on his native Shore
Reviv'd the racking Pains he felt before,
Pierc'd deeper, and increas'd his former Smart
With Pangs that now bespoke a wounded Heart.
Thus 'tis where Party sways, the least Pretence
To Justice unsupported gives offence,
Merit, tho' glaring, is at Court deny'd,
Unless exerted on the ruling Side.
What could he do? to Patience, slow but sure
Relief in Ills, which Time alone can cure,
Compell'd

Compell'd he fled, till more indulgent Fate,
That saw with pity our distracted State,
On *Anne's* Demise sent *Brunswick* to repair
The Breaches caus'd by an ill-finish'd War.
Remanded then abroad, so *GEORGE* ordain'd,
First of his Name that in *Britannia* reign'd,
At *Stanhope's* Suit, in whom all Sides commend
Th' unblemish'd Statesman, and th' unshaken Friend,
Among th' *Helvetick* Tribes some Years he past
With Praise, and with Content too great to last.

Had Services been weigh'd, and not forgot,
And Suff'rings to his just Account been brought,
Half-*Swiss* by Marriage-Vows, with what Delight
He still had kept a Post, so much his Right,
Made happy with a lov'd and loving Wife,
Choice of his Heart, and Comfort of his Life,
In Form surpassing most, and what's more rare
Superior to the Follies of the Fair;
And Babes, then hopeful, prattling by his Side,
Each fond Beholder's Joy, and Parents' Pride,
Whose Starts of Mirth his native Spleen disarm'd,
And all his Intervals from Business charm'd.
Nor was the Country wanting to afford
A Set of chearful Friends to grace his Board.
Before him lay his Predecessor's Plan,
Whose * Motto spoke the Value of the Man.
Tracing his Steps could his Disciple fail,
Or such a bright Example not prevail?

* *Nescia fallere vita.*

260 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Thus settled, and in such Enjoyments blest,
 What more could Wish demand than he possess?
 But meddling Chance, that mocks the most Secure,
 And rarely lets Court-favours long endure,
 To Malice prone, her wonted Game resum'd,
 And when least fear'd his Revocation doom'd.
 Thrift in pacifick Times was the Pretence,
 Against a Plea so specious what Defence!

When Funds were under *Par*, and Cash ran low,
 With whining Tone, but with contracted Brow
 Thus spoke the *Fiscal* Scribe, than whom none more
 Renown'd for Figures liv'd in Days of Yore,
 First bowing to the Board, his Throat to clear,
 He hem'd, then open'd without Shame or Fear.
 " Your Embassies, my Lords, are useles Things,
 " Mere Forms of State, and a dead Weight on Kings.
 " Such Posts to supersede I deem but meet,
 " Where the Expence surpasses the Receipt.
 " Beside, the Sums allow'd to those who roam
 " From *Bersheba* to *Dan* would yield at home
 " More Profit ten times told, if well apply'd,
 " 'Tis Demonstration not to be deny'd,
 " So clear, meridian Sunshine is not more,
 " As obvious as that Two and Two make Four.
 " A Truth so plain were loss of time to press,
 " Don't ev'ry Post's Returns as much confess?
 " By Thrift well-manag'd we support the Throne,
 " And while That flourishes the Helm's our own.

" What

" What tho' to others we those Sums dispense,
 " Whom, hir'd as Guards, we arm for our Defence,
 " If by their Aid our fav'rite Points we gain,
 " Well do they earn their Pay by whom we reign,
 " The current Charge, 'tis true, unlesse'd stands,
 " But then it circulates in useful Hands.
 " And well you know that in Concerns of State
 " Decifion goes by Numbers not Debate.
 " Who doubts this Truth? the ministerial Trade,
 " Demands that Votes be counted and not weigh'd.
 " This is the Statesman's Card, his Buckler this,
 " Then let us all our foreign Spies dismiss."
 A Scheme so fair with Approbation past,
 And four old Stagers were recall'd in haste.

Thus 'tis at Courts, where certain Springs unseen,
 Tho' touch'd but lightly, stir the whole Machine.
 To change past Measures in a frugal fit
 Should some the Dignity of State forget,
 Advance new Systems, specious in pretence,
 That seem to check Profusion of Expence,
 The wise Oeconomy but serves for Show,
 While the same Streams in other Channels flow.

And yet amidst these saving Schemes he saw
 A Stranger born, nor qualify'd in Law,
 By mean evasive Arts usurp his Place,
 And hold it by Collusion more than Grace.
 A Turn so unexpected, and so new,
 In Policy so strange, and yet so true,

Gave

262 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Gave room to judge the Web by night was spun,
 As if the conscious Lab'ers fear'd the Sun.
 By three Exoticks, with Presumption fir'd
 The Piece was fashion'd, and the Workmen hir'd.
 Two dwelt upon the Spot their Arts to join,
 Memorials One to frame, and One to sign.
 The Third, as better known, was sent to Court,
 With Draughts and Plans their Labours to support.
 Thus the new Scheme of Husbandry cost more,
 Twice counted, than the old one did before.
 This fav'rite Object lost, his Mind intent
 On Service still to other Views he bent.
 Flatter'd with Hopes, as foreign Posts should fall,
 When Vacancies arriv'd he flung at all.
 Two Northern Stations void by turns he prest,
 But could low Rank with nobler Blood contest?
 Less fond of Toil some *Sine-cure* he sought,
 And *Venice*, Seat of Pleasure, fir'd his Thought.
 But here some new Pretensions caus'd Dispute,
 And certain Jobs of State oppos'd his Suit.
 Past Service pleaded on his side, 'tis true,
 And Zeal display'd at home had Merit too.
 Yet still, tho' this was own'd without disguise,
 For want of firm Supports he lost the Prize.

To calm his Anguish something must be said,
 " I marvel much you have no better sped,
 " Cries one, 'tis hard to be postpon'd again,
 " But Courts are Courts, and Ministers but Men.

" That

" That well I wish you you've no cause to doubt,
 " And something will, I hope, ere long turn out.
 " Another thus, believe it, if you will,
 " Your Suit tho' lost, you have my Friendship still.
 " The hardness of your Case I can't deny,
 " But, trust me, there are forty Reasons why
 " It could not be redress'd, some luckier Hour
 " I'll do my best, and serve you to my Pow'r."
 At such repeated Shifting inly fir'd,
 Without Reply, indignant, he retir'd.

Alone, he thus his flutt'ring Heart bespoke,
 That heav'd and swell'd within as 'twou'd have broke:
 " Whence comes it that without or Rhime or Sense
 " At what arrives so oft thou tak'st Offence,
 " And like some Tempest, raging in my breast,
 " Deny'st thyself and me our wonted Rest?
 " Why all this Strife, thou busy, flouncing Thing?
 " Can such convulsive Starts from Nature spring?
 " Or can what Nature frights from Reason flow,
 " That curbs the Passions, when too strong they grow?
 " More likely from Resentment 'tis they part,
 " Or Pride, that thro' thy Frame their Venom dart.
 " Confin'd to Reason's Rule you'd soon restrain
 " These sudden Bounds, so senseless, and so vain.
 " She teaches that Court-trappings are but Toys,
 " Which rarely the Possessor's Self enjoys.
 " Unsated, Miser-like, he craves still more,
 " And flights for future Gains his present Store.

" Besides,

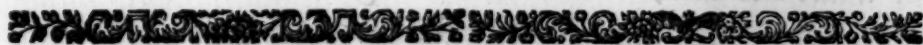
264 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

" Besides, when Life declines, what Post or Place
 " Can give Content, or be discharg'd with Grace?
 " Down then, thou Robber of my Bosom's Peace,
 " Too soon alarm'd thy frantick Motions cease."

These Words pronounc'd, as if their Sense it knew,
 The conscious Muscle more pacifick grew.
 Yet still about its Fibres some Remains,
 There hung of the Disease that caus'd its Pains.
 But Time, 'tis hop'd, will work a thorough Cure,
 The Fever vanquish'd, Health's Return is sure,
 The Cause subsiding, can th' Effect endure?

At leisure now, to younger Minds a Curse,
 And stript of old Appointments, which is worse,
 For long past Service with Allotment small,
 Yet better, 'tis confest, than none at all,
 The once grave Minister to kill the Time,
 From Prose sequester'd, plays the Fool in Rhime.





T H E
S I G H
O F A N

Afflicted HUSBAND *for the Loss of a tender and*
affectionate WIFE, *who died* September 23, 1750.

SHE's gone, for ever gone, the Flame of Life
Extinct, no more on Earth the matchless Wife
Appears, an Angel now on Wings she flies
To join her bright Associates in the Skies,
There suffer'd to approach the Throne of Grace,
Where Virtue never fails to find a Place.

Berne claims her Birth, *Lisetta* was her Name,
Her Country's Honour, and the Boast of Fame.
Sprung from an ancient Stock, whose long-stretch'd Line
And Patriot-merits still with Lustre shine.
By Nature chearful, affable, serene,
Once known she was with Admiration seen
By all, her Company Delight inspir'd,
And more 'twas known the more it was desir'd.
Her Form was pleasing, and her Wisdom such,
She never spoke too little, or too much,

M m

Yet

266 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Yet what she said, without affecting Wit,
 Was always just, and for the Subject fit.
 No change of Fortune could disturb or vex
 Her well-pois'd Frame, which dignify'd her Sex.
 Her Conduct shew'd in ev'ry Scene of Life
 The sweet Companion, and the faithful Wife.
 Vice she abhorr'd, and her exalted Mind,
 When Fate was less propitious, never pin'd.
 What Chance soe'er by Providence was sent,
 Wrapt in her Virtue she was still content.
 With home Amusements she was never cloy'd,
 Reading or Working, when alone, employ'd
 Each vacant Hour, nor was her Family
 Forgot, but rul'd with wise Oeconomy.
 The tender Mother, and the Mistress kind
 To those who serv'd her, whom she chose to bind
 By gentle Manners, made her Person dear
 To all, and heightned still her Character.
 O she was Goodness all, a Friend so sure
 No Tales or Malice could a Breach procure
 In those Attachments which she once profess'd,
 So deep they lay imprinted in her Breast.
 Her Word was sacred, as her Heart sincere,
 Her Courage did above her Sex appear,
 When vile Assassins, dreadful to relate!
 Surpris'd her Husband in th' *Helvetic* State,
 And down a Precipice him headlong threw,
 She from the horrid Gulph his Person drew,
 Hugg'd his bruise'd Carcase, and amidst her Fears
 Search'd all his Wounds, and bath'd them with her Tears,
 Then

Then saw him carried to a safe Retreat,
 Nor stirr'd she from his side, till she could greet
 The poor maim'd Suff'rer with the hopes of Life,
 Pronounc'd with Rapture by a tender Wife.
 To * *Faltrank's* Aid, and her unwearied Care
 He owes that Life, which now he scarce can bear,
 Since she, who sav'd it, from his Arms is fled,
 And lies, alas! inhum'd among the Dead,
 Yet, lifeless as she seems, her Spirit flies
 Aloft, and like an Eagle cleaves the Skies,
 The Vault disdain'g where her Body lies.
 Look down, blest Saint, from thy celestial Sphere
 On one depriv'd of ev'ry Comfort here
 By thy Demise, nor ever shall he find
 Relief, till his own Corps to thine be join'd:
 Whence soaring to th' effulgent Realms above,
 Where full Contentment and seraphick Love
 Reign without ceasing, Joys unknown before,
 And Friends rejoin'd are never parted more,
 To all Eternity with thee to live
 He hopes, nor ever more with Grief survive
 Such matchless Worth, from whence this Sketch he drew,
 Whose bright Original in mental View
 Shall always be preserv'd, while Life and Sense,
 The Gifts of Nature and of Providence,
 Shall last, by him thy precious Memory
 Beyond the richest Gems shall valu'd be.

* *Vulnery Herbs.*

F I N I S.

Then saw him coming to a late hour,
Nor find the from his side, till the soul's hour
The poor man's self, with the hope of late
Promised with himself by a tender Wife
To "Pomona's" Aid, and her promised Care
He owns that bill, which now he never can bear
Since the who said it from the Arms of Death
And lies alas! fast in the Arms of Death
Yet, little as the term, her spirit flies
Aloft, and like an Eagle cleaves the skies
The Vault delineating where her body lies
Look down, that's all that I can say
On one deprived of every Comfort here
By the Demise, nor ever shall he find
Relief, till his own Course to this be joined
Whence leading to the "Pomona" above
Which his Conscience now is sighing for
Reign without ceasing, where unknown before
And friends rejoiced the never parted more
To all Eternity with thee to live
He hopes, nor ever more with Grief survive
Such matchless Worth, from whence this sketch he drew
Whole bright Original in mortal View
Shall always be revered, while I live and breathe
The Gifts of Nature and of Providence
Shall last, by him thy precious Memory
Beyond the richest Gems shall stand
Forever yours, and ever yours shall be
JAMES JOHNSON
P. A. W. A. S.

